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HORACE IN THE ENGLISH LITERATURE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

BY CAROLINE GOAD

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OF YALE UNIVERSITY
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WITHDRAWN

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WITHDRAWN

PREFACE

For an appreciative and comprehensive criticism of Horace I am especially indebted to W. Y. Sellar's second volume of the *Roman Poets of the Augustan Age*. My own quotations of Horace in this work are taken from the Oxford edition of his *Works* by E. C. Wickham.

In all quotations of English authors I have followed the spelling and punctuation peculiar to each, as found in the edition of the author used. It is apparent, from the diverse readings of the quotations from Horace, that few of the authors even of the latter half of the eighteenth century used Bentley's edition. Pope openly scoffed at his work; Swift was allied against him; while Fielding, in *H. Scriblerus his Preface to the Life and Death of Tom Thumb the Great*, jests about the annotations of 'Clariss. Bentleium.' I have left all quotations of Horace as I found them, and have put the correct quotation in square brackets, in a footnote, only where the author has either deliberately or inadvertently made radical changes. Certain authors are apt to quote carelessly, as, for instance, Lord Chesterfield, who frequently transposes words or phrases; and such inaccuracies I have not noted.

The Appendix is intended to give all allusions to, and quotations of, Horace in the works of the authors considered. I can only trust that the accomplishment has not fallen too far short of that purpose. In the Appendix, the numbers in brackets on the left-hand side of the page refer, unless otherwise indicated, to the volume and page of the edition of the author used. For the square brackets used around dates and names of persons addressed, in the several series of letters, the editor of the particular author

is responsible; otherwise all square brackets contain my own explanatory remarks. Allusions to English translations or imitations of Horace's writings will be found under the Section, *Direct Mention of Horace.*

To the Appendix of each author is prefixed a bibliography, which includes only those writings of the author in which I have found allusions to Horace. In the case of Steele, for instance, whose works have not been published collectively, it would have been unnecessarily tedious to give a complete list of his separate writings, in many of which there is no reference to Horace. The place of publication is given only when it is other than London.

The expression *curiosa felicitas*, used by Petronius as descriptive of Horace, I have incorporated as a Horatian phrase; for it has been adopted by all critics of Horace, and its prevailing use is to suggest the peculiar attribute which Horace possessed pre-eminently.

I desire to acknowledge my deep indebtedness to Professor Albert Stanburrough Cook, who suggested this work, and who by his unfailing inspiration and encouragement has guided it to its completion.

CAROLINE GOAD.

Toronto, Canada,
May, 1918.

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INTRODUCTION

THE PLACE OF HORACE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

INTRODUCTION

THE PLACE OF HORACE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

It is not the glory of the poets of the age of Queen Anne to have discovered Horace for English literature. Since the reawakening of interest in the classics, his influence has been running like a silver thread through the works of the English writers, to reach its culminating point when it produced Pope's brilliant satires, and at the same time to begin to grow weaker because of the use to which his writings were debased by those lesser wits, many of whom found their fitting niche in Pope's *Dunciad*.

Horace did not seize upon the imagination of English authors so quickly or so strongly as did Ovid and Virgil; nor has his influence ever been so direct as has Cicero's through his philosophy, and through his power of eloquence. Even the early satirists, such as Donne and Hall, though they made use of him, found more of what they sought in Persius and Juvenal.

But by the qualities which have prevented his becoming a cult of any one class or period—his catholicity of taste and his lack of dogmatic insistence—he has appealed to all kinds of men as no other classic writer, even Virgil, has done; and from the time of Chaucer onward we find allusions to him growing more frequent. Sometimes the interest is manifestly personal—as a friend and companion he is the most used of classic authors; sometimes it is as a moralist, sometimes as a satirist, or as a singer of exquisite lyrics, that he makes his appeal.

Ben Jonson is one of the first to translate the *Ars*

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Poetica into English. He translates some of the Odes, and inserts the famous Ninth Satire of the First Book as a scene in the *Poetaster*. To him the Roman poet is 'Thine own Horace.'[1] But Ben Jonson has already something of the classical type of mind of the Augustans.

Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, draws upon him steadily for reference and quotation. Robert Herrick has frequently found in the Odes inspiration for his graver poetry, and he is fond of ending a poem with an allusion to Horace. Sir Thomas Browne turns to him in his most serious moments. 'In my solitary and retired imagination,' he writes in the *Religio Medici*,[2]

> (neque enim cum porticus aut me
> Lectulus accepit, desum mihi,)[3]

I remember I am not alone, and therefore forget not to contemplate Him and His Attributes Who is ever with me, especially those two mighty ones, His Wisdom and Eternity.' And he refers lightly to him for illustration when he speaks of the painstaking efforts of the grammarians:[4] 'I have seen a Grammarian towr and plume himself over a single line in Horace, and shew more pride in the construction of one Ode, than the Author in the composure of the whole book.'

Milton has added a beautiful contribution to Horatian English poetry by translating the Fifth Ode of the First Book into blank verse.

Cowley's translations and paraphrases of Horace are well known. And in Dryden already appears the critical attitude which was the striking characteristic of the early

[1] *Ode* (*To Himself*) (Cunningham-Gifford edition of Jonson's *Wks.* 5. 416). For a survey of Jonson's use of Horace, see *Ben Jonsons Poetik und seine Beziehungen zu Horaz*, by H. Reinsch, Leipzig, 1899.

[2] Ed. W. A. Greenhill, 1881, Pt. 1, Sect. 11.

[3] *S.* 1. 4. 133-134. [Neque enim, cum lectulus aut me
Porticus excepit, desum mihi].

[4] Pt. 2, Sect. 8.

eighteenth century, and which found in Horace's precepts a useful vehicle of expression.

The translation of the Odes, Satires, and Epistles has been a never-failing allurement to the poets of every age of English literature. And every theory of translation has been exemplified in some English rendering of Horace.

It remained for the least imaginative and most critical period in English literature, the first half of the eighteenth century, to give full appreciation to Horace. His rules for poetry, known directly from his writings, and transmitted through such French authors as Boileau, were accepted, even more widely than the laws of Aristotle, as the standard of critical judgment. Addison and Steele by their choice of mottos for their periodicals, Prior by his adoption of a type of lyric that has since his time been designated as Horatian, and Pope with his imposing series of *Imitations*, gave such an impulse to the already widespread interest that it was carried on through the whole of the century.

Where the full extent of this interest may be seen, but at the same time where Horace has been degraded to a use unworthy of him, is in the innumerable critical pamphlets of the day. Such writings are saturated with classical allusion, especially Horatian; Swift, in his *Tritical Essay upon the Faculties of the Mind*, has cleverly held up to ridicule the lengths to which such quotation and allusion had been carried. Instances of some of the best of these pamphlets are: *Critical Remarks on Mr. Rowe's last Play, call'd Ulysses*, which appeared in 1706; Charles Gildon's *New Rehearsal*, in 1714; *Remarks on the Tragedy of Lady Jane Grey*, in 1715. All these are criticisms of Rowe's plays. The many pamphlets of which Pope was the storm-centre, and John Dennis the best known author, are filled with allusions to Horace; and such a reputable piece of criticism as Joseph Warton's *Essay on the Genius and*

Writings of Pope refers constantly to the authority of Aristotle, Longinus, Virgil, Horace, Quintilian, and the French exponent of Horace's art of poetry, Boileau. The Earl of Orrery, in his *Remarks on the Life and Writings of Swift*, and Deane Swift, in his *Essay upon the Life, Writings, and Character of Swift*, show complete dependence on the classic authors in general, and on Horace in particular.

In the best writers of the century there is less dependence on the authority of mere classical quotation, and greater depth of understanding of the classic authors.

Certain qualities were peculiar to the writers of the eighteenth century, and these they both consciously and unconsciously strove to perfect. Most of these qualities may be found exemplified in Horace, and naturally therefore they turned to him for sympathy and for guidance, and, as naturally, his influence reacted upon them, and confirmed the tendencies already inherent in the spirit of the time.

Horace's correctness and carefulness of diction, his desire for perfection of form, his very commonplaceness, and his lack of romance or ideal above the ordinary, everyday rules of living, were closely akin to the attitude of the eighteenth century. Among the writers of the century the passionate spirit of such a poet as Catullus is nowhere to be found. They would read him, probably, and set him aside, with little sympathy or understanding.

Among them there was no mysticism; religious aspirations were in abeyance; it was a sceptical, not a heroic age. That Pope was a Roman Catholic is a matter of history, but the fact could not be learned through his poetry. Wesley fought against the inertness of the church, and the result was Methodism, which, because it ranged itself alongside of matter-of-fact, everyday happenings, took a strong hold upon the people. The classes

whom Wesley could not reach were inclined to be indifferent to matters religious; some, like Bolingbroke, were more or less sincere deists. Such a poet as Horace, with his confession,

Parcus deorum cultor et infrequens,

which is only a definite statement of what all his writings evince, would naturally appeal to a generation that, after intense religious dissensions, and after a revolt against Puritan repression, had felt a reaction, and fallen into religious apathy.

The influence of Horace is apt to be subtle and indefinite. There are many reasons for this. In the writings of the preceding century, he had already been so frequently put to use that many of his teachings were handed on to the eighteenth century as traditions of English literature, rather than as something distinctively Horatian. Much, too, had been absorbed into their literature by French writers, who at this time led Europe as arbiters of the art of writing, so that many of his rules were accepted in England with the stamp of French authority. Horace was taught piecemeal in the schools, and many a writer flaunted bits that had stuck in his memory, though they were nothing more to him, or to his readers, than fashionable and meaningless tags. Such tags were passed from hand to hand, in the voluminous pamphlets of the day, and in the letters that had become so great a fashion in literary circles; and as they became more frequently quoted, they grew more meaningless and inept.

Another cause of the elusive quality of the influence of Horace lies in his own writings. His Satires and Epistles consist of a galaxy of brilliant apophthegms, rather than of sustained arguments. Even in his Odes, which, by their brevity, make for concentrated unity of subject, striking phrases and sayings may be culled at random, and in

great number. It is such maxims that strike the attention, and remain in the memory of Horace's admirers; no sustained work of theirs is directed and influenced by an underlying philosophy of his; a consistent philosophy would be difficult to find in Horace. Johnson was fond of his Odes, and would frequently quote one entire; but in such writings as the *Rambler*, or the *Lives of the Poets*, he follows the universal custom of illustrating from Horace, or of building his argument round one of his maxims. The fashion of using mottos from Horace grew out of this very Horatian characteristic, and at the same time increased the tendency to consider lines and phrases, apart from their context, as complete pieces of argument. Pope, indeed, imitated many of his Satires and Epistles, but he used them as mere vehicles for his own ideas, and the result was a series of brilliant satires distinctly characteristic of Pope, in which a suggestion of Horace remains only here and there, in some memorable translation of lines and brief passages which Pope had found it convenient for his purpose to retain.

The poems of Horace that have always been taken as a whole, and that must be kept in their entirety, are few in number. As such, the Ninth Epistle of the First Book, a letter of introduction addressed to Tiberius, which was cleverly imitated by Prior, which Steele, in No. 493 of the *Spectator*, translated, and to which he awarded the highest praise, stands pre-eminent. The Ninth Ode of the Third Book, Horace and Lydia, is seldom quoted save as a whole; the Fifth and Thirteenth Odes of the First Book, each an exquisitely complete poem as it stands, have single lines that have been frequently quoted. The six great patriotic Odes of the Third Book, bound together as they are by the one unifying idea, yet lend themselves to dissection for frequent and promiscuous quoting.

What has so far been said leads to the conclusion that

Horace's writings neither have been, nor need be, taken as a whole for an estimate of him, and of his influence upon English authors. In spite of the central thought that is to be found in each one of his Satires and Epistles, he is better known through the many striking lines collected at random from his writings. Such a collection is characteristic of him, and he may be accurately judged by these scattered sayings; these 'disjecti membra poetæ' always bear his distinctive stamp. So characteristic are his utterances that, amidst all the inaccurate and careless quotation of him prevalent in the eighteenth century, it is seldom that a mistake is made in his actual authorship—that the quotation from another classic author is attributed to him. The instances where this occurs are striking by their rarity. Exerting his influence, as he does, by means of these detached utterances, his power to direct the minds of the men who were quoting him so frequently is not apparent, until it has been ascertained just how much they depended upon his axioms to express their own guiding principles.

It is illuminative of the general character of the eighteenth century that, at a period of classical cultivation which was often superficial, as any cultivation applied wholesale is apt to be, Horace was the most frequently quoted and deferred to of any classic author—deferred to even more generally than Virgil, with his higher political ideals and purer poetic genius, and more often than the much-quoted Cicero; and this at a time when writers had so much opportunity to influence the trend of political events. In the reign of Augustus, Horace had gathered from many sources such practical and workable tenets as should strengthen the new-formed empire, and teach men to live soberly and sanely; and his maxims naturally fitted the needs of a similar situation and a similar spirit in England.

Equally illuminating is the noticeable tendency to use the Satires and Epistles more than the Odes, and, where the Odes were used, to select chiefly those parts that would have some utilitarian value, rather than to seek the beauties in which they are so abundantly rich.

Horace may be said to pervade the literature of the eighteenth century in three ways: as a teacher of political and social morality; as a master of the art of poetry; and as a sort of *elegantiæ arbiter*.

In his first capacity he probably directed, with no inconsiderable power, the endeavor of the periodical and pamphlet writers to inculcate the ordinary social virtues in their readers. Such papers as the *Tatler*, the *Spectator*, and the *Guardian*, with the later periodicals that grew out of the efforts of Addison and Steele—like Fielding's *Champion*, *True Patriot*, and *Covent-Garden Journal*, or Johnson's *Rambler*—were an eighteenth-century rejuvenation of Horace's Satires and Epistles. Horace by his satiric raillery had tried to lead his contemporaries into the path of civic virtue; and the periodical writers above mentioned employed exactly the same methods to cajole society, if possible, out of its extravagant absurdities, and also to set forth to the disaffected elements the wisdom, or at least the advisability, of becoming loyal subjects of the new *régime*. The fact that Horace was the favorite author for the mottos with which almost all these papers began their lucubrations, rather than Juvenal on the one hand, or Virgil on the other, is evidence that their writers were conscious of his special value and significance to them. Neither he nor they made exalted demands for civic righteousness; both would be satisfied if they could coax their readers into becoming fairly sensible, decent citizens. It had been Horace's function at the court of Augustus to point out the advantages of the newly formed empire; and those English writers who

assumed the duty of persuading the people that with the new rule inaugurated by the bloodless revolution of 1688, rather than with the Stuart family, lay their true advantage—Addison and Steele, Swift and Fielding—found ready-made, in the Satires and Epistles, many sound political arguments. The first six Odes of the Third Book lend themselves to this purpose, and scattered elsewhere through the Odes are many available phrases, with here and there a whole poem such as

> O navis, referent in mare te novi
> Fluctus![1]

It is probable that all the periodical and pamphleteering writers followed the impetus to the seeking of appropriate mottos in Horace which had been given by Addison and Steele; but there is no evidence, in the better writers of the time at least, that they borrowed their quotations direct and wholesale from the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, and *Guardian*. On the contrary, it seems pretty clear that all were familiar either with scraps and sayings from Horace, gathered from Lilly's famous grammar and from current literature, or, more frequently, with his writings as a whole, and that they had been made more at home with them by the many and diverse translations and imitations in circulation.

The greatest, though perhaps the most indirect, influence exerted by Horace upon the literature of the eighteenth century was in his function as teacher of the art of writing. It was his belief that, although a writer must be endowed by nature with some genius, this is not enough, and genius must be schooled by art:

> Ego nec studium sine divite vena
> Nec rude quid prosit video ingenium; alterius sic
> Altera poscit opem res et coniurat amice.[2]

[1] *O.* 1. 14.
[2] *A. P.* 409-411.

This idea was developed to its fullest extent in the eighteenth century, and art threatened to usurp the place of genius.

Horace is rich in rules for the training of the artist. Boileau, when he published *L'Art Poétique*, had crystallized for the English nation, as well as for his own race, the rules that are not only contained in Horace's *Ars Poetica*, but are scattered throughout his literary satires and epistles. English laws of poetry were formed upon the French laws, which in their turn had been formed upon classic literature; and, through French influence, the study of the classics, and especially of the classic laws for poetry, received a fresh impetus in England. So that Boileau dropped into the background, and Horace's Art of Poetry became the leading authority. Unquestionably the most frequently quoted literary authority throughout this century was Horace's *Ars Poetica;* and beside it his two other literary Epistles of the Second Book, and the Fourth and the Tenth Satires of the First Book, took second rank. The leaves of the *Ars Poetica* were well thumbed by both scribblers and writers of repute, and its phraseology became part of the literary language. As Horace's precision, and his unwearying endeavor for exquisiteness of diction, often crushed all spontaneity in his Odes, so his influence upon the eighteenth century, through the rules he had laid down, and through the development of them in the French school of literature, tended to encourage precision and measured correctness, and to crush the genius that would cast rules aside, and walk alone.

Especially were the early writers of the century so bound and subject to his authority; and the height to which a careful following of his rules may bring a poet of genius is exemplified by the perfect precision of Pope's verse; only in his *Rape of the Lock* has Pope indicated

that he might have escaped the thraldom, if he had not deliberately bound himself over to the Horatian ideal of correctness. As the century advanced, Horace's influence was still felt; but the slavery to his rules had passed, and those who followed him did so with a freer spirit—Fielding subordinated them to his creation of the novel, and Johnson frequently set them aside. An element of romance was entering into literature, that was eventually to pay little attention to classic authority.

In his third function, which I have called that of *elegantiæ arbiter*, though the title does not completely express his power, Horace was the favorite master of such men as Bolingbroke, and, later, Chesterfield. And his influence also gave rise to the type of poetry in English literature designated as Horatian.

Under the leadership of Bolingbroke a sophisticated philosophy arose, which was in part Epicurean, in part Stoical—the Stoical character being expressed for Lord Bolingbroke in the motto from Horace which he chose for himself, *Nil admirari*.[1] The half political, half literary group that surrounded Bolingbroke depended largely upon the ideal that Horace had built up for himself, of a life full of ease and luxurious simplicity. In their letters to one another, and in their writings, appear again and again evidences of how much they estimated their physical well-being by the standards set by Horace, translating his requirements into the equivalents of eighteenth-century England. Lord Chesterfield, a firm admirer of Bolingbroke, carried on the tradition; and much of that elegance for which he was celebrated was formed upon his study of Horace, as may be seen by the tributes he frequently paid to that author in his letters to his son and his godson.

In close connection with this philosophy of refined ease,

[1] *E.* 1. 6. 1.

and perhaps arising from it, came a type of poetry that was modeled upon the lighter Odes of Horace, and that combined grace of diction with a sophisticated, pleasure-loving way of looking at life that clearly reflected one aspect of Horace's many-sided character. This kind of poetry had occasionally made its appearance among the earlier poets, but it was Matthew Prior who first consciously introduced it as a type, and presented it in its perfection. With the exception of some successful attempts made by Gay, it was neglected during the rest of the eighteenth century; and it remained for the nineteenth century fully to appreciate this side of Horace's poetic genius, and to enrich English poetry with a clever imitation and development of the type.

The choice of writers that should represent adequately the interest of the eighteenth century in Horace has been guided by two aims: first, to make a study of Horace's appeal to the greatest minds of the century, and, secondly, to choose the authors in whom that appeal would strike an answering chord. So that those writers in whom is already apparent the romantic element that was to have its fruition with the dawn of the nineteenth century have not been taken into consideration.

Nicholas Rowe has been included among these studies, as a link between the age of Dryden and the early writers of the eighteenth century who were his contemporaries. Daniel Defoe has been omitted from them, because of his peculiar freedom from classical allusion of any kind. In *Robinson Crusoe*, *Captain Singleton*, *Moll Flanders*, and the *History of the Plague of London*, there is no mention of a single classical author. In writings like the *Political History of the Devil*, there is only such reference to the classics as could be picked up in much discursive English reading; and his use of Latin phrases is confined to what in his day had become proverbial.

So also the writings of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu have been omitted, for her brilliant spirit expressed itself more in her life and in her letters than in her few poems; and though in her letters she shows her affection for Horace, she defers to him but seldom. In her poems, most of which are satirical commentaries upon eighteenth-century society, his influence is frequently felt, and she has more than once used his satires as the vehicle of her own expression. Three of the Odes she has translated. Her counter-attacks upon Pope naturally show Horatian influence; and the *Verses addressed to the Imitator of the First Satire of the Second Book of Horace*, presumably written by Lady Mary and Lord Hervey in collaboration, begin with a comparison of Pope and Horace, much to the advantage of the latter. On the whole, however, her verses are not modeled upon Horace; and, rather than risk making her meaning obscure, she was willing to sacrifice the metre, so that her poems have not that rhythm and polish which a careful study of the methods of Horace would have given them, and that indeed seem to belong rightfully to her own genius.

For the other writers chosen from the early part of the eighteenth century there needs no explanation. To each of them some qualities in Horace appeal strongly, and are portrayed in their writings.

The use made of Horace by the four great novelists, Richardson, Sterne, Smollett, and Fielding, is striking in its diversity. Richardson's allusions are at second hand; Sterne uses him with other classical authors, but is only casually interested in him as a literary critic; Smollett is fond of him, and likes to quote him, but Horace's gentle raillery seldom softens his own bitter invective; Fielding, in his friendly criticism and tolerance of human frailties, is a true Horatian.

Johnson might be called a Ciceronian, if his genius could be sworn to any one master, but

Nullius addictus iurare in verba magistri.[1]

For his satires he has chosen Juvenal as his model. His writings give no evidence of Horatian influence; but there is frequent and generous tribute to Horace in his works and in his conversation. He shows his appreciation of him as a moralist and as a literary critic, and constantly expresses his admiration of the beauty of the Odes.

The letters of Lord Chesterfield and Horace Walpole illustrate the conventional use of lines and stanzas of Horace as familiar vehicles of thought in the letters of the eighteenth century. Lord Chesterfield's letters are peculiar, in that many of them are written with the express intention of educating his son and his godson, and hence are full of Latin quotation, and especially of quotation from Horace. Walpole did not pretend to learning, yet Horace appears frequently, though casually, in his letters. The letters of Pope, Swift, Bolingbroke, and Prior leave no doubt of the prevailing familiar intercourse in literary circles by means of Horace.

The brilliant group of orators who, by their parliamentary speeches, attained such eminence during the last thirty years of the century—Burke, Pitt, Fox, and Sheridan—were all classical scholars, and did not hesitate to draw upon their scholarship for illuminating example, though no one of them did so in great profusion. All use their quotations with consummate address; Pitt succeeds perhaps best in welding his classical allusions into the chain of his argument. They all draw their allusions equally from the Roman historians, philosophers, and poets, and all quote Horace; of their use of Horace, Burke, in his two speeches on *Conciliation with America*,

[1] *E.* 1. 1. 14.

and Pitt,[1] in speeches on the *Treaty of Commerce with France*, on the *Abolition of the Slave Trade*, and in opposition to Fox's motion for procuring peace with France, give the happiest examples.

But the most truly Horatian writer of the eighteenth century, and, indeed, in English literature, is unquestionably Addison. And he is so by inspiration rather than by deliberate following of any one characteristic of Horace's writings that appealed peculiarly to his own genius. Prior has caught and made to live again the spirit of Horace's light odes. Pope recognized his masterworkmanship, and, following him, polished and refined his poetry until it became the standard of correctness for the English couplet. Steele and Fielding adopted from Horace the kindly, bantering tone that Pope has described in his *Essay on Criticism*:[2]

> Horace still charms with graceful negligence,
> And without method talks us into sense;
> Will, like a friend, familiarly convey
> The truest notions in the easiest way.

It is Addison only who re-embodies the complete genius of Horace. He is Horatian in his writings and in his character, as we know it through the testimony of his contemporaries. His is the same quiet irony; his the mood, now grave, now gay, alternating in his essays, that is ever changing in Horace's odes.

A close parallel must not be drawn between their writings—though it is possible to point out the resemblance between Addison, the literary critic, and Horace, the author of the literary epistles, between the composer of the *Carmen Saeculare* and the author of the *Campaign*. Whereas Horace has given to the world the lighter ode

[1] *Speeches of Pitt in the House of Commons*, 1806, 1. 358; 2. 75; 163.

[2] Ll. 653-656.

in its perfection, and claims for himself the distinction of having given to Italy the Greek lyric—

> Princeps Æolium carmen ad Italos
> Deduxisse modos—[1]

Addison may lay claim to having, guided by Steele, indeed, but surpassing him, brought the essay to that perfection in English that it had attained in the hands of its creator, Montaigne. In his essays he has displayed the maturity of his genius, as Horace has done in his odes; and the qualities of both are strikingly similar.

In both is that combination of good sense and good taste that results in the urbanity for which each is famed. Both possess the *curiosa felicitas* which Petronius gave as the peculiar attribute of Horace. Addison follows Horace in his painstaking endeavor for perfection of style and diction. Horace has been described by Sellar, in his *Roman Poets of the Augustan Age*,[2] as belonging 'to that class of lyrical poets in whom impulse and enthusiasm are subordinate to, and controlled by reflexion'; this might have been said of Addison both as essayist and as poet.

But while Addison is the interpreter of Horace for the eighteenth century, he has given something of his own, which can be felt in his writings rather than expressed, and which constitutes the difference between the pagan and the Christian moralist. More steadily than his prototype, and with a deeper sense of the obligation entailed upon him by the gift of expression, he has kept before him the truth of Horace's own precept,

> Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.[3]

[1] *O.* 3. 30. 13-14.
[2] *Horace and the Elegiac Poets*, p. 197.
[3] *A. P.* 343.

HORACE

AS USED BY SOME OF THE GREAT WRITERS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

NICHOLAS ROWE, 1673-1718

Nicholas Rowe belongs perhaps more to the seventeenth than to the eighteenth century, though he was a contemporary of Addison, Steele, and Prior, and a friend of Pope. He forms a link between the dramatists of the Restoration and the Augustan poets. As a dramatist he belongs to the earlier period; his plays are romantic in spirit, and there is little of his classical learning to be discerned in them. Each play, however, bears upon its title-page a motto from the classics, which is usually taken from Virgil. One is taken from Ovid, one only from Horace, that of Ulysses:[1]

> Stultum regum et populorum continet æstus
> Rursus quid virtus, et quid sapientia possit
> Utile proposuit nobis exemplar Ulyssem.

His comedy, the *Biter*, has a motto from Persius. His dedications, too, are apt to contain classical allusion; in them he has indicated his familiarity with the teachings of Horace. In the dedication of his *Dramatic Works* to the Earl of Warwick and Holland, he says: 'If my advice might be taken upon this head, it should be always to submit with patience to the publick judgment, to be contented under condemnation with the thoughts of "Non si male nunc, et olim sic erit." '[2] And in the dedication of the *Royal Concert*, he speaks of poetry thus: 'This indeed would be much more properly said to the world and when I have told 'em what men have equally adorn'd

[1] *E.* 1. 2. 8, 17-18.
[2] *O.* 2. 10. 17.

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it, and been adorn'd by it, I might not unfitly apply to 'em, what Horace said to the Piso's:[1]

> Et forte pudori
> Sit tibi musa lyræ solers et cantor Apollo.'

In his dramas there are two instances where Horace may have been the source of his thought. In *Tamerlane*, Act 1, Scene 1, Tamerlane says:

> The brave meet every accident
> With equal minds.

And these words echo the quiet assurance of Horace's admonition to Dellius:[2]

> Æquam memento rebus in arduis
> Servare mentem.

In *Jane Shore*, the speech of Hastings—[3]

> Beyond myself, I prize my native land:
> On this foundation would I build my fame,
> And emulate the Greek and Roman name;
> Think England's peace bought cheaply with my blood,
> And die with pleasure for my country's good—

is instinct with Horace's

> Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori,

and the whole spirit of the Second Ode of the Third Book. But, in general, his plays have little suggestion from the classics.

It is in his poetry that Rowe shows any kinship with the Augustan poets; and it is here that he shows indebtedness to Horace. Apart from his imitations and translations, his poetry owes little to the great satirist. He is at one time too pastoral, at another too panegyric, to

[1] *A. P.* 406-407.
[2] *O.* 2. 3. 1-2.
[3] Act 3, Sc. 1.

be often in harmony with the contained quietness of Horace's spirit. Yet there is abundant evidence that he considered him as his master, and followed him often in thought while writing his poems. *A Poem on the glorious Successes of her Majesty's Arms* has echoes of Horace's eulogies of Augustus, but it is impossible to lay one's hand on any definite allusion. So it is also in the *Ode for the New Year* 1716, for which Rowe has chosen the motto:[1]

> Custode rerum Cæsare, non furor
> Civilis, aut vis eximet otium:
> Non ira quæ procudit enses,
> Et miseras inimicat urbes;

And in the fourth stanza of the *Ode* he addresses George I as 'Young Augustus.' But it is too florid, too full of such images as the 'Hours,' and of deified qualities, to be Horatian in tone.

In writing *Mæcenas, Verses Occasioned by the Honours conferred on the Right Honourable the Earl of Halifax*, 1714, Rowe was looking upon Mæcenas in another light than that in which Horace sees him. He could not, however, fail to have him in mind, and that this was the case is indicated in the line,

> There let thy Julian Star an Emblem shine,

where 'Julian Star' is the 'Julium sidus' of Horace's Twelfth Ode of the First Book. Possibly too the second line of the poem,

> A noble Knight, of ancient Tuscan Race,

has its origin in one of the Odes,[2] though Mæcenas' Tuscan origin is a frequent boast, and is to be found in Livy and other Roman historians.

The little poem, *Upon Nicolini and Valentini's first*

[1] *O.* 4. 15. 17-20.
[2] *O.* 3. 29. 1; *S.* 1. 6. 1.

coming to the House in the Hay-Market, begins with the lines,

> Amphion strikes the vocal lyre,
> And ready at his call,
> Harmonious brick and stone conspire
> To raise the Theban wall,

which echo the lines,[1]

> Dictus et Amphion, Thebanæ conditor urbis,
> Saxa movere sono testudinis, et prece blanda
> Ducere quo vellet.

Finally, there is a reflection of the Seventh Ode of the Third Book, 'Quid fles, Asterie,' in the *Stanzas to Lady Warwick on Mr. Addison's Going to Ireland*. The situation is the same: the loved one across the sea, an assurance of his constancy, and an injunction to faithfulness to Chloe, Horace's Asterie; the poems are otherwise unlike.

Much of Rowe's fame rests upon the merit of his translations. Besides those from the French, he translated the *Golden Verses of Pythagoras*, the story of Glaucus and Scylla from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Lucan's *Pharsalia*, and adapted some of the Odes of Horace to the situations of his own time. His version of the *Pharsalia* still remains the best English translation of that poem. In his dedication of the *Golden Verses of Pythagoras*, he explains his attitude toward translation in the case of the Greek, which applies equally to his method of translating Horace: 'I hope the Reader will forgive the Liberty I have taken in Translating these Verses somewhat at large, without which it would have been almost impossible to have given any kind of Turn in English Poetry to so dry a Subject. The Sense of the Author is, I hope, no where mistaken; and if there seems in some Places to be some Additions in the English Verses to the Greek Text, they are only such as may be justify'd from

[1] *A. P.* 394-396.

Hierocle's Commentary, and deliver'd by him as the larger and explain'd Sense of the Author's short Precept.'

In his poem, *Horace, Book* 2, *Ode* 4, *imitated, The Lord G[riffin], to the Earl of S[carsdale]*, he has used Horace's Ode as a framework. The situation is the same in both poems: Horace's Phocian Xanthias has become Rowe's Earl of Scarsdale; the slave-girl Phyllis is the actress 'Bracegirdle the Brown.' Achilles, Ajax, Agamemnon—each had his love in heroic Trojan times; the heroes of the battlefields of the early eighteenth century

> With Drabs have deeply smitten been.

Each poet veils his contempt of the union in mock praise of the pedigree and the character of her he is defending; each proclaims himself exempt from suspicion, Rowe as the Lord Griffin whom he is impersonating:

> Then be not jealous, Friend, for why?
> My Lady Marchioness is nigh,
> To see I ne'er shall hurt ye;
> Besides, you know full well, that I
> Am turn'd of five and forty;

and Horace:

> Fuge suspicari,
> Cuius octavum trepidavit ætas
> Claudere lustrum.

The irony of the poem is not so subtle as is that of its model; the touch is heavier, the expressions coarser, and there is not the same restraint. This lack of restraint is in part due to the impossibility of expressing thought in English with the precision of which the Latin tongue is capable, in part to the freedom of early eighteenth-century expression, and to the established custom of imitating the original only when it suited the poet so to do.

The Reconcilement between Jacob Tonson and Mr. Congreve, in Imitation of Horace, Book 3, *Ode* 9, is an

absurd travesty of the delightful little poem, Horace and Lydia, in which travesty Tonson takes the part of Horace, Congreve that of Lydia.

Horace, Book 3, *Ode* 21, *Ad Amphoram,* is a translation rather than an imitation, but one so much amplified, in the manner of the poets of this period, that it is practically a paraphrase. At times Rowe keeps close to his original, as when he translates:

> Non ille, quamquam, Socraticis madet
> Sermonibus, te negleget horridus:

by

> To thee, my Friend, his Roughness shall submit,
> And Socrates himself a while forget.

At other times he amplifies to the extent of translating the line,

> Tu spem reducis mentibus anxiis,

by the following seven:

> The wretch who press'd beneath a Load of Cares,
> And lab'ring with continual Woes, despairs,
> If thy kind Warmth does his chill'd Sense invade,
> From Earth he rears his drooping Head,
> Reviv'd by thee, he ceases now to mourn;
> His flying Cares give way to Haste,
> And to the God resign his Breast,
> Where Hopes of better Days, and better Things return.

Rowe has, however, gone further than amplification, and has added some thoughts of his own for which he found no authority in Horace, and which do not contribute beauty to his poem.

Another such free translation is *Horace, Book* 4, *Ode* 1. In this poem the lakes of Alba have become 'the shade of Odel's wood' and 'the banks of Ouse's gentle flood,' the grassy Campus Martius and the rolling river are 'woods, and plains, and seas'; but the classic names have been

retained, and the bands of youths and maidens dance 'Salian measures' round the altars of the 'queen of love.' The editions of 1720 and 1733 have Sylvia for Horace's Paulus Maximus, an evident mistake, and in subsequent editions, as well as in the series of the British poets, 'Sylvia' has been changed to 'Damon.' It is a pleasing rendering of Horace's Ode, and may be placed beside Prior's more delicate *Cantata* and Pope's imitation, the *Ode to Venus*, without suffering too much by comparison.

Horace, Book 1, *Epist.* 4, *Inscrib'd to R. Thornhill, Esq.*, is, allowing for Rowe's tendency to translate freely and to amplify, a comparatively accurate translation. Horace's Epistle to Albius Tibullus he has inscribed to a correspondent of lesser fame. The little poems of Cassius of Parma have become 'what moving Otway wrote'; and Horace's simple 'Me . . . vises cum ridere voles' has been modernized and localized into

> Me, when to Town in Winter you repair,
> . . . every Friday at the Vine you'll find,

—the Vine being a famous tavern in Long Acre. Horace probably wrote his Epistle from the country, but Rowe imagines himself in town, his correspondent in retirement in the country. He has, however, not rendered very successfully any of the striking and well-known lines with which this brief Epistle abounds.

There is sufficient reference to Horace in Rowe's few prose writings, especially in *Some Account of the Life &c. of Mr. William Shakespear*, to show that he looked up to him as a master in the art of poetry. The catalogue of his library[1] includes the names of many Latin authors, and sets down seven or eight editions of Horace, including the English translation by Samuel Dunster, and the French translation by Tarteron and Dacier.

[1] Reprinted by P. Borgwardt in his edition of the *Royal Concert*, Rostock, 1909.

JOSEPH ADDISON, 1672-1719

Addison is essentially a classicist. When Steele had already joined issue with the world, and was engaged in characteristically sinning and repenting, Addison was still quietly pursuing his studies and writing Latin verses at Oxford. All his works, with the exception of the opera *Rosamond*, the comedy *The Drummer*, his essay *Of the Christian Religion*, and his political writings, breathe the spirit of the Greek and Roman authors. His earliest works bear in subject-matter a close relation to the classics; he translates one of Virgil's *Georgics*, some of the third book of the *Æneid*, and Ovid's *Metamorphoses;* 'the most spirited verses Addison has written,' says Dr. Warton,[1] 'are an imitation of the Third Ode of the Third Book of Horace, which is indeed performed with energy and vigour.' The three publications which are a result of his visit to France and Italy are the *Letter from Italy*, a poem evidently written with Virgil in his thoughts; the *Dialogues on Medals*, in which he illustrates the Roman poets by means of their medals, and explains the signification of the Roman medals through their poets; and the *Remarks on Italy*, which is full of classical allusion. That his letters from the Continent to his friends are, contrary to the fashion of his time, free from quotations from the classics may be explained by a remark he makes in a letter to Chamberlain Dashwood. Having quoted a Latin verse, he adds:[2] 'I should be afraid of being thought a pedant for my quotation, did not I know that the gentle-

[1] *Addisoniana*, by Sir R. Phillips, 1804, 1. 134.

[2] July, 1702 (*Works of Joseph Addison*, ed. Greene, New York, 1856, 2. 482).

man I am writing to always carries a Horace in his pocket.' Here, by the way, he has been quoting Martial, not Horace.

When Addison, through Steele's enterprise of the *Tatler*, had been shown wherein his own strength lay, it might have been expected that he would depart from his classic models, to replace them by the living characters he was studying in the coffee-houses, at the opera, and at court. In a certain measure he does so, yet all that he writes is through the medium of that exquisite prose which he had made his own in the years of his almost complete absorption in the classics. The language and manners of the old Greek and Roman writers he caught, says Tickell in his description of Addison's studies at Oxford,[1] 'at that time of life, as strongly as other young people gain a French accent or a general air. An early acquaintance with the classics is what may be called the good-breeding of poetry, as it gives a certain gracefulness which never forsakes a mind that contracted it in youth. . . . If Mr. Addison's example and precepts be the occasion that there now begins to be a great demand for correctness, we may justly attribute it to his being first fashioned by the ancient models, and familiarized to propriety of thought and chastity of style.' He never fails to extol the classic writers, and to use them and those modern authors who have been trained in their school as his authorities; his 'true critics' are 'Aristotle and Longinus among the Greeks, Horace and Quintilian among the Romans, Boileau and Dacier among the French.'[2] He has a lively contempt for what he calls the Gothic style in literature and architecture. In No. 463 of the *Spectator*, in his Vision of the Golden Scales, he has this significant

[1] Tickell's *Life of Addison* (*Works of Joseph Addison*, ed. Bohn, 1890, 1. iii-iv). References to the *Works of Addison* are always to the Bohn edition unless otherwise stated.

[2] *Spectator* 592 (*Wks.* 4. 148).

remark:[1] 'I found . . . that an old Greek or Latin author weighed down a whole library of moderns.'

It is difficult to tell who amongst the ancient authors is his favorite. Virgil he admires as the greatest of the Latin poets; for Ovid he has a sincere fondness; to Horace he is most akin in spirit. His is that *curiosa felicitas* spoken of by Petronius[2] as the distinguishing characteristic of Horace; his, too, is the golden mediocrity of Horace: neither Addison nor Horace rises to the sublime, nor does either ever fall below a definitely high standard of excellence. Those of his essays that are the most Horatian are the most charming; when he is writing like Horace, casually and somewhat disconnectedly, just as the thoughts come, he is at his best, though he himself half condemns his papers of this kind.[3]

Of his translations Johnson has said[4] that they 'want the exactness of a scholar. That he understood his authors cannot be doubted: but his verses will not teach others to understand them, being too licentiously paraphrastical. They are, however, for the most part, smooth and easy; and what is the first excellence of a translator, such as may be read with pleasure by those who do not know the original.' Addison has justified his own method in No. 39 of the *Lover*, where, in approving Budgell's translation of the *Characters* of Theophrastus, he presents his views on translation, basing them upon Horace's lines,[5]

> Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus
> Interpres.

[1] *Wks.* 3. 479.

[2] *Sat.* 118. 5.

[3] *Spectator* 476 (*Wks.* 3. 497).

[4] *Addison* (Johnson's *Lives of the Poets,* ed. by G. B. Hill, 1905, 2. 145).

[5] *A. P.* 133-134.

Budgell, he says,[1] 'has followed the rule which Horace has laid down for translators, by preserving everywhere the life and spirit of his author, without servilely copying after him word for word. This is what the French, who have most distinguished themselves by performances of this nature, so often inculcate, when they advise a translator to find out such particular elegancies in his own tongue, as bear some analogy to those he sees in the original, and to express himself by such phrases as his author would probably have made use of, had he written in the language into which he is translated. . . . A translator, who does not thus consider the different genius of the two languages in which he is concerned, with such parallel turns of thoughts and expression as correspond with one another in both of them, may value himself upon being a "faithful interpreter"; but in works of wit and humour will never do justice to his author, or credit to himself.' These views are exemplified in his own translation[2] of the Third Ode of the Third Book of Horace,

Justum et tenacem propositi virum.

As the English language can seldom give an equivalent for the terse, elliptical Latin of Horace, he finds it necessary to amplify and embellish. For instance the first line, just quoted, grows in his hands to the couplet,

> The man resolved and steady to his trust,
> Inflexible to ill, and obstinately just.

The 'tyrannus instans' becomes a fierce tyrant with 'stern brow' and 'harsh voice,' 'Auster' is the 'rough whirlwind,' the 'magna manus' becomes the 'red arm' of 'fulminantis

[1] *Wks.* 4. 336-337.
[2] *Ibid.* 1. 83.

Jovis,' a phrase which has already given its quality to 'arm,' and which in its turn is 'the angry Jove,

> That flings the thunder from the sky,
> And gives it rage to roar, and strength to fly.'

Horace, with his usual economy of words, makes one verb do duty for four subjects; Addison has two sentences and two constructions in which to enclose his idea: first it is the man who 'may the rude rabble's insolence despise,' beguile the tyrant's fierceness, defy him, and smile with superior greatness; then, nor 'rough whirlwind' nor 'the red arm of angry Jove' can move 'the stubborn virtue of his soul.'

For the simple assertion, 'impavidum ferient ruinæ,' Addison has the couplet,

> He, unconcerned, would hear the mighty crack,
> And stand secure amidst a falling world,

which has been justly censured by Pope in his *Art of Sinking in Poetry*. 'Augustus . . . purpureo bibit ore nectar' is rendered

> Augustus . . .
> . . . to his lips the nectar bowl applies;
> His ruddy lips the purple tincture show,
> And with immortal stains divinely glow.

The use of the word 'applies' instead of the direct use of such a simple word as 'bibit,' is unpoetical; but the two last lines are a beautiful equivalent for Horace's 'purpureo ore.' The 'tigres indocili jugum collo trahentes' are at first 'his tigers' that

> drew him to the skies,
> Wild from the desert and unbroke;

but as this does not give the full meaning of *jugum trahentes*, Addison goes to the other extreme, and adds explanation to explanation:

> In vain they foamed, in vain they stared,
> In vain their eyes with fury glared,
> He tamed 'em to the lash, and bent 'em to the yoke.

To Horace's simple 'Ilion' is added all the attributes that led to her fall; but Addison makes amends for this profuseness later, when he translates

> Ducente victrices catervas
> Conjuge me Jovis et sorore,

by

> And at their armies' head myself will show
> What Juno, urged to all her rage, can do.

Juno, relying on her own strength in anger, is more characteristic of Horace's usual method of description than Juno victorious because she is the wife and sister of Jupiter, as he has here represented her. 'And now the long protracted wars are o'er,' is an inadequate rendering of

> Nostrisque ductum seditionibus
> Bellum resedit;

and it has taken two not very well knit verses to translate the 'opes Hectoreis.' The meaning of the beautiful words,

> adscribi quietis,
> Ordinibus . . . deorum,

Addison either has failed to catch, or at least has not been able to clothe in English so as to convey any idea of it. But, guided by the briefest suggestion of Horace, he has drawn a vivid picture of the ordained desolation of Troy. The poem does not represent Horace, but Addison's interpretation of Horace.

Addison has translated nothing else of Horace, with the exception of eight lines of the Ode to Lydia.[1] These he offers as 'a beautiful description of jealousy' in his *Remarks on Italy*,[2] and later in No. 171 of the *Spectator*.[3] There are slight variations in the two versions of this translation; in using it for the *Spectator* he has improved his earlier work, and given greater smoothness to the verse. Like the translation of the Third Ode of the Third Book, it is not a close rendering, but it does what he conceives to be the first duty of a translation, it interprets the spirit of its original. For instance in the couplet,

> With endless rapture you recite,
> And in that pleasing name delight;

the first line is his interpretation of Horace's simple 'laudas,' which unembellished verb is an example of what Professor Shorey[4] calls Horace's 'simplicity, not to say poverty, of poetic vocabulary.' The second line seems at first sight to be Addison's own invention, until, upon a more careful attention to the original, the art of the translator becomes apparent, and it is seen how true has been his feeling, and how skilful his rendering of the reiterated name of the beloved:

> Cum tu, Lydia, *Telephi*
> Cervicem roseam, et cerea *Telephi*
> Laudas bracchia—

In his poetry Addison has the Roman poets ever in mind. He prizes Dryden for the service he has rendered to English literature by means of his translations:[5]

[1] *O.* 1. 13.
[2] *Rome* (*Wks.* 1. 461).
[3] *Wks.* 3. 26.
[4] Shorey, *Horace, Odes and Epodes*, 1910, p. xviii.
[5] *To Mr. Dryden* (*Wks.* 1. 1).

Thou mak'st the beauties of the Romans known,
And England boasts of riches not her own;
Thy lines have heighten'd Virgil's majesty,
And Horace wonders at himself in thee.

The introduction and conclusion of the poem, *An Account of the Greatest English Poets*, are, after the manner of Horace, apologetic and deprecatory, but without his easy grace. They have been justly censured[1] as 'a bad imitation of Horace's manner—*sermoni propiora*.' In his lines to Cowley, where he compares Cowley's genius to that of Pindar,

What muse but thine can equal hints inspire,
And fit the deep-mouthed Pindar to thy lyre,

Addison is plainly thinking of Horace's eulogy of that great poet,[2]

Fervet immensusque ruit profundo
Pindarus ore.

The *Letter from Italy*[3] has a motto from Virgil, and is reminiscent of that poet throughout. Its closing lines, however, strike a note that is characteristic of Horace:

But I've already troubled you too long,
Nor dare attempt a more adventurous song.
My humble verse demands a softer theme,
A painted meadow, or a purling stream.

Here Addison had perhaps no definite stanzas of Horace in his thoughts,[4] but has ended his *Letter* in the same deprecatory manner with which Horace often turns from attempting higher themes. Addison's most famous poem,

[1] *Wks.* 1. 22-23.

[2] *O.* 4. 2. 7-8.

[3] *Wks.* 1. 29.

[4] Greene, in his edition of the *Wks.* 1. 169, suggests that these lines have as their source the closing stanza of Horace's First Ode of the Second Book.

The Campaign, is too warlike in spirit and too epic in style to show any Horatian influence.

Upon Addison's dramas Horace exerts no direct influence. *Rosamond* is too romantic, and too full of the spirit of the ballads upon which it is based. The comedy, *The Drummer,* though it takes its motto,[1]

> Falsis terroribus implet
> Ut magus,

from Horace, yet has, with all its gentle, kindly humor, too much the quality of the comedy of romance to be akin to his satiric vein, though never so gentle. The style and spirit of *Cato* are unaffectedly heroic, and Horace disclaims any power to write in this vein. So it is natural that no echo of him is to be found here, unless it be that the lines,[2]

> What pity is it
> That we can die but once to serve our country!

are an interpretation of[3]

> Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.

Yet this sentiment is not peculiar to Horace.

In Addison's prose writings, other than his essays for the periodicals, there is much of Horace in the *Dialogues on Medals,* much in his *Remarks on Italy,* somewhat in his *Discourse on Ancient and Modern Learning,* nothing in his political writings, and very few classical references of any sort in his letters.

Interspersed through the *Dialogues on Medals* are appreciations of passages in Horace, and appreciations, as well as criticisms, of many other of the classic authors.

[1] *E.* 2. 1. 212.
[2] Act 4, Sc. 4 (*Wks.* 1. 218).
[3] *O.* 3. 2. 13.

After an introductory dialogue on medals and their possible uses, Addison presents three series of medals. The first represents the virtues,[1] 'an assembly of the most virtuous ladies that you have ever, perhaps, conversed with. . . . They are some of those imaginary persons . . . that inhabit old coins, and appear nowhere else but on the reverse of a medal. . . . They are most of them the figures of the virtues.' From numerous instances from the Latin poets, he draws the conclusion that it was 'on devices of this nature' that the poets had their eye when they were writing much of their poetry, when they were describing qualities such as Hope and Fear, Security, Peace, Chastity, and so forth. From a verse in Horace may be discovered the color of the drapery that Fidelity wore in the old Roman paintings,[2]

> Te Spes et albo rara Fides colit
> Velata panno.

'As Security[3] is free from all pursuits, she is represented leaning carelessly on a pillar. Horace has drawn a pretty metaphor from this posture:

> Nullum me a labore reclinat otium.'

Chastity 'is represented in the habit of a Roman matron:[4]

> Matronæ præter faciem nil cernere possis,
> Cætera, ni Catia est, demissa veste tegentis.'

Liberty carries in her left hand[5] 'the wand that the Latins call the Rudis or Vindicta, and in her right the cap of

[1] *Wks.* 1. 273.
[2] *Ibid.* 1. 277: *O.* 1. 35. 21-22.
[3] *Ibid.* 1. 279: *Epd.* 17. 24.
[4] *Ibid.* 1. 281: *S.* 1. 2. 94-95.
[5] *Ibid.* 1. 291: *E.* 1. 1. 2-3.

liberty. The poets use the same kinds of metaphors to express liberty. I shall quote Horace for the first:

> donatum jam rude quæris
> Mæcenas iterum antiquo me includere ludo.'

The second series of medals, representing moral emblems, he calls[1] a 'set of riddles,' with which we will entertain ourselves 'and see if we can find a key to them among the ancient poets.' For the first, a 'ship under sail,' he immediately finds a key in Horace,

> Rebus angustis animosus atque
> Fortis appare: sapienter idem
> Contrahes vento nimium secundo
> Turgida vela.

Presently he considers the ship, not now as a metaphor, but as a reality, and compares such a one engraved on the medal with ships described by Virgil, Ovid, and Silius Italicus. This leads him to the guardian deities of ships, and, as authority for the idea that ships had 'some god or other for their guardians,' he quotes Ovid, Silius Italicus, Persius, and Horace[2] in the Fourteenth Ode of the First Book, as possible illustrations of this idea. 'You will think, perhaps, I carry my conjectures too far, if I tell you that I fancy they are these kind of gods that Horace mentions in his allegorical vessel, which was so broken and shattered to pieces; for I am apt to think that "integra" relates to the gods as well as the "lintea."

> Non tibi sunt integra lintea,
> Non dii, quos iterum pressa voces malo.'

A pair of scales is commonly interpreted as an emblem of the emperor's justice, also as the balance in the heavens;

[1] *Wks.* 1. 293: *O.* 2. 10. 21-24.
[2] *Ibid.* 1. 296: *O.* 1. 14. 9-10.

the thunderbolt has its clear significance; the oaken garland was the reward of such as had saved the life of a citizen; and so forth, through a group of symbols that have their illuminating passages in the classic authors. The horn of plenty, so frequently seen on medals, is described by Horace,[1]

> Apparetque beata pleno
> Copia cornu.

The figure of a ship, representing the commonwealth of Rome, is met with in the allegory of the Fourteenth Ode of the First Book,[2]

> O navis, referent in mare te novi
> Fluctus.

The third series[3] are emblems of 'so many cities, nations, and provinces, that present themselves to you under the shape of women. . . . This . . . is a geography particular to the medalists. The poets, however, have sometimes given in to it, and furnish us with very good lights for the explication of it.' Of Africa Horace says,[4]

> Frumenti quantum metit Africa,

and the medals usually represent something 'to denote her wonderful fruitfulness.' Looking upon Africa from another aspect, a lion on a second 'medal marks her out for the

> Leonum
> Arida nutrix.'

France, upon one of the medals,[5] 'has a sheep by her, not only as a sacrifice, but to show that the riches of the

[1] *Wks.* 1. 299: *C. S.* 59-60.
[2] *Ibid.* 1. 316: *O.* 1. 14. 1-2.
[3] *Ibid.* 1. 320-321.
[4] *Ibid.* 1. 322: *S.* 2. 3. 87; *O.* 1. 22. 15-16.
[5] *Ibid.* 1. 326: *O.* 3. 16. 33-36.

country consisted chiefly in flocks and pasturage. Thus Horace, mentioning the commodities of different countries,

> Quanquam nec Calabræ mella ferunt apes,
> Nec Læstrygonia Bacchus in amphora
> Languescit mihi, nec pinguia Gallicis
> Crescunt vellera pascuis.'

Again, France[1] 'is drawn in a posture of sacrificing for the safe arrival of the emperor, as we may learn from the inscription. We find in the several medals that were struck on Adrian's progress through the empire, that, at his arrival, they offered a sacrifice to the gods for the reception of so great a blessing. Horace mentions this custom:

> Tum meæ (si quid loquar audiendum)
> Vocis accedet bona pars; et O sol
> Pulcher, o laudande, canam, recepto
> Cæsare felix.
>
> Te decem tauri, totidenque vaccæ;
> Me tener solvet vitulus.'

Achaia[2] 'presents herself to the emperor in the same posture that the Germans and English still salute the imperial and royal family:

> — jus imperiumque Phraates
> Cæsaris accepit genibus minor.'

'Smyrna[3] is always represented by an Amazon that is said to have been her first foundress. . . . On the left arm of Smyrna is the Pelta or buckler of the Amazons, as the long weapon by her is the "bipennis" or "securis":

[1] *Wks.* 1. 327: *O.* 4. 2. 45-48, 53-54.
[2] *Ibid.* 1. 330: *E.* 1. 12. 27-28.
[3] *Ibid.* 1. 334: *O.* 4. 4. 17-21.

Videre Rhæti bella sub Alpibus
Drusum gerentem, et Vindelici; quibus
Mos unde deductus per omne
Tempus Amazonia securi
Dextras obarmet quærere distuli.'

In these *Dialogues on Medals* Horace is by no means the favorite source of Addison's illuminating references. Virgil and Ovid apparently offer the best illustrations, for there are forty-four and forty-three references to these poets respectively; next in importance, viewed from this standpoint, follows Claudian, with twenty-seven illustrations: then Horace with twenty-three, and after him a host of others.

The descriptive passages in Addison's *Remarks on Italy* are drawn chiefly from Virgil and Silius Italicus. Horace is next in importance, especially when the vicinity of Rome and the road to Naples are reached. But many illustrative passages are drawn also from Juvenal and Martial, from Lucan, Claudian, and Ovid. 'Nobody,' says the Earl of Hardwicke, in writing to a friend,[1] 'can read him going from Rome to Naples, and making Horace and Silius Italicus his chart, but he must feel some uneasiness in himself to reflect that he was not in his retinue. I am sure I wished it ten times in every page; and that not without a secret vanity to think in what a state I should have travelled the Appian road with Horace for a guide, and in company with a countryman of my own, who, of all men living, knows best how to follow his steps.' Addison explains[2] that he has 'only cited such verses as have given us some image of the place, or that have something else besides the bare name of it to recommend them.' This is why, when he comes to Rome and its neighborhood, apart from the fact that his stay was not prolonged

[1] *Addisoniana* (*Wks.* 6. 734).
[2] *Preface* (*Wks.* 1. 358).

enough to search them out, he is often silent upon the well-known haunts of Horace. But it is surprising to see him passing by Soracte with the bare remark:[1] 'In my way to Rome, seeing a high hill standing by itself in the Campania, I did not question but it had a classic name, and upon inquiry found it to be Mount Soracte.' Arriving at Genoa, he journeys southward. In passing through the northern part of Italy he finds no illustrative passages in the writings of Horace, who, when he traveled for any distance, went to the south of Italy, to Baiæ, Salernum, Velia, or to Tarentum for his health, or bore Mæcenas company to Brundisium. At Genoa, remarking upon the tempests and the scarcity of fish in the Gulf, he recalls a line in one of the Satires,[2]

> Atrum
> Defendens pisces hyemat mare.

However, it is only when he has got beyond Rome, and is on his way to Naples, that he begins to recur with any frequency to Horace. When one passes this way, he says,[3] 'it is worth while to have an eye on Horace's voyage to Brundisi. . . . If we may guess at the common travelling of persons of quality, among the ancient Romans, from this poet's description of his voyage, we may conclude they seldom went above fourteen miles a day over the Appian Way, which was more used by the noble Romans than any other in Italy, as it led to Naples, Baiæ, and the most delightful parts of the nation. It is, indeed, very disagreeable to be carried in haste over this pavement.

> Minus est gravis Appia tardis.'

[1] *Pesaro, Fano, etc., to Rome* (*Wks.* 1. 414).
[2] *Monaco, Genoa, etc.* (*Wks.* 1. 360): *S.* 2. 2. 16-17.
[3] *From Rome to Naples* (*Wks.* 1. 421-422): *S.* 1. 5. 6.

Crossing the Liris, the modern Garigliano, he remarks how it[1] 'has been deservedly celebrated by the Latin poets for the gentleness of its course, . . .

Rura quæ Liris quieta
Mordet aqua, taciturnus amnis.'

The ruins of Anxur call to mind, amidst illustrations from Martial and Silius Italicus, the line from Horace,[2]

Impositum saxis late candentibus Anxur.

He sees in the miracle of the blood of St. Januarius,[3] 'which liquefied at the approach of the saint's head, though, as they say, it was hard congealed before,' an imitation of the same miracle performed in the days of Horace. His road to Naples has branched off, probably at Capua, from that followed by Horace, and any further illustrations he gathers elsewhere than in the *Journey to Brundisium*. When he speaks of the life of laziness and pleasure led by the inhabitants of Naples, he remembers that 'the ancients tell us one of the Sirens was buried in this city,'[4] and quotes Horace,

Improba Siren
Desidia,

and,

Otiosa Neapolis.

The mole of Puteoli[5] would have been very difficult to make, had not its builders had 'so natural a commodity as the earth of Puzzuola, which immediately hardens in the water, and after a little lying in it, looks rather like

[1] *From Rome to Naples* (*Wks.* 1. 422): *O.* 1. 31. 7-8.
[2] *Ibid.* (*Wks.* 1. 423): *S.* 1. 5. 26.
[3] *Naples* (*Wks.* 1. 424-425): *S.* 1. 5. 97-101.
[4] *Ibid.* (*Wks.* 1. 430): *S.* 2. 3. 15; *Epd.* 5. 43.
[5] *The Antiquities near Naples* (*Wks.* 1. 433): *O.* 2. 18; 3. 1; 3. 24; *E.* 1. 1.

stone than mortar. It was this that gave the ancient Romans an opportunity of making so many encroachments on the sea, and of laying the foundations of their villas and palaces within the very borders of it, as Horace has elegantly described it more than once.'

On his return journey to Rome Addison travels by sea, and takes Virgil for his guide. When, however, he passes Antium, he recalls Horace's Thirty-fifth Ode of the First Book, and gives to it a new interpretation. Speaking of the two Fortunes worshiped in the Temple of Fortune formerly at Antium, he adds:[1] 'I do not know whether anybody has taken notice, that this double function of the goddess gives a considerable light and beauty to the ode which Horace has addressed to her. The whole poem is a prayer to Fortune, that she would prosper Cæsar's arms, and confound his enemies, so that each of the goddesses has her task assigned in the poet's prayer; and we may observe the invocation is divided between the two deities, the first line relating indifferently to either. That which I have marked speaks to the goddess of Prosperity, or, if you please, to the Nemesis of the good, and the other to the goddess of Adversity, or to the Nemesis of the wicked.

O Diva gratum quæ regis Antium,
Præsens vel imo tollere de gradu
Mortale corpus, vel superbos
Vertere funeribus triumphos! etc.

If we take the first interpretation of the two Fortunes for the double Nemesis, the compliment to Cæsar is the greater, and the fifth stanza clearer than the commentators usually make it, for the "clavi trabales, cunei, uncus, liquidumque plumbum," were actually used in the punishment of criminals.'

In Rome, Addison's chief interest lay in the ancient statues. It was his belief that many of the descriptions

[1] *From Naples to Rome, by Sea* (*Wks.* 1. 456).

of the heathen deities by the Latin poets are copied from the Greek statuaries, 'though on other occasions we often find the statuaries took their subjects from the poets.'[1] He proceeds to illustrate this from the Latin poets, as he has already done for the medals in his *Dialogues*. There are two illustrations from Horace. One is the turn of the neck and arms commended among the beauties of a man by Horace in his description of jealousy, in the Thirteenth Ode of the First Book,

Dum tu Lydia Telephi, etc.

'This,' says Addison, 'we should be at a loss to account for, did we not observe in the old Roman statues, that these two parts were always bare, and exposed to view, as much as our hands and face are at present.' The second illustration is that of Mars,[2]

Tunica cinctum adamantina,

drawn thus sometimes in antique *basso-rilievo*.

Leaving Rome, Addison follows the poets from town to town in the surrounding country. 'Tivoli[3] is seen . . . lying along the brow of a hill. Its situation has given Horace occasion to call it Tiber Supinum, as Virgil, perhaps for the same reason, entitled it Superbum. . . . The most enlivening part of all, is the river Teverone, which you see at about a quarter of a mile's distance, throwing itself down a precipice, and falling by several cascades from one rock to another till it gains the bottom of the valley, where the sight of it would be quite lost, did not it sometimes discover itself through the breaks and openings of the woods that grow about it. The Roman painters often work upon this landscape, and I am apt

[1] *Rome* (*Wks.* 1. 460-461).
[2] *Ibid.* (*Wks.* 1. 464): *O.* 1. 6. 13.
[3] *Towns near Rome* (*Wks.* 1. 483-484): *O.* 3. 4. 23; 1. 7. 10-14.

to believe that Horace has his eye upon it in those two or three beautiful touches which he has given us of these seats. The Teverone was formerly called the Anio.

> Me nec tam patiens Lacedæmon,
> Nec tam Larissæ percussit campus opimæ,
> Quam domus Albuneæ resonantis,
> Et præceps Anio, et Tiburni lacus, et uda
> Mobilibus pomaria rivis.'

'Palæstrina[1] stands very high, like most other towns in Italy, for the advantage of the cool breezes, for which reason Virgil calls it "Altum," and Horace, "Frigidum Præneste." ' La Riccia[2] is 'the Aricia of the ancients, Horace's first stage from Rome to Brundisi.'

It will be noticed that throughout these *Remarks*, and also in the *Dialogues on Medals*, Horace has received some interesting and excellent interpretation, as well as appreciation, at the hands of Addison. Addison uses him as a guide-book indeed, but makes generous comment upon his guide-book, and in one instance at least, in his remarks upon Antium as it is described in the Thirty-fifth Ode of the First Book, he has given a new interpretation to the idea of Horace's goddess of Fortune.

The *Discourse on Ancient and Modern Learning* is based chiefly upon references to Homer and Virgil, with casual mention of Ovid, Lucan, Claudian, Statius, and Horace. Horace, however, takes his place of honor beside Virgil. Speaking of the use of language in poetry,[3] Addison accuses Ovid and Lucan of levity and meanness of idea, which may be better perceived, 'if we take them out of their numbers, and see how naturally they fall into low prose.' Claudian and Statius go to the opposite extreme of bombast. 'Virgil, and Horace in his Odes,

[1] *...ons near Rome* (*Wks.* 1. 485): *O.* 3. 4. 22-23.
[2] *...: S.* 1. 5. 1-2.
[3] ... 224-225.

have run between these two extremes, and made their expressions very sublime, but at the same time very natural. . . . Though you take their verse to pieces, and dispose of their words as you please, you still find such glorious metaphors, figures, and epithets, as give it too great a majesty for prose, and look something like the ruin of a noble pile, where you see broken pillars, scattered obelisks, maimed statues, and a magnificence in confusion.' This criticism is evidently based upon Horace's test of the true poet:[1]

> Eripias si
> Tempora certa modosque, et quod prius ordine verbum est
> Posterius facias, præponens ultima primis,
> . . .
> Invenias etiam disjecti membra poetæ.

It has already been explained why Addison's letters are so free from classical allusion; but that he did not always hold to his own axiom, an amusing letter to Mr. Wyche, September, 1703,[2] shows: 'I have been engaged in so much noise and company, that it was impossible for me to think of rhyming in it, unless I had been possessed with such a muse as Dr. Blackmore's, that could make a couple of heroic poems in a hackney-coach and a coffee-house. I have been for some time at Amsterdam, where I have had great opportunities of informing myself in the price of nutmegs and pepper, for since the coming in of the East India fleet our conversation here runs altogether on spice.

> I nunc et versus tecum meditare canoros!'

During the writing of this letter, Addison must have had the whole passage of this Epistle, lines 65-86, in mind.

[1] *S.* 1. 4. 57-59, 62.

[2] Greene's ed. of the *Wks.* 2. 493-494: *E.* 2. 2. 76.

10-14.

Mr. Wortley writes in July, 1711, to Addison,[1] 'I often entertained myself with the speech of Ofellus in the Second Satire of the Second Book; and still think no man of understanding can be many days unhappy, if he does not want health,' showing the familiar Horatian talk between them. And Addison writes to Mr. Wortley in October, 1711:[2] 'I hope you will not think of staying in the country so long as you mention. Sure it will be worth your while to hear the peace treated in the House of Commons, and as you have seen "mores hominum multorum et urbes," I think you cannot have a better opportunity to show yourself.'

His manner of choosing Latin mottos for his periodical papers Addison has explained in No. 221 of the *Spectator:* 'When I have finished any of my speculations,' he says,[3] 'it is my method to consider which of the ancient authors have touched upon the subject that I treat of. By this means I meet with some celebrated thought upon it, or a thought of my own expressed in better words, or some similitude for the illustration of my subject. This is what gives birth to the motto of a speculation, which I rather choose to take out of the poets than the prose-writers, as the former generally give a finer turn to a thought than the latter, and, by couching it in few words, and harmonious numbers, make it more portable to the memory. My reader is therefore sure to meet with at least one good line in every paper, and very often finds his imagination entertained by a hint that awakens in his memory some beautiful passage of a classic author.' The Latin author most amenable to this method was apparently Horace, for in the three papers, the *Tatler*, the *Spectator*, and the *Guardian*, he supplies one hundred and twenty of the mottos, Virgil, the next in favor, supplying

[1] *Wks.* 5. 401: *S.* 2. 2. 70-88.
[2] *Ibid.* 5. 403: *A. P.* 142.
[3] *Ibid.* 3. 102.

only ninety-five; Ovid and Juvenal supply forty-one and thirty-four respectively; after them follow Persius and Martial with a few mottos, and the remaining ones are taken at random from Latin and Greek poets, very occasionally from a prose writer. The *Spectator* is indebted to Horace for ninety-one mottos, to Virgil for sixty-four; the *Guardian* is indebted to him for seventeen, to Virgil for sixteen; to the *Tatler* Virgil contributes the greatest number, fifteen, Horace coming second with twelve.

The first number of the *Spectator*, explaining the Spectator's character, and the plan of his projected paper, has the significant motto:[1]

> Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem
> Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat.

When the price of the paper was raised from three-halfpence to twopence, upon the imposing of the stamp-tax in 1712, Horace was requisitioned to supply a motto that should put the subscribers in good humor:[2]

> Quanti emptæ? parvi. Quanti ergo? Octo assibus.
> Eheu.

Addison repeatedly condemns the use of personal invective, and repudiates any charge of his having allowed party politics to enter into his papers; in this he has the sympathy and support of Horace. A paper directly bearing upon this subject sets out with Horace's line,[3]

> Quid verum atque decens curo, et rogo, et omnis in
> hoc sum.

Another, that inveighs against lampoons and libels, takes as its text,[4]

[1] *A. P.* 143-144.
[2] No. 488: *S.* 2. 3. 156.
[3] No. 16: *E.* 1. 1. 11.
[4] No. 451: *E.* 2. 1. 148-150.

Jam sævus apertam
In rabiem cæpit verti jocus, et per honestas
Ire minax impune domos.

Presently Addison turns the light of ridicule upon the obnoxious subject, and makes satirical proposals for a scandal-mongering news-letter,[1]

Multa et præclara minantes.

At another time his scorn turns upon the envy of the imitative small wits and scribblers, and Horace comes to his aid with the proud motto,[2]

Quæsitam meritis sume superbiam.

A satire upon the little genius who is 'wholly conversant among insects, reptiles, animalcules, and those trifling rarities that furnish out the apartment of a virtuoso' sets out with the indictment,[3]

Nugis addere pondus.

But Addison himself is in no way a caviler, and is ever eager to show his appreciation of just merit. The difference between a caviler and a true critic he finds in his master, Horace:[4]

Non ego paucis
Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit
Aut humana parum cavit natura.

'The candour which Horace shows in the motto of my paper, is that which distinguishes a critic from a caviller. He declares that he is not offended with those little faults in a poetical composition, which may be imputed to inadvertency, or to the imperfection of human nature.

[1] No. 457: *S.* 2. 3. 9.
[2] *Tatler* 229: *O.* 3. 30. 14-15.
[3] *Ibid.* 216: *E.* 1. 19. 42.
[4] *Guardian* 110 (*Wks.* 4. 207): *A. P.* 351-353.

The truth of it is, there can be no more a perfect work in the world, than a perfect man.' These lines are favorite ones with Addison, and he quotes them, and judges by their authority, more than once.

As Horace is rich in suggestion for the satirist, he is equally useful to the serious literary critic. He supplies a brilliant little motto,

Lucidus ordo,

for an essay upon method in writing and conversation.[1] Many of the papers on tragedy in the *Spectator* refer to his authority, in their contents as well as in their mottos, for instance, Numbers 39, 40, 42, and 44. There is a group of five papers of the *Spectator* that comprise an essay upon wit; three of these papers take their mottos from Horace. One of them, No. 62, shows the difference between true and false wit, and has for its motto,[2]

Scribendi recte sapere est et principium et fons.

Between true and false wit lies mixed wit, 'which consists partly in the resemblance of ideas, and partly in the resemblance of words. . . . If we look into the Latin writers, we find none of this mixt wit in Virgil, Lucretius, or Catullus; very little in Horace; but a great deal of it in Ovid; and scarce any thing else in Martial.'

Interdum vulgus rectum videt.

Addison chose this motto for one of his papers on folk-songs,[3] for 'it is impossible that anything should be

[1] *Spectator* 476: *A. P.* 41.

[2] *Wks.* 1. 358-359: *A. P.* 309.

[3] *Spectator* 70 (*Wks.* 2. 373): *E.* 2. 1. 63. Addison wrote three papers on folk-songs, two on the ballad of Chevy Chase, the motto for one of which was taken from Virgil, for the second from Horace; and the third on the ballad of the Two Children in the Wood, the motto of which is from Horace.

universally tasted and approved by a multitude, though they are only the rabble of a nation, which hath not in it some peculiar aptness to please and gratify the mind of man.' The epic ballad of Chevy Chase, though chiefly akin to the *Æneid*, has one echo of Horace:[1]

> 'To drive the deer with hound and horn
> Earl Piercy took his way:
> The child may rue that is unborn
> The hunting of that day!

This way of considering the misfortunes which this battle would bring upon posterity, not only on those who were born immediately after the battle, and lost their fathers in it, but on those also who perished in future battles which took their rise from this quarrel of the two earls, is wonderfully beautiful, and conformable to the way of thinking among the ancient poets.

> Audiet pugnas vitio parentum
> Rara juventus.'

The essay on the ballad of the Two Children in the Wood[2] has for its motto the often quoted passage from the *Ars Poetica:*

> Interdum speciosa locis, morataque recte
> Fabula nullius Veneris, sine pondere et arte,
> Valdius oblectat populum, meliusque moratur,
> Quam versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ.

With this ballad as a beautiful example, and this motto as authority, Addison eulogizes those 'productions which have nothing to recommend them but the beauties of nature.' He has already expressed the same thought, evidently thinking of these lines of Horace, in an earlier essay on tragedy. 'For my own part,' he says there,[3] 'I

[1] *Spectator* 74 (*Wks.* 2. 385): *O.* 1. 2. 23-24.
[2] *Ibid.* 85 (*Wks.* 2. 395): *A. P.* 319-322.
[3] *Ibid.* 39 (*Wks.* 2. 305).

prefer a noble sentiment that is depressed with homely language, infinitely before a vulgar one that is blown up with all the sound and energy of expression.' Expatiating upon the beauties of the Ballad, he discovers an interesting similitude: 'As for the circumstance of the Robin-red-breast, it is indeed a little poetical ornament; and to show the genius of the author amidst all his simplicity, it is just the same kind of fiction which one of the greatest of the Latin poets has made use of upon a parallel occasion; I mean that passage in Horace,[1] where he describes himself when he was a child, fallen asleep in a desert wood, and covered with leaves by the turtles that took pity on him.

> Me fabulosæ Vulture in Appulo,
> Altricis extra limen Apuliæ,
> Ludo fatigatumque somno
> Fronde nova puerum palumbes
> Texere.'

Addison has a group of four essays upon tragedy, Numbers 39, 40, 42 and 44 of the *Spectator*, for which he has not only chosen all the four mottos from Horace, but refers to him continually in the text, with his avowed model, Aristotle, as final authority. He says in one of these papers[2] that Horace 'seems to have had his eye on' a certain rule of Aristotle in enunciating some of his own rules; the same thing is apparently true of Addison with regard to Horace. Whole passages in these essays may be traced to, or are frankly based upon parts of, the Epistles, the Satires, and the *Ars Poetica*. An essay on dramatic art, written much later,[3] with the illuminating motto,

> Studium sine divite vena,

[1] *O.* 3. 4. 9-13.
[2] *Spectator* 39 (*Wks.* 2. 306).
[3] *Ibid.* 592 (*Wks.* 4. 148): *A. P.* 409.

is treated in much the same fashion. It is in this essay that Addison designates his 'true critics' as 'Aristotle and Longinus among the Greeks, Horace and Quintilian among the Romans.'

For the eighteen papers on *Paradise Lost*, nine mottos are taken from Horace, seven from Virgil, and the other two from Ovid and Propertius. The first six papers of the group are technically critical, in comparison with the last twelve, which are explanatory and appreciative. In these first six papers, Addison has based his criticism upon Aristotle, and he states[1] in his second paper, No. 273, that it is his hope that these essays 'will not only serve as a comment upon Milton, but upon Aristotle.' They do more, they serve as a comment upon Horace, for, in referring to the precepts of Aristotle, he refers often also to Horace, or else intimates, by the turn of his expressions, that he is thinking of him, and of his adaptations of Aristotle's precepts. In the twelve succeeding papers, Addison is considering too minutely the characters and incidents of the poem to apply the somewhat general Aristotelian and Horatian principles, besides which the strain now becomes appreciative rather than critical. Yet the paper No. 309 is a study of the consistency of Milton's characters, and when it is considered as a whole, Horace's lines,[2]

> Servetur ad imum
> Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constet,

rise involuntarily to the mind. Addison expresses his appreciation of the opening lines of *Paradise Lost* in the following words:[3] 'These lines are perhaps as plain, simple, and unadorned, as any of the whole poem, in which particular the author has conformed himself to the

[1] *Wks.* 3. 185.
[2] *A. P.* 126-127.
[3] *Spectator* 303 (*Wks.* 3. 204): *A. P.* 136-142.

example of Homer and the precept of Horace.' For the essay on the third book of *Paradise Lost*,[1] which describes 'the regions of bliss and glory,' Addison has chosen his motto,

> Nec deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
> Inciderit,

to express his thought that this is a subject sublime enough to admit the presence of gods. The essay is based upon Aristotle's rule that 'the fable in an epic poem should abound in circumstances that are both credible and astonishing.' Horace's similar rule,[2]

> Ficta voluptatis causa sint proxima veris,
> Ne quodcumque velit poscat sibi fabula credi,

may also be applied, though Addison nowhere mentions it, probably because it was not adequate to his purpose. The essay on the fourth book,[3] setting forth the grace and beauty of the book, finds its motto ready-made for it in Horace,

> Nec satis est pulchra esse poemata, dulcia sunto.

The last of the series of papers on this poem,[4] an essay on the twelfth book of *Paradise Lost*, has the motto,

> Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures,
> Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.

This seems to be a censure of Milton's use of narration rather than representation in vision, in the final part of his epic.

For the *Essay on the Pleasures of the Imagination*,

[1] *Spectator* 315 (*Wks.* 3. 217): *A. P.* 191-192.
[2] *A. P.* 338-339.
[3] *Spectator* 321: *A. P.* 99.
[4] *Ibid.* 369: *A. P.* 180-181.

which comprises eleven consecutive papers of the *Spectator*, Horace has supplied four mottos, and is once more the chief contributor. There is no allusion to, or suggestion of him within the papers themselves, except in so far as they reflect the thought of the chosen motto. For instance, the paper[1] that considers the power of imagination in poets has as its motto the opening lines of the Ode beginning,

Quem tu Melpomene.

The paper[2] that examines 'that kind of poetry which Mr. Dryden calls the fairy way of writing'—poetry describing characters that have no existence in fact—has the happily chosen motto,

Mentis gratissimus error.

The papers that have a definitely moral aim easily find material in Horace for suggestive mottos, and Addison knows how to turn the axioms of the pagan philosopher to account, even in those of his essays that have a confessedly Christian signification. In the Ode beginning 'Justum et tenacem propositi virum,' Horace has extolled the heathen philosopher, who, conscious of his own justness and steadfastness, bears calmly the very thunderbolts of Jupiter; with the lines of this Ode,

Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ,

for his motto,[3] Addison gives the same steadfastness and firmness to him who relies not upon himself but upon the Supreme Being. This Ode has also supplied the motto for an essay on the quality of justice, written for the

[1] *Spectator* 417: *O.* 4. 3.
[2] *Ibid.* 419: *E.* 2. 2. 140.
[3] *Ibid.* 441: *O.* 3. 3. 7-8.

Guardian.[1] An essay upon the wickedness of infidelity[2] has the motto,

Cælum ipsum petimus stultitia.

The nature of the Divine Being, 'the idea which wise men, by the light of reason, have framed of the Divine Being,' is given in an essay which is set off with the verse,[3]

Qui mare et terras variisque mundum
Temperat horis:
Unde nil majus generatur ipso,
Nec viget quicquam simile aut secundum.

Beginning with the words,

Mea
Virtute me involvo,

Addison explains the design of an essay in the *Guardian*,[4] which is 'to show, that there is no happiness wanting to him who is possessed of' a good conscience, 'and that no person can be miserable who is in the enjoyment of it.' He shows the folly of interpreting afflictions that befall mankind as judgments, in an essay with the motto,[5]

Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit,

a line which he has wrested from its original design and context, as he has already done in another instance,[6] where he sets the lines,

Servetur ad imum,
Qualis ab incæpto processerit, et sibi constet,

[1] *Guardian* 99.
[2] *Spectator* 186: *O.* 1. 3. 38.
[3] *Ibid.* 531: *O.* 1. 12. 15-18.
[4] No. 135: *O.* 3. 29. 54-55.
[5] *Spectator* 483: *A. P.* 126-127.
[6] *Ibid.* 162: *A. P.* 191-192.

at the beginning of an essay on inconstancy and irresolution. An essay upon Death[1] has the motto,

Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam.

An essay on the wise use of time[2] has a motto with much the same intention,

Spatio brevi
Spem longam reseces: dum loquimur, fugerit invida
Ætas: carpe diem, quam minimum credula postero.

And 'a speculation upon that vain and foolish hope, which is employed on temporal objects, and produces many sorrows and calamities in human life,'[3] has for its motto the brief injunction,

Spem longam reseces.

Addison dwells upon this thought in his speculation. 'It is a precept,' he says, 'several times inculcated by Horace, that we should not entertain a hope of anything in life, which lies at a great distance from us. The shortness and uncertainty of our time here makes such a kind of hope unreasonable and absurd.'

Addison has a number of moral essays written with a lighter touch than those that have just been considered. For these he can always find a sympathetic line in Horace. For instance, ruminating upon 'a celebrated thought of Socrates, that if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy, would prefer the share they are already possessed of, before that which would fall to them by such a division,' the Spectator is reminded that 'Horace has carried this thought a great deal further.' He there-

[1] *Spectator* 289: *O.* 1. 4. 15.
[2] *Ibid.* 93: *O.* 1. 11. 6-8.
[3] *Ibid.* 535 (*Wks.* 4. 55): *O.* 1. 11. 7; see also *E.* 1. 18. 110.

fore chooses the Horatian thought for the mottos of two essays,[1] and describes a vision that he had, in which, upon a proclamation made by Jupiter, every mortal brought in his griefs and calamities, and threw them together in a heap; in this vision he presents fully to the imagination what Horace in his Satire only suggests. A delightful essay on 'cheerfulness as it is a moral habit of the mind'[2] has the motto,

> Æquam memento rebus in arduis
> Servare mentem, non secus ac bonis
> Ab insolenti temperatam
> Lætitia, moriture Deli,

which fits Addison's thought strangely, for he is considering cheerfulness from the Christian rather than from the heathen point of view, and does not refer for examples to any of the great heathen philosophers, as is so often his custom. For a second essay on cheerfulness,[3] considered 'in its natural state,' with reflections 'on those motives to it, which are indifferent either as to virtue or vice,' he has chosen a fitting but not trenchant motto,

> Quid pure tranquillet.

A paper designed to mark some of 'the shoals and quicksands of life'[4] begins with the warning,

> Decipimur specie recti.

An essay upon wealth and poverty,[5] presenting the 'middle condition' as seeming to be 'the most advantageously situated for the gaining of wisdom,' has as its motto the famous plea for golden mediocrity.

[1] *Spectator* 558 and 559 (*Wks.* 4. 89 and 92): *S.* 1. 1. 1-19, 20-22.
[2] *Ibid.* 381: *O.* 2. 3. 1-4.
[3] *Ibid.* 387: *E.* 1. 18. 102.
[4] *Ibid.* 205: *A. P.* 25.
[5] *Ibid.* 464: *O.* 2. 10. 5-8.

Passing to the essays where the spirit is deliberately playful, one naturally consults the paper No. 547 of the *Spectator*,[1] where a list of speculations is recommended as 'an infallible cure for hypochondriac melancholy,' and here it is found that Horace is the preponderating influence in motto-giving; was this because Addison had in mind Horace's often repeated recommendations with regard to Anticyra? Yet strange to say, a vision of the dissection of a beau's head,[2] with the laughable motto,

Tribus Anticyris caput insanabile,

is not included amongst the 'infallible cures.'

Fruges consumere nati[3]

is the biting motto for a week's journal of a gentleman, whose time was chiefly 'taken up in those three important articles of eating, drinking and sleeping.'

Libelli Stoici inter sericos
Jacere pulvillos amant[4]

heads a half humorous, half serious plea in behalf of education for women. The motto for a satire upon signposts,[5]

Neque semper arcum
Tendit Apollo,

intimates that Addison has ceased for the moment from either moral reflections or the chastisement of human foibles.

That Addison was fond of the country is indicated in several of his papers, and he found in Horace a kindred

[1] *Wks.* 4. 75.
[2] *Spectator* 275: *A. P.* 300.
[3] *Ibid.* 317: *E.* 1. 2. 27.
[4] *Guardian* 155: *Epd.* 8. 15-16.
[5] *Spectator* 28: *O.* 2. 10. 19-20.

spirit. The country-seat of Sir Roger de Coverley is described in No. 106 of the *Spectator*, with the motto,[1]

Hinc tibi copia
Manabit ad plenum benigno
Ruris honorum opulenta cornu.

In another paper[2] he says, 'We always find the poet in love with a country-life, where nature appears in the greatest perfection, and furnishes out all those scenes that are most apt to delight the imagination.

Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus, et fugit urbes.'

This Horatian line he has already used as the motto for one of the papers of the *Tatler*,[3] in which he has dwelt upon the love of the country as a natural instinct of all authors. The Spectator in the country, walking alone in one of Sir Roger de Coverley's woods, meditates upon the immortality of the soul,[4]

Inter silvas Academi quærere verum.

His description of his own ideal of a garden begins with the motto,[5]

An me ludit amabilis
Insania? audire et videor pios
Errare per lucos, amœnæ
Quos et aquæ subeunt et auræ.

In a later essay, in which he has been extolling and advocating the practice of planting, he concludes:[6] 'Many of the old philosophers passed away the greatest parts of their lives among their gardens. . . . Every reader

[1] *O.* 1. 17. 14-16.
[2] *Spectator* 414 (*Wks.* 3. 404): *E.* 2. 2. 77.
[3] No. 218.
[4] *Spectator* 111: *E.* 2. 2. 45.
[5] *Ibid.* 477 (*Wks.* 3. 499): *O.* 3. 4. 5-8.
[6] *Ibid.* 583 (*Wks.* 4. 137).

who is acquainted with Homer, Virgil, and Horace, the greatest geniuses of all antiquity, knows very well with how much rapture they have spoken on the subject.'

Within the essays themselves, the references to classic writers are innumerable. Addison has his favorite philosophers, Plato and Socrates; his favorite critics, Aristotle, Horace, and Longinus; his favorite poets, Homer, Virgil, and Horace; his favorite story-tellers, Ovid and Plutarch; he draws from all the historians; to Cicero and to Seneca, from whom he took hardly any mottos for his papers, he refers frequently. He seldom quotes lines of Horace in the body of his papers; his method of referring to him is twofold: first, to turn to him for direct authority; secondly, to embody Horatian sentiments within his essay either wittingly, or else, half unconscious of his source, giving them to his English public because he believes them to be wise and useful.

Examples of the first method are numerous. In a discussion[1] by the members of the Club of which the Spectator was a member, upon the speculations of their esteemed fellow, the Templar joined, and 'showed, by the examples of Horace, Juvenal, Boileau, and the best writers of the age, that the follies of the stage and court had never been accounted too sacred for ridicule, how great soever the persons might be that patronized them.' There is a curious likeness and dissimilarity to this remark in a paper of the *Guardian*,[2] published two years later: 'Horace, Juvenal, Boileau, and indeed the greatest writers in almost every age, have exposed, with all the strength of wit and good sense, the vanity of a man's valuing himself upon his ancestors, and endeavoured to show that true nobility consists in virtue, not in birth.' He concludes an essay upon laughter[3] 'with observing, that the

[1] *Spectator* 34 (*Wks.* 2. 295).
[2] No. 137 (*Wks.* 4. 259-260).
[3] *Spectator* 249 (*Wks.* 3. 148): *O.* 1. 2. 33-34.

metaphor of laughing, applied to fields and meadows when they are in flower, or to trees when they are in blossom, runs through all languages. . . . This shows that we naturally regard laughter, as what is in itself both amiable and beautiful. . . . Venus . . . is represented by Horace as the goddess who delights in laughter.' Speaking of Pope's *Art of Criticism*,[1] he praises the way in which 'the observations follow one another like those in Horace's Art of Poetry, without that methodical regularity, which would have been requisite in a prose author.' Further, 'if a reader examines Horace's Art of Poetry, he will find but very few precepts in it, which he may not meet with in Aristotle, and which were not commonly known by all the poets of the Augustan age. His way of expressing and applying them, not his invention of them, is what we are chiefly to admire.' That Homer 'has raised the imagination of all the good poets that have come after him'[2] is instanced by 'Horace, who immediately takes fire at the first hint of any passage in the *Iliad* or *Odyssey*, and always rises above himself when he has Homer in his view.'

There are several instances where no direct allusion is made to Horace, but where it is apparent that Addison was thinking of him. Walking in the great yard of Sir Roger de Coverley's country-house, the Spectator remarks:[3] 'We do not find the fury of a lion in so weak and defenceless an animal as a lamb, nor the meekness of a lamb in a creature so armed for battle and assault as the lion.' Dr. Arnold[4] draws attention to the resemblance of this observation to one in Horace,

Neque calce lupus quemquam neque dente petit bos.

[1] *Spectator* 253 (*Wks.* 3. 154).
[2] *Ibid.* 417 (*Wks.* 3. 417).
[3] *Ibid.* 121 (*Wks.* 2. 462).
[4] *Selections from Addison's Papers contributed to the Spectator*, Oxford, 1891: *S.* 2. 1. 55.

Addison continues his remarks upon the 'variety of arms with which nature has differently fortified the bodies of several kinds of animals,' and in the whole passage he seems to be developing the thought expressed in brief by Horace in the lines immediately preceding that above quoted. There is a delightfully humorous reminiscence of Horace in the sentence:[1] 'Nay, authors have established it as a kind of rule, that a man ought to be dull sometimes; as the most severe reader makes allowances for many rests and nodding-places in a voluminous writer.' In an amusing paper[2] on the sorrows and expedients of absent lovers, Addison introduces a supposititious letter from Asteria, who has 'parted with the best of husbands, who is abroad in the service of his country.' Though Horace is nowhere mentioned, the choice of the name 'Asteria' for the distressed abandoned lady is a graceful intimation that Addison is not unmindful of the author who, in the Seventh Ode of the Third Book, gives an inimitable instance of the sorrows of lovers in absence from each other.

Sometimes Addison refers to Horace by implication only,[3] as when in his essay on taste he remarks that 'men of great genius in the same way of writing seldom rise up singly, but at certain periods of time appear together, and in a body; as they did at Rome in the reign of Augustus.'

There are other instances where Addison may or may not have written with Horace in his mind, and where it is difficult to decide which is the case. He surely thought of the lines,

> Si vis me flere, dolendum est
> Primum ipsi tibi,[4]

[1] *Spectator* 124 (*Wks.* 2. 472): *A. P.* 359, 360.
[2] *Ibid.* 241 (*Wks.* 3. 133).
[3] *Ibid.* 409 (*Wks.* 3. 392).
[4] *Ibid.* 397 (*Wks.* 3. 374): *A. P.* 102-103.

when he wrote that 'those who have laid down rules for rhetoric or poetry, advise the writer to work himself up, if possible, to the pitch of sorrow which he endeavours to produce in others'; probably also when he wrote, in an essay upon the proper use of gestures in oratory,[1] that proper gestures and vehement exertions of the voice 'keep the audience awake, and fix their attention to what is delivered to them, at the same time that they show the speaker is in earnest, and affected himself with what he so passionately recommends to others.' He warns his reader that the author of a certain number of the *Spectator*[2] 'is of no faction, that he is a friend to no interests but those of truth and virtue, nor a foe to any but those of vice and folly'; and his warning has a close parallel in Horace's defense of himself in the dialogue with Trebatius,

Scilicet uni æquus virtuti atque ejus amicis.

He writes a fable, relating to prayers, in the manner of Lucian.[3] The prayers are rising through a trapdoor to the throne of Jupiter. 'Yonder,' says Jupiter pointing to one sending up his prayers, 'is a special youth for you; he desires me to take his father, who keeps a great estate from him, out of the miseries of human life.' Horace is peculiarly fond of holding up the heir to ridicule or opprobrium, sometimes from the heir's own point of view, sometimes from that of him whose goods the graceless fellow is to inherit.

How great a part Horace played in Addison's daily thoughts, and consequently in his writings, may plainly be seen; the question whether he was his favorite poet cannot certainly be answered. Unquestionably, however, Addison's preferred poets are to be sought among the

[1] *Spectator* 407 (*Wks.* 3. 386).

[2] No. 556 (*Wks.* 4. 84): *S.* 2. 1. 70.

[3] *Spectator* 391 (*Wks.* 3. 368): *O.* 2. 14. 25; *S.* 2. 3. 122; *O.* 2. 3. 20; 4. 7. 19; *S.* 2. 3. 151; etc.

Greeks and Romans, and Homer, Virgil, and Horace stand for him in the front rank, not only as the greatest poets, but as those most to be cherished. Perhaps the question should be considered in a different light, and the part that Horace plays in Addison's life and writings should be considered rather from the point of view of the character of Horace's works, and their influence upon the mind of Addison, than as to whether or no he held first place in his affections. Horace has for him a double function, of critic and of poet, which can be said of no other author. Homer and Virgil for him are the epic poets, Aristotle is the critic, Ovid the story-teller, Plato and Socrates are the philosophers, while in his judgment Horace stands second only to Aristotle as a critic, to Homer and Virgil as a poet. Of him as a critic Addison expresses his estimation when, speaking of the *Ars Poetica*,[1] he admits that its precepts were known and practised by all Horace's contemporaries, but it is 'his way of expressing and applying them' that 'we are chiefly to admire.' He classes him among his 'true critics,'[2] places him at the head of a list of 'the best of the Latin critics' in praising Pope's *Essay on Criticism*,[3] and in another instance[4] accords him more positive appreciation when he calls him 'the greatest wit and critic in the Augustan age.' To Horace as a poet he twice accords the highest place. In his essay on the ballad of the Two Children in the Wood[5] he speaks of him as 'one of the greatest of the Latin poets'; and in one of the papers of the *Tatler*,[6] where he is insisting that no man can criticize 'the works of another, who has not distinguished himself by his own performances,' he explains as example that Horace was

[1] *Spectator* 253 (*Wks.* 3. 154).
[2] *Ibid.* 592 (*Wks.* 4. 148).
[3] *Ibid.* 253 (*Wks.* 3. 154).
[4] *Ibid.* 183 (*Wks.* 3. 45).
[5] *Ibid.* 85 (*Wks.* 2. 397).
[6] No. 239 (*Wks.* 2. 174).

the greatest poet of his age and country before he published his Art of Poetry, and speaks of his earlier writings as 'the finest odes and satires in the Latin tongue.'

He is fond of coupling the name of Horace with that of Virgil, or with the names of Homer and Virgil together. When he is extolling the practice of planting,[1] he refers to 'Homer, Virgil, and Horace, the greatest geniuses of all antiquity,' for proof of the natural love of poets for gardening. When condemning mixed wit,[2] he strengthens his argument by saying that 'Homer, Virgil, Horace, and the greatest poets scorned it.' The pedant-critic he censures[3] because he 'hath formed his judgment upon Homer, Horace, and Virgil, not from their own works, but from those of Rapin and Bossu.' When Tom Folio is condemned as a pedant,[4] the verdict against him is that 'he has a greater esteem for Aldus and Elzevir, than for Virgil and Horace.' He thinks himself honored[5] 'by being mentioned with Horace and Virgil' in an attack upon himself.

That his feeling for Horace was stronger than that of mere appreciation is evident in his manner of reference and appeal to him in all his writings. He uses Horace as his guide in Italy; appeals to him for sympathy in his love of the country; turns to him for beautiful descriptions; chooses more mottos from him than from any other poet; and makes him the support of some of his most humorous sallies.

Horace cannot perhaps be accorded the position of master and guiding influence in Addison's writings, but he seems to have been his most familiar friend and companion in poetry, as in criticism, and to have given to his style the impress of his own urbane personality.

[1] *Spectator* 583 (*Wks.* 4. 137).
[2] *Notes on Ovid's Metamorphoses,* Fab. 5 (*Wks.* 1. 150).
[3] *Tatler* 165 (*Wks.* 2. 149). [4] *Ibid.* 158 (*Wks.* 2. 132).
[5] *Ibid.* 239 (*Wks.* 2. 176).

SIR RICHARD STEELE, 1672-1729

It is as a prose writer that Sir Richard Steele is best known, especially as the writer of those essays that appeared in the *Tatler*, the *Spectator*, the *Guardian*, the *Englishman*, and the *Lover*, during the years 1709 to 1715. His letters come next in interest, if not in literary importance; his *Christian Hero* was an experiment which he never repeated; his plays are chiefly interesting because by means of them he put into actual practice his theories of the drama; his political writings brought upon him more controversies and bitterness of heart than literary fame; poetry he recognized as not native to his genius, and he made only a few slight attempts at writing it.

And it is in Steele's essays that reference to the classics in general, and to Horace in particular, is to be found. Steele was by no means dependent upon the classic authors for aid to his thoughts; perhaps he was less dependent than any other writer of his time, even Swift. As Dr. Rundle said of him in his *Anticipation of the Posthumous Character of Sir Richard Steele*,[1] 'he had learning; but it was seldom transfused into his performances.' For his first interest was in human life; and he used his papers, except when he wrote for political purposes, as the means for carrying on a steady comment and kindly criticism upon the foibles of society, and for giving encouragement to any noble aspirations that he saw struggling to the light. So that in these papers classical allusion arises usually out of some suggestion contained in the motto for the day.

[1] *Steele's Epistolary Correspondence*, ed. by J. Nichols, 1809, 2. 689.

The prevailing use of such mottos as introductory to all sorts of writings was an expression of the tendency of the time rather than an invention of his own. In the *Reader*, No. 2, he speaks of 'the theme at top of my paper, which ornament is become a great fashion,' and indicates his willingness to conform to custom. Quotations and classical allusions within the papers themselves occur more frequently in letters presumably contributed by such men as Hughes than in those papers definitely known to be by Steele, and he expresses his own opinion on the matter when in the *Tatler*, No. 56, he says: 'There is nothing so pedantic as many quotations.' He makes humorous comment on his use of mottos, first in the *Spectator*, No. 370, where he says: 'Many of my fair readers, as well as very gay and well-received persons of the other sex, are extremely perplexed at the Latin sentences at the head of my speculations. I do not know whether I ought not to indulge them with translations of each of them'; and in the *Spectator*, No. 444, which is an indictment of quacks, he intimates what he considers to be the value of these mottos, when he speaks of the methods used by quacks to attract the attention of the public and 'convince them of your ability in that you profess,' and adds: 'You may be sure it is upon that I go, when sometimes, let it be to the purpose or not, I keep a Latin sentence in my front; and I was not a little pleased, when I observed one of my readers say, casting his eye upon my twentieth paper, "More Latin still? What a prodigious scholar is this man!" '

In reading Steele one gets the impression that Cicero was his favorite author, though, as a matter of fact, he drew upon him for few of his mottos and referred to him comparatively seldom. Perhaps it was as a political orator that he admired him chiefly, and depended on him in his controversies. He shows his esteem for him by

referring to him as an author 'who in all respects was a much greater man than Pliny';[1] a writer to the *Spectator* speaks of Cicero as 'your Tully,'[2] and in another place Steele calls him 'my beloved author,'[3] and again, 'the greatest orator.'[4]

But it is from Horace that Steele, like Addison, and all the writers of periodicals of the day, chiefly takes his mottos for his papers. The *Tatler*, though its first forty numbers have the one motto from Juvenal, besides fifteen other mottos from the same author, has approximately fifty-six Horatian mottos, and twenty taken from Virgil; the *Spectator* (I am referring only to Steele's contributions to these papers) has about one hundred and eight mottos from Horace, thirty-eight from Virgil, thirty-three from Cicero, nineteen from Juvenal, sixteen from Terence, twelve from Ovid, etc.; the *Guardian* has twenty-seven mottos from Horace, fifteen from Virgil, six from Ovid and Terence, five from Juvenal, and so on; the *Englishman* is the only paper which has more mottos from Virgil than from Horace. The reason for this preponderance of Horatian mottos seems to be, what has been observed before, that Horace lends himself very readily to quotation. In the essays themselves there appears no favorite author: Homer's *Iliad* is commented upon and described;[5] the incidents of the *Æneid* are frequently related, and reading the *Georgics* before sleeping causes a dream which becomes the subject of a *Spectator*;[6] Virgil and Homer are often compared;[7] Virgil and Theocritus form the subject of several essays

[1] *Tatler* 159.
[2] *Spectator* 158.
[3] *Ibid.* 346.
[4] *Tatler* 167.
[5] *Ibid.* 6.
[6] *Spectator* 514.
[7] *Englishman* 52, and often in the *Guardian*, especially in 12, 21, 51, and 86.

on Pastorals;[1] Democritus, Juvenal, and Persius are mentioned or quoted in an Essay on Laughter;[2] Horace and Juvenal are presented as the two greatest satirists;[3] the example of Socrates is frequently held up for emulation; Ovid is cited at length, and is the favorite author of the *Lover;* and it is apparent that Steele was familiar with all the Roman historians.

Hence, in the consideration of Steele's relation to Horace, the chief interest lies in the way in which he uses the mottos which he takes from that author.

Horace is sometimes an aid to him in carrying on his work as editor. His delineation of the Spectator's personal peculiarities, and his description of the kind of reflections he proposes to make in his writings, he introduces with the motto,[4]

Egregii mortalem altique silentii?

in No. 4 of that paper. And much later, in No. 442, he issues a whimsical invitation to his readers, whosover, whatsover, howsoever they be, to send essays to the *Spectator,* with the encouraging heading:[5]

Scribimus indocti doctique.

The original Dedication to Vol. 2 of the *Guardian* has the following remark: 'The greatest honour of human life, is to live well with men of merit; and I hope you will pardon me the vanity of publishing, by this means, my happiness in being able to name you among my friends'— in which Steele is echoing Horace's self-gratulation:[6]

Me cum magnis vixisse . . . fatebitur.

1 *Guardian* 22, 23, 28, 30, and 32.
2 *Ibid.* 29.
3 *Tatler* 242.
4 *S.* 2. 6. 58.
5 *E.* 2. 1. 117.
6 *S.* 2. 1. 76.

The first number of the *Lover* contains the plan of that periodical, commencing with the motto:[1]

Virginibus puerisque canto.

—'All you, therefore who are in the dawn of life, as to conversation with a faithless and artful world, attend to one who has passed through almost all the mazes of it, and is familiarly acquainted with whatever can befal you in the pursuit of love.' And in No. 36 of the same paper Steele explains that the praise of honorable love is the 'chief end' of his writing:[2]

Concubitu prohibere vago.

Finally, in issuing the last number of the *Theatre*, he explains why he is giving up the publication of it, having been dispossessed of his license to present plays at the Play-house in Drury Lane, and uses as his motto the two words from Horace:[3]

Ludicra pono.

It is a peculiarity of Steele's to use the same mottos more than once, some rather frequently. He is fond of discoursing upon women's dress, with the text, 'simplex munditiis.'[4] In the *Tatler*, No. 62, he has the following: 'You see in no place of conversation the perfection of speech so much as in an accomplished woman. . . . My Lady Courtly is an instance of this: she was talking the other day of dress. . . . Besides which, her words were particularly well adapted to the matter she talked of, that the dress was a new thing to us men. She avoided the terms of art in it, and described an unaffected garb and manner in so proper terms, that she came up to that

[1] *O.* 3. 1. 4.
[2] *A. P.* 398.
[3] *E.* 1. 1. 10.
[4] *O.* 1. 5. 5.

of Horace's "simplex munditiis"; which, whoever can translate in two words, has as much eloquence as Lady Courtly. I took the liberty to tell her, that all she had said with so much good grace, was spoken in two words in Horace, but would not undertake to translate them; upon which she smiled, and told me, she believed me a very great scholar, and I took my leave.' A discourse upon the effect of dress and ornament on woman, in No. 151 of the *Tatler*, suggests to Mr. Bickerstaff a passage in Horace, 'when he describes the most ornamental dress that a woman can appear in with two words, "simplex munditiis," which I have quoted for the benefit of my female readers.' The *Tatler*, No. 212, takes up the subject once more:

> 'Mr. Bickerstaff,
>
> Reading over a volume of yours, I find the words "simplex munditiis" mentioned as a description of a very well-dressed woman. I beg of you, for the sake of the sex, to explain these terms. I cannot comprehend what my brother means, when he tells me they signify my own name, which is,
>
> Sir,
>
> Your humble Servant,
>
> Plain English.'

Finally, Nestor Ironside, in No. 17 of the *Englishman*, taking these two words as his motto, gives a history of dress, and intimates what it should be in perfection.

When Steele was too busy, or too lazy, to write an essay for the day, he had a habit of using the letters of his correspondents to fill up a number, probably often adding some of his own invention, and these numbers he would tag with such a motto as Horace's[1] 'Aliena negotia centum.' Such papers are the *Guardian*, No. 95, and the *Englishman*, No. 47. To Numbers 140 and 141 of the

[1] *S. 2. 6. 33.*

Tatler, written when he was absorbed in the trial of Dr. Sacheverell, and to No. 220 of the *Spectator*,[1] he gave the same motto in its complete form:

Aliena negotia centum
Per caput et circa saliunt latus.

Two other papers, No. 228 of the *Tatler*, and No. 53 of the *Spectator*, were compiled in like manner; and, though he did not give them the same motto, he gave them very expressive ones. In the first, Isaac Bickerstaff, being busy about his own affairs, calls upon his correspondents to come to his aid:[2]

Veniet manus, auxilio quæ
Sit mihi.

In the second, Steele seems through his motto jestingly to censure himself for his laziness:[3]

Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus.

Lines of which Steele seems to have been fond are those occurring in the Seventh Satire of the Second Book (83-88):

Quisnam igitur liber? Sapiens sibi qui imperiosus
Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula, terrent:
Responsare cupidinibus, contemnere honores
Fortis, et in se ipso totus, teres atque rotundus,
Externi ne quid valeat per leve morari;
In quem manca ruit semper fortuna.

For he has drawn upon this passage for several of his mottos. No. 251 of the *Tatler* consists of a fine essay on

[1] The motto for this paper was afterwards changed to Virgil's 'Rumoresque serit varios.'

[2] *S.* 1. 4. 141-142.

[3] *A. P.* 359.

the subject suggested by Horace's lines. In writing No. 264 of the *Spectator*, Steele seems to have had in mind the whole discourse between Horace and his slave Davus, and especially the above quoted passage, though his motto for the paper he found elsewhere in Horace. 'But I am running from my intended purpose,' he writes, 'which was to celebrate a certain particular manner of passing away life, in contradiction to no man, but with a resolution to contract none of the exorbitant desires by which others are enslaved. . . . After a man has preserved his innocence, and performed all duties incumbent upon him, his time spent in his own way is what makes his life differ from that of a slave.' The *Spectator*, No. 480, contains a letter from a country gentleman to Pharamond, persuading him that he has not those qualities suitable for a court-life and court-preferment, and has as its motto the lines,

> Responsare cupidinibus, contemnere honores
> Fortis, et in se ipso totus, teres atque rotundus.

The motto of the *Theatre*, No. 16, is

> Contemnere honores
> Fortis,

and the paper describes the character of a true nobleman, or man of honor. In No. 46 of the *Englishman* the motto,

> Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent,

vouches for the unflinching steadiness with which Steele will maintain his political beliefs.

Steele wrote three essays on the subject of the motto,[1]

> Animum rege, qui nisi paret
> Imperat.

[1] *E.* 1. 2. 62-63.

Two, No. 438 of the *Spectator*, and No. 8 of the *Guardian*, he illustrated with a tale to show 'the disasters to which we are exposed by the irregularity of our passions.' The third, No. 19 of the *Theatre*, begins with a translation of his motto: 'Govern your temper, for if you do not, your temper will govern you'; and the paper, directed against sudden or unthinking anger, bears especially upon the practice of dueling, which was Steele's peculiar abhorrence, and against which he directed much of his writing.

The end of the Eleventh Epistle of the First Book Steele found peculiarly suited to his purpose, and out of these four lines,[1]

> Cælum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.
> Strenua nos exercet inertia: navibus atque
> Quadrigis petimus bene vivere. Quod petis hic est,
> Est Ulubris, animus si te non deficit æquus,

he found mottos for seven papers.[2] When he says in No. 93 of the *Tatler*, 'Men may change their climate, but they cannot their nature,' he has in mind the line,

> Cælum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt;

as also in No. 27 of the *Spectator:* 'It is therefore a fantastical way of thinking, when we promise ourselves an alteration in our conduct from change of place, and difference of circumstances; the same passions will attend us wherever we are, till they are conquered.'

The Eighteenth Epistle of the First Book was to him, as to so many authors of the eighteenth century, a never-failing source from which to obtain mottos, and from this Epistle alone he took fourteen.[3]

Steele's essays fall naturally into groups according to

[1] *E.* 1. 11. 27-30.

[2] *Tatler* 202; *Spectator* 54, 80, 196, 284 (original motto), 364, 424.

[3] *Tatler* 171, 180, 196, 270; *Spectator* 74, 114, 145, 202, 218, 228, 264, 300, 493; *Lover* 22.

their subject. Political essays crept into almost all of these papers at one time or another, but for them he seldom found mottos in Horace. There are, however, a few instances of such use of Horace. No. 2 of the *Reader* (a periodical that was throughout of a distinctly political and controversial character), directed against the *Examiner*, has for its motto:[1]

> Virtus repulsæ nescia sordidæ
> Intaminatis fulget honoribus.

Steele begins: 'The title of my paper may sufficiently explain the design of it, which is chiefly to disabuse those readers who are imposed upon by the licentious writers of this degenerate age.' And later, referring again to his motto, he adds: 'I will go on secure of a reward, as needing none; for virtue (says my author) will shine with unblemish'd honour, in spite of all the repulses it can meet with.' Another paper, No. 13 of the *Englishman*, which is also in answer to an attack by the *Examiner*, has the significant motto:[2]

> In malos asperrimus
> Parata tollo cornua.

His final number of the *Englishman*, which was designed as a summary and vindication of the purpose of his political writings in both the *Guardian* and the *Englishman*, had the comprehensive motto:[3]

> Servetur ad imum
> Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constet.

The two numbers which he contributed to *Pasquin*, and which were the last pieces that he published,[4] have Horatian mottos. Both are directed against the *True*

[1] *O.* 3. 2. 17-18.
[2] *Epd.* 6. 11-12.
[3] *A. P.* 126-127.
[4] Nos. 46 and 51. See Aitken's *Life of Steele* 2. 293.

Briton; the first, a stinging indictment of the Duke of Wharton, author of the *True Briton,* has for its motto:[1]

> Noctem peccatis, et fraudibus objice nubem;

and the second, an equally scathing censure of Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, has a motto of less virulence but equal effect:[2]

> Est modus in rebus, sunt certi denique fines,
> Quos ultra citraque nequit consistere rectum.

Steele wrote a number of essays of literary criticism, especially upon the theatre, for which he found many parallel passages of criticism in Horace. An essay on the art of writing, No. 15 of the *Guardian,* has the motto:[3]

> Sibi quivis,
> Speret idem, sudet multum, frustraque laboret,
> Ausus idem.

'I will suppose,' he writes in this paper, 'an author to be really possessed with the passion which he writes upon, and then we shall see how he would acquit himself'; and he enlarges upon this suggestion which seems to originate in Horace's[4]

> Si vis me flere, dolendum est
> Primum ipsi tibi.

No. 106 of the *Tatler,* with the motto,[5]

> Invenies dissecti membra poetæ,

presents a contrast between spurious and genuine works of genius; and, after a humorous interruption, Steele glides as it were by chance into a fine comment upon a

[1] *E.* 1. 16. 62.
[2] *S.* 1. 1. 106-107.
[3] *A. P.* 240-242.
[4] *A. P.* 102-103.
[5] *S.* 1. 4. 62 [Invenias etiam disjecti membra poetæ],

passage in *Hamlet*. No. 7 of the *Englishman* consists of a discourse upon the criticism of poetry, and though Horace is not mentioned, it is plain that he, as well as Aristotle, is Steele's guide throughout. In his recommendation of Mr. Joshua Barnes' edition of the *Works of Homer*, in the *Tatler*, No. 143, he has inserted an amusing censure of Horace: 'If I may use my friend Joshua's own words, . . . we, Homer's oldest acquaintance now living, know best his ways; and can inform the world, that they are often mistaken when they think he is in lethargic fits, which we know he was never subject to; and shall make appear to be rank scandal and envy that of the Latin poet:[1]

Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus.'

In a letter on song-writing in the *Guardian*, No. 16, which has for motto the lines,[2]

Ne forte pudori
Sit tibi musa lyræ solers, et cantor Apollo,

he mentions 'Sappho, Anacreon, and Horace in some of his shorter lyrics,' as 'the completest models for little odes or sonnets.' The business of the song, he continues, 'for the most part, is to express (as my lord Roscommon translates it from Horace)[3]

Love's pleasing cares, and the free joys of wine.'

Four papers on the theatre, Numbers 99 and 182 of the *Tatler*, and Numbers 51 and 141 of the *Spectator*, have mottos from Horace's First Epistle of the Second Book. The two numbers of the *Spectator* are especially a protest against the modern degeneration of the stage, and Steele deals with the theatre of his own day, as

[1] *A. P.* 359.
[2] *A. P.* 406-407.
[3] *A. P.* 83, 85.

Horace in a passage in this Epistle, lines 182-200, dealt with the Roman theatre in his day. Steele not only criticized the theatre in general, but dealt with particular plays as they appeared, and praised or blamed them as he believed they would uplift or debase the stage. He wrote several numbers of the *Guardian*, each with a motto from Horace, in praise of Addison's *Cato*.[1] No. 290 of the *Spectator*, with the original motto,[2]

Spirat tragicum satis, et feliciter audet,

and the motto which he gave to it later,[3]

Projicit ampullas et sesquipedalia verba,

is in high praise of Ambrose Philips' tragedy, *The Distrest Mother*. In his reflections on Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*, in the *Spectator*, No. 270, he criticizes as a blemish in the play the holding up to ridicule of the clergy, and points his censure with the motto:[4]

Discit enim citius, meminitque libentius illud,
Quod quis deridet, quam quod probat.

In a severer criticism of one of the contemporary plays, *The Man of Mode*, he does not deal so gently with the author, either in the criticism itself or in the choice of his motto, where he dismisses him with Horace's sharp reprimand at the end of the Tenth Satire of the First Book:[5]

Demetri, teque, Tigelli,
Discipularum inter jubeo plorare cathedras.

Steele's best essays are those on all sorts of contemporary social problems: essays written for the betterment

[1] See Nos. 33, 43, and 59.
[2] *E.* 2. 1. 166.
[3] *A. P.* 97.
[4] *E.* 2. 1. 262-263.
[5] *S.* 1. 10. 90-91.

of mankind, some serious, some whimsically humorous, always with that touch of wise humanity which was peculiar to him—on universal follies, on transient, contemporary follies, or merely contemporary customs. For such essays he easily found appropriate mottos in Horace.

No. 103 of the *Tatler* describes Isaac Bickerstaff's court day, and the mock trial of those addicted to the foible of wearing or carrying canes and 'glass-tubes,' and of the 'orange-flower men.' The motto is:[1]

> Hæ nugæ seria ducent
> In mala derisum semel exceptumque sinistre;

and the number concludes with a direct application of it: 'I finished my session with great content of mind, reflecting upon the good I had done; for however slightly men may regard these particularities and little follies in dress and behaviour, they lead to greater evils.' The following essays on various types of character have pertinent Horatian mottos:—The *Tatler*, No. 180, upon the shortcomings of the rich:[2]

> Stultitiam patiuntur opes.

The *Spectator*, No. 19, upon the envious man:[3]

> Di bene fecerunt, inopis me quodque pusilli
> Finxerunt animi, raro et perpauca loquentis.

No. 54, on a 'sect' of philosophers, called the Loungers, of which 'the elder proficients employ themselves in inspecting "mores hominum multorum,"[4] in getting acquainted with all the signs and windows of the town':[5]

> Strenua nos exercet inertia.

[1] *A. P.* 451-452.
[2] *E.* 1. 18. 29.
[3] *S.* 1. 4. 17-18.
[4] *E.* 1. 2. 19-20. Note the original: 'Multorum . . . mores hominum *inspexit.*'
[5] *E.* 1. 11. 28.

No. 75, upon the difference between a real and a so-called 'fine gentleman':[1]

Omnis Aristippum decuit color, et status, et res.

And in the *Guardian*, No. 34, Nestor Ironside describes 'a fine gentleman, by assembling together such qualifications as seem requisite to make the character compleat,' with the motto:[2]

Mores multorum vidit.

The *Spectator*, No. 148, satirizes impertinents and whisperers:[3]

Exempta juvat spinis e pluribus una.

No. 187, upon female jilts:[4]

Miseri quibus
Intentata nites.

No. 288, a complaint lodged against male jilts:[5]

Pavor est utrique molestus.

No. 228, of inquisitives:[6]

Percunctatorem fugito, nam garrulus idem est.

No. 430, upon beggars—real beggars and hoaxes; and the *Englishman*, No. 24, upon quacks, have the same motto:[7]

Quære peregrinum, vicinia rauca reclamat.

These are instances of many such essays, in which Steele has shown his skill in using quotations from Horace with happy effect.

[1] *E.* 1. 17. 23.
[2] *A. P.* 142.
[3] *E.* 2. 2. 212.
[4] *O.* 1. 5. 12-13.
[5] *E.* 1. 6. 10.
[6] *E.* 1. 18. 69.
[7] *E.* 1. 17. 62.

He has written a number of essays in condemnation of loquacity and the tedious story-teller, and here he finds fellow-feeling in Horace, who has written a whole satire upon this special kind of bore. The *Tatler*, No. 268, with its motto from this Satire, the Ninth of the First Book,[1]

> O te, Bolane, cerebri
> Felicem! Aiebam tacitus; quum quidlibet ille
> Garriret,

contains a proposal for putting a stop to tedious talkers in coffee-houses, and Steele quotes in it lines 26-34 with the comment: 'Since I am engaged unawares in quotations, I must not omit the satire which Horace has written against this impertinent talkative companion, and which, I think, is fuller of humour than any other satire he has written. This great author, who had the nicest taste of conversation, and was himself a most agreeable companion, had so strong an antipathy to a great talker, that he was afraid some time or other it would be mortal to him, as he has very humorously described it in his conversation with an impertinent fellow who had liked to have been the death of him.' No. 24 of the *Spectator*, with a motto from the same Satire,[2] consists of several modern adaptations, in letter form, of Horace's complaint of the importunities of the bore. Two other papers on the same subject, Numbers 42 and 84 of the *Guardian*, the latter of which is especially directed against those orators who cause annoyance by twisting off your buttons, contain in their motto, the last line of Horace's *Ars Poetica*, a lively description of the characteristic of such men:

> Non missura cutem nisi plena cruoris hirudo.

[1] *S.* 1. 9. 11-13.
[2] *S.* 1. 9. 3-4.

And another motto for a paper on the same topic is taken from one of the Odes:[1]

Favete linguis.

Steele has written many essays upon marriage—especially upon ideal marriages—and upon family life and the bringing up of children, in all of which there is the underlying reflection of his own life, of his affection for his wife, and of the care he bestowed upon the education of his children, amid all the distractions of his busy existence. And strangely enough, for a number of these essays he finds both mottos and comment in that gayest hearted of bachelors, Horace. A charming essay on conjugal love and constancy, built upon the story of the happiness of Isaac Bickerstaff's sister, Jenny Distaff, and Tranquillus, is No. 104 of the *Tatler*, and has the pleasing motto,[2]

Garrit aniles
Ex re fabellas.

Another essay upon happiness in marriage, No. 79 of the *Tatler*, has for its motto the last lines of the Thirteenth Ode of the First Book, that beautiful Ode in which Horace comes more nearly than elsewhere in all his works to a genuine expression of the passion of love:[3]

Felices ter et amplius,
Quos irrupta tenet copula nec malis
Divulsis querimoniis
Suprema citius solvet amor die.

Steele takes part of these lines,

Irrupta tenet copula,

[1] *O.* 3. 1. 2.
[2] *S.* 2. 6. 77-78.
[3] *O.* 1. 13. 17-20.

to place at the head of a group of letters 'to Andromache,' which are really his own letters to his wife, in No. 142 of the *Spectator*, in which he shows that the realization of these lines is possible. And, finally, in No. 29 of the *Lover* he takes the lines which Horace had used to express grief for the loss of a friend,[1]

> Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
> Tam chari capitis?

as motto for a paper showing the sorrow of a husband for the loss of his lady.

Steele has written many other essays on marriages, ideal and otherwise, in which he prescribes rules for preserving marital happiness, and frequently uses Horatian mottos—as, for instance, in Numbers 236 and 479 of the *Spectator*, the words,[2]

> Dare jura maritis;

and the suggestion, as motto for a treatise upon jealousy, in No. 178 of the *Spectator*,[3]

> Comis in uxorem.

There are a number of essays with mottos from Horace upon the bringing up of children, and the lack of wisdom so often shown in the matter by parents and teachers. The most notable of these are Numbers 173 and 235 of the *Tatler*, and Numbers 157 and 330 of the *Spectator*.

For those many essays that cannot be placed in any special class or group, and which may be appropriately called his amiable essays, Steele frequently found agreeable mottos in Horace, such as, for instance, No. 280 of

[1] *O.* 1. 24. 1-2.
[2] *A. P.* 398.
[3] *E.* 2. 2. 133.

the *Spectator*, on the happy talent of pleasing, which has this motto:[1]

Principibus placuisse viris non ultima laus est.

'The author of the sentence at the head of this paper,' he writes, 'was an excellent judge of human life, and passed his own in company the most agreeable that ever was in the world.' And later in the same paper he adds: 'Horace . . . lays down excellent rules for conduct in conversation with men of power; but he speaks with an air of one who had no need of such an application for anything which related to himself. It shews he understood what it was to be a skilful courtier, by just admonitions against importunity, and shewing how forcible it was to speak modestly of your own wants.' In No. 455 of his paper, the Spectator describes a garden and its varieties of plants, and compares its cultivation with the cultivation of the mind—and the motto he has chosen is from the Second Ode of the Fourth Book:[2]

Ego apis Matinæ
More modoque,
Grata carpentis thyma per laborem
Plurimum.

An exhortation to modest self-esteem and to self-denial, in the *Spectator*, No. 206, has for motto:[3]

Quanto quisque sibi plura negaverit,
A Diis plura feret.

And No. 4 of the *Theatre* interprets its motto,[4]

Insani sapiens nomen ferat,

[1] *E.* 1. 17. 35.
[2] *O.* 4. 2. 27-30.
[3] *O.* 3. 16. 21-22.
[4] *E.* 1. 6. 15.

—those 'Whimsicals,' who 'can prefer the admonition of that throbbing partical of divinity within us, to the clamour, the importunity, the hurry, the calumny, of the whole mistaken world around us.'

Steele has expressed his judgment of Horace, either directly or indirectly, during the course of these papers, so that by considering his chance utterances an estimate may be made of what that judgment was. Many of his opinions have already been quoted; a few more pertinent ones may be added. No. 242 of the *Tatler* describes what he believes to be the correct use of satire, and in it he presents Horace and Juvenal as 'men of the greatest character in this kind' of writing. 'There is not,' he says, 'that I remember, one ill-natured expression in all their writings, not one sentence of severity which does not apparently proceed from the contrary disposition. Whoever reads them, will, I believe, be of this mind; and if they were read with this view, it may possibly persuade our young fellows, that they may be very witty men without speaking ill of any but those who deserve it.' Though he here places Juvenal beside Horace as a satirist, he refers to him very little in his writings. In No. 493 of the *Spectator*, upon the 'abuse people put upon one another' in writing unjustifiable 'recommendatory epistles,' he has translated and quoted the whole of Horace's Ninth Epistle of the First Book as an instance of an almost perfect letter of recommendation, and introduces it with the following comment: 'I shall end this discourse with a letter of recommendation from Horace to Claudius Nero. You will see in that letter a slowness to ask a favour, a strong reason for being unable to deny his good word any longer, and that it is a service to the person to whom he recommends, to comply with what is asked: all which are necessary circumstances, both in justice and good breeding, if a man would ask

so as to have reason to complain of a denial; and indeed a man should not in strictness ask otherwise. In hopes the authority of Horace, who perfectly understood how to live with great men, may have a good effect towards amending this facility in people of condition, and the confidence of those who apply to them without merit, I have translated the epistle.' In his account of the mutilation of Horace's Odes by pupils unfitted for the study of such poets, in No. 173 of the *Tatler*, he says, as it were by the way, 'I am always delighted when I turn to the beautiful parts of that author.' And of this 'elegant writer' he says in the same number: 'his excellences are to be observed as they relate to the different concerns of his life; and he is always to be looked upon as a lover, a courtier, or a man of wit. His admirable odes have numberless instances of his merit in each of these characters. His epistles and satires are full of proper notices for the conduct of life in a Court; and what we call good breeding, most agreeably intermixed with his morality. His addresses to the persons who favour him are so inimitably engaging, that Augustus complained of him for so seldom writing to him, and asked him, whether he was afraid posterity should read their names together?' In the *Tatler*, No. 83, he makes a passing allusion to that favorite line of Swift's: '. . . but my friend Horace has very well said, Every year takes something from us;[1] and instructed me to form my pursuits and desires according to the stage of my life.' And in No. 312 of the *Spectator*, in which he urges a temperate bearing toward fortune and ill-fortune, he suggests how much of his own philosophy may be based on the Roman poet's teachings, when he says, 'There is a pretty sober liveliness in the Ode of Horace to Delius,[2]

[1] *E.* 2. 2. 55.

[2] *O.* 2. 3. 1-4.

where he tells him, loud mirth, or immoderate sorrow, inequality of behaviour either in adversity or prosperity, are alike ungraceful in man that is born to die.' Upon revisiting Christ's Church College, Oxford, he writes affectionately of the reminiscences called up: 'The libraries, quadrangles, and grove, all renewed in my mind, an hundred little pleasant stories and innocent amusements, though in the last place I could not help observing with some regret the loss of a tree, under whose shade I had often improved my acquaintance with Horace.' His appreciation of the genial, perhaps commonplace quality of Horace's poetry as compared with the exalted genius of Pindar, which Horace himself has acknowledged in the Second Ode of the Fourth Book, he has expressed in picture form in No. 514 of the *Spectator*, where he describes a vision of the mountain Parnassus with its two summits, and between them 'a most delicious vale, the habitation of the Muses. . . . I saw Pindar walking all alone, no one daring to accost him, until Cowley joined himself to him; but growing weary of one who almost walked him out of breath, he left him for Horace and Anacreon, with whom he seemed infinitely delighted.' And his tribute to Horace and Virgil as arbiters of polite literature in his day, he has curiously expressed in two instances: in that early venture of his, the *Christian Hero*, and many years later in the *Guardian*.[1]

As would be expected in a man of Steele's temperament, with his kindly interest in the little things of daily life, his letters are peculiarly free from classical quotation of any kind, and only in one letter[2] is there to be found classical reference at all, and that is a jesting quotation of Horace.[3] His political writings and pamphlets are

[1] No. 21.

[2] To Joseph Keally, Oct. 7, 1708 (*Steele's Epist. Corresp.* 1. 158).

[3] *S.* 1. 1. 66-67.

also free from quotation and classical allusion; to a few he has given Latin mottos: a motto for one from Seneca, for another from Cicero—from Livy, Juvenal, Virgil—and mottos from Horace for his *Apology for Himself and his Writings*,[1] and his *Crisis of Property*.[2]

His comedies, written as they were with intent to reform, do not run the risk of losing their point with the *beau monde* by becoming unintelligible through too many classical references. Each, however, has its motto—one from Horace, one from Tertullian, and the other two from Cicero. In his motto from Horace[3] for the *Funeral, or Grief-à-la-Mode*, and in the Preface, in which he refers to Horace,[4] he makes it plain that this play is to be written in satiric mood with intent to instruct toward improvement. The *Lying Lover*, with its two characters of the young Oxonians, and its pleasant relation between Young Bookwit and his father, Old Bookwit, gives opportunity for some satire upon the fashionable use to which the ancient authors were being put; and there is much classic rant between Young Bookwit and Latine, besides some more or less serious utterances that have a Horatian echo.[5] In the *Tender Husband*, Act 2, Sc. 1,[6] when Clerimont exclaims: . . . 'for the astrologer said, at my nativity: Nor fire, nor sword, nor pike, nor musquet shall destroy this child; let him but avoid fair eyes,' he is imitating Horace's mock despair when he has fallen into the hands of a bore:[7]

[1] *Epd.* 11. 8.
[2] *S.* 2. 3. 19-20.
[3] *A. P.* 431-433.
[4] *E.* 1. 3. 23-24.
[5] Act 5, Sc. 1 and 3 (Aitken's ed., pp. 171, 180, and 184): *O.* 2. 16. 19; *E.* 1. 14. 13; 2. 2. 175-176; *O.* 4. 9. 45-48.
[6] Aitken's ed., p. 224.
[7] *S.* 1. 9. 29-34.

Namque instat fatum mihi triste Sabella
Quod puero cecinit divina mota anus urna:
Hunc neque dira venena nec hosticus auferet ensis
Nec laterum dolor aut tussis, nec tarda podagra;
Garrulus hunc quando consumet cumque: loquaces
Si sapiat vitet.

The comedy of the *Conscious Lovers* is founded on the *Andria* of Terence, and has in it no allusion to Horace.

Steele's poetry consists chiefly of prologues and commendatory verses, in which he has borrowed little from classical authors. The poem *To Mr. Congreve, Occasion'd by his Comedy, call'd The Way of the World*, which complains of the lowering of public taste, and the desire for farce and show instead of the drama, seems to be based upon passages from Horace, Satire 1. 10. 76-77, and Epistle 2. 1. 182-200; though, as Wickham,[1] in alluding to the latter of the two passages, says, 'the complaint of the preference of rope-dancers and gladiators to the drama is as old as Terence.' His one attempt at translation is an *Imitation of Horace's Sixth Ode, Applied to the Duke of Marlborough*.[2] Where Horace has given to Varius the task of composing a panegyric upon Agrippa, the greatest commander of Cæsar's reign, Steele assigns to Addison the task of singing the fame of the Duke of Marlborough, Queen Anne's great general; and he mixes with the feats of Achilles and Diomede the recent glorious deeds of Marlborough. Horace's

Nos convivia, nos prœlia virginum
. . .
Cantamus,

he likens to his own singing of 'the Dames expiring with the spleen, . . . and the little follies of the Fair' in the *Tatler*. The poem is a spirited imitation.

[1] *Wks. of Horace.*

[2] See Nichols' *Steele's Epist. Corresp.* 2. 616; Nichols' *Select Collection of Poems* 4. 13; and elsewhere.

MATTHEW PRIOR, 1664-1721

Matthew Prior has been called the most Horatian of English poets. In an age named Augustan because its poets emulated the purity of style of the Roman poets under Augustus, Prior laid claim to Horace as his friend and master, and was accorded by his contemporaries the distinction of being the eighteenth-century Horace, so that to-day it is apt to be forgotten or ignored how much he owed to other classic poets, how much also to his immediate predecessors, as Dryden and Cowley.

Horace played a strikingly active part in his career, sometimes influencing its course, sometimes aiding him simply as friend and philosopher. All his biographers, no matter how they differ in the telling of the tale, agree that it was to Horace he owed his education. The Earl of Dorset found him reading Horace, questioned him, grew interested in him, and eventually undertook the responsibility of his education.[1] The satirical transversion of Dryden's *Hind and the Panther* to the *Story of the Country and the City Mouse,* by Prior and Charles Montagu, first brought Prior fame; and later, a complaint in his *Epistle to Sir Fleetwood Shephard*[2]—

> My Friend Charles Montague's preferr'd,
> Nor would I have it long observ'd,
> That one *Mouse* eats while t'other's starv'd—

[1] See Johnson, *Life of Prior* (*Wks.* 8. 1, Oxford ed., 1825), who quotes Burnet; A. Dobson, *Preface to Selected Poems of Matthew Prior,* p. 210; and F. Bickley, *Life of Prior,* pp. 13-14, who gives a *résumé* of the different versions of the story.

[2] *The Writings of Matthew Prior.* Vol. 2. *Dialogues of the Dead and Other Works,* ed. by A. R. Waller, 1907, p. 47.

brought also preferment to him. In a second *Epistle to Sir Fleetwood Shephard*,[1] written from Burleigh not long afterward, in 1689, he describes the course of his day, which was modeled, if not in fact, at least in verse, on Horace's description of the leisurely disposal of his time, in Satire 1. 6. 122-129:

> *Imprimis*,
> As soon as Phœbus' Rays inspect us,
> First, Sir, I read; and then I Breakfast;
> So on, 'till foresaid God does set,
> I sometimes Study, sometimes Eat.

Eight years later, when he was secretary at the Hague, we have another picture of him, drawn by his own hand, which throws light on his friendship for Horace:[2]

> While with labour assid'ous due pleasure I mix,
> And in one day atone for the bus'ness of six,
> In a little Dutch-chaise on a Saturday night,
> On my left hand my Horace, a Nymph on my right.

And in the same year, almost starving because the money necessary for the upholding of his position was not sent to him, he writes to Charles Montagu:[3] 'If you can get me any ready money, it would be more charity than to give an alms to the poorest dog that ever gave you a petition; if not, patience is a virtue, and a scrap or two of Horace must be my consolation.' Two years later, when secretary to the embassy in Paris, he is again suffering from poverty, and once more writes to Charles Montagu:[4] 'Dear Horace! I have a sentence of him upon most occasions, but I find nothing in him applicable to staying at Paris upon 40s. a day.'

[1] *The Writings of Matthew Prior.* Vol. 1. *Poems on Several Occasions,* ed. by A. R. Waller, 1905, p. 14.

[2] *The Secretary* (*Writings* 2. 96).

[3] *Prior Papers,* p. 87: Vol. 3 of the *MSS. of the Marquis of Bath* (Historical MSS. Commission).

[4] *Prior Papers,* p. 216.

Prior was very successful as a courtier. He was *persona grata* to William III and to Louis XIV, and also to Anne, though his connection with her was more remote. He seems to have understood thoroughly the art of the courtier, and one of his private papers, called *Things relative to myself about and after the treaty of Ryswick*,[1] makes it apparent that here too Horace had been his guide. In this paper he writes of his relations to William III: 'My having been for some years Secretary from the King of England to the States General and Secretary to the Embassy at the treaty had given Me frequent oppertunities of speaking to his Majesty. I had written 3 or 4 copyes of verses in his praise, which sort of trade tho' he seemed either not to understand or to neglect I found he was far from being displeased with: and when ever I addrest to him in any business, I did it in the shortest Phrase I could frame, that he might see I studied his Ease: thus I was as well with him as a person in my Station could be Imagined.' Horace has described similarly his own tactful treatment of Augustus in the First Satire of the Second Book (18-20), in the Thirteenth Epistle of the First Book (3-5), and in the Epistle to Augustus (2. 1. 4).

Prior's letters to Bolingbroke, especially the private 'Matt to Henry' letters, between the years 1712 and 1714,[2] contain much classical reference, among which is to be found familiar allusion to Horace. Bolingbroke's motto was 'Nil admirari,'[3] and Prior makes several references to it. '"Nil admirari," is your motto,' he writes;[4] 'I would

[1] Printed by Bickley in his *Life of Prior*, pp. 84-85, from a MS. in possession of the Duke of Portland. The abbreviated words I have written in full, otherwise the passage stands as quoted.

[2] *Letters and Correspondence of Lord Bolingbroke*, ed. by Gilbert Parke, 1798, Vols. 3 and 4.

[3] *E.* 1. 6. 1.

[4] Oct. 10, 1712 (*Corresp. of Lord Bolingbroke* 3. 138).

own to any man else my astonishment in that I have not a word of any kind from England.' And again:[1] 'I will not insist upon my own astonishment, that we have no courier; "nil admirari."' And six years later he writes to Lord Harley:[2] '"Nil admirari," you know, was the device of another great man.' In these familiar letters to Lord Bolingbroke appears that dependence for consolation upon the philosophical utterances of Horace that played a large part in the correspondence of this group of men—Prior, Bolingbroke, Swift, and Pope. After speaking of a recent illness, Prior adds:[3] '"Tu ne quæsieris scire, nefas, quem mihi quem tibi finem dii dederint."[4] At present, at least, I am better than I have been a great while.'

In his later years, when, after the death of Queen Anne and the coming into power of the Whigs, his political activities had entirely ceased, he became a close friend of Lord Harley, who bought and gave to him the life lease of Down Hall. In 1720 he wrote to the Earl of Oxford:[5] 'I have absolutely given up my free will to Lord Harley, and am to take my progresses with him, like Horace's friend.

> Nil habeo quod agam, et non sum piger, usque sequar te.'[6]

About Down Hall he writes to Lord Harley:[7] 'Your "O rus! quando te aspiciam?"' is admirable before you

[1] Feb. 4, 1713 (*Corresp. of Lord Bolingbroke* 3. 358).
[2] Aug. 22 [Sept. 2, 1719] (*Prior Papers*, p. 468).
[3] May 2-13, 1713 (*Corresp. of Lord Bolingbroke* 4. 108).
[4] *O.* 1. 11. 1-2.
[5] *Prior Papers*, p. 491.
[6] *S.* 1. 9. 19.
[7] June 8 [-19], 1721 (*Prior Papers*, p. 504).
[8] *S.* 2. 6. 60.

had been two days in the town; you may laugh at my solitude as much as you please, but I like it infinitely; . . . Down in itself considered I love more than Tully did his Tusculum, or Horace his Sabine field.' And again:[1] 'I would stay here a little longer, as well for the "utile" as the "dulce." '[2] The following fragment from the *MSS. of the Marquis of Bath* at Longleat has been added by Waller to the notes in his edition of Prior's writings:[3] 'I read Horace and Virgil above Forty Years, but I never understood two passages of them till I saw Down.

Horace. O rus! quando ego Te aspiciam quandoq;
Licebit
Ducere Sollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ.[4]

Virgil. Oh! qui Me gelidis, etc.'

Prior's letters to Swift reflect upon his ill health through the medium of Horace: 'Our friends are all well,' he writes, in the winter of 1719;[5] 'So am I, "nisi cum pituita molesta est,"[6] which is at this present writing, and will continue so all the winter.' And again, not long before his death:[7] 'Age, I find, comes on; and the cough does not diminish:

Non sum qualis eram bonæ
Sub regno Cinaræ.[8]

Pass for that.' Bickley, in his *Life of Prior*, quotes a verse written on Prior by his friend Robert Ingram:[9]

[1] June 14 [-25], 1721 (*Prior Papers*, p. 505).

[2] Prior is evidently thinking of the juxtaposition of these two qualities in Horace's line in the *Ars Poetica*, 343.

[3] *Writings* 2. 404.

[4] *O.* 2. 6. 60 and 62.

[5] *Corresp. of Swift*, 3. 39.

[6] *E.* 1. 1. 108.

[7] Feb. 28, 1720-1 (*Corresp. of Swift* 3. 73-74).

[8] *O.* 4. 1. 3-4.

[9] *Life of Prior*, p. 280. Dobson also quotes this stanza in the *Introduction* to his *Selected Poems of Matthew Prior*.

Horace and he were called in haste
From this vile earth to Heaven;
The cruel year not fully passed,
Ætatis fifty-seven.

And he comments in explanation: 'As a matter of fact, Prior was in his fifty-eighth year; but he would have been ready to strain a point in order to be coupled with his master.' So thoroughly did Prior succeed in knitting his name and his destiny with that of Horace.

Critics of Prior, from Samuel Johnson to Austin Dobson, have commented upon his indebtedness, or his likeness, to Horace. Speaking of *Alma*, Johnson adds:[1] 'What Horace said when he imitated Lucilius, might be said of Butler by Prior; his numbers were not smooth and neat. Prior excelled him in versification; but he was, like Horace, "inventore minor";[2] he had not Butler's exuberance of matter and variety of illustration. The spangles of wit which he could afford, he knew how to polish; but he wanted the bullion of his master.' Johnson finds in him that correctness which was emulated by Pope, and which both found in the example of a common master, Horace. 'If Prior's poetry be generally considered,' Johnson writes,[3] 'his praise will be that of correctness and industry, rather than of compass of comprehension, or activity of fancy. He never made any effort of invention: his greater pieces are only tissues of common thoughts; and his smaller, which consist of light images, or single conceits, are not always his own.' And further:[4] 'His diligence has justly placed him amongst the most correct of the English poets; and he was one of the first that resolutely endeavoured at correctness. He never sacri-

[1] *Life of Prior* (*Wks.* 8. 17).
[2] *S.* 1. 10. 48-71.
[3] *Life of Prior* (*Wks.* 8. 19).
[4] *Ibid.* (*Wks.* 8. 19-20).

fices accuracy to haste, nor indulges himself in contemptuous negligence, or impatient idleness; he has no careless lines, or entangled sentiments; his words are nicely selected, and his thoughts fully expanded.' Thackeray, a more enthusiastic critic, finds a broader similarity in the two poets:[1] Johnson speaks slightingly of his lyrics; but with due deference to the great Samuel, Prior's seem to me amongst the easiest, the richest, the most charmingly humourous of English lyrical poems. Horace is always in his mind; and his song, and his philosophy, his good sense, his happy easy turns and melody, his loves and his Epicureanism bear a great resemblance to that most delightful and accomplished master. In reading his words one is struck with their modern air, as well as by their happy similarity to the songs of the charming owner of the Sabine farm.' Austin Dobson quotes both Cowper and Thackeray against Johnson's criticism, and adds:[2] 'If Prior is to be judged by his peers, we may take the sentence of Cowper and Thackeray as one against which there is no appeal. Both were lovers of Horace; both were humourists; both, when they chose, themselves excelled in that "familiar style" of which the art is only hidden.' And he tacitly accepts Prior as thoroughly Horatian.

Against this almost universal judgment there is an objection—an objection which is felt particularly when his poetry is considered as a whole; which Johnson implied in his too severe criticism; and which Austin Dobson in part implied when he added to the passage above quoted: 'Perhaps, if there be anything in the theory which makes kindliness one of the fundamental characteristics of the Humourist as opposed to the Wit, both

[1] *The English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century* (Harper's Biogr. Ed., 1898, 7. 522-523).

[2] *Introd. to Selected Poems,* p. xvii.

Thackeray and Cowper belonged more distinctly to the former class than Prior.' Prior used Horace as his friend; he borrowed phrases from him directly or indirectly; he wrote *Imitations* of his Odes; the light touch that distinguishes his lyrics he has unmistakably learned from him; in his prose pieces he gives credit to Horace as the source of many of his opinions. But back of these striking, yet somewhat superficial likenesses, the depth of feeling that is almost always discernible under Horace's light irony, and his breadth of vision, are lacking in Prior. Nor has he caught the sweetness of spirit of the Roman singer, as has Addison above all writers of the eighteenth century, in whom indeed this spirit was perhaps innate. The lack lies in the character of the man: Prior was incapable of attaining the calmness of vision that speaks through the lightest of Horace's odes and the most humorous of his satires; nor in the most exalted of his panegyrical odes could he touch the depth of human philosophy that is felt in many of Horace's lines, such as,[1]

> Ire tamen restat Numa quo devenit et Ancus;

in the lines,[2]

> Quid pure tranquillet, honos an dulce lucellum,
> An secretum iter et fallentis semita vitæ;

and in those splendid patriotic Odes of the Third Book. Addison was the truer Horatian in his philosophy, though he has given the world no exquisite *vers de société* in the manner of Horace, such as Prior has written.

In the consideration of Prior's writings with regard to Horace's peculiar influence upon them, they may be grouped in the following order: first, his professed *Imitations* of Horace, primary amongst which is of course

[1] *E.* 1. 6. 27.
[2] *E.* 1. 18. 102-103.

the *Hind and the Panther Transvers'd;* secondly, his occasional poems, many of which are written in the form of the Pindaric Ode as it had been made familiar to the eighteenth century by Cowley and by Dryden; thirdly, his lighter poems, the *vers de société* in which Prior is at his best, and in which he is most truly Horatian; his *Tales,* which have little or nothing of Horace; his two longer poems, *Alma* and *Solomon;* and his prose.

Spence, in his *Anecdotes,*[1] gives him all the credit of having written the travesty on Dryden's poem, *The Hind and the Panther.*[2] 'Did not he write the *Country Mouse* with Mr. Pryor?'—some one asked Lord Peterborough concerning Charles Montagu.—'Yes, just as if I was in a chaise with Mr. Cheselden here, drawn by his fine horse, and should say,—Lord, how finely we draw this chaise.' Bickley, however, in his *Life of Prior,*[3] gives greater credence to James Montagu's account of the inception of the travesty. He relates that it was begun in his chambers as a jest, and he 'gives his brother credit not only for a considerable share in the performance but for the original suggestion.' Whatever be the truth of the matter, the poem may be considered as by Prior equally with Charles Montagu, in determining the use to which Horace has been put in the writing of it. It is a travesty upon Dryden's poem, much in the manner of the Duke of Buckingham's travesty, the *Rehearsal,* upon one of Dryden's tragedies. Bayes reads to the unwilling listeners, Smith and Johnson, his verses, which relate the *Fable of the Country-Mouse and the City-Mouse,* 'heightened and elevated' out of the mean simplicity of Horace's Fable:[4]

[1] Sect. 4, p. 136.
[2] *Writings* 2. 6 f.
[3] Pp. 26-28.
[4] *S.* 2. 6. 79 to end.

'Johnson.[1] What do you make a Fable of your Religion?

Bayes. Ay I'gad, and without Morals too; for I tread in no mans steps; and to show you how far I can out-do any thing that ever was writ in this kind, I have taken Horace's design, but I'gad, have so out-done him, you shall be asham'd for your old friend. You remember in him the *Story* of the *Country-Mouse*, and the *City-Mouse;* what a plain simple thing it is, it has no more life and spirit in it, I'gad, than a Hobby-horse; and his Mice talk so meanly, such common stuff, so like meer Mice, that I wonder it has pleas'd the world so long. But now will I undeceive Mankind, and teach 'em to heighten, and elevate a Fable. I'le bring you in the very same Mice disputing the depth of Philosophy, searching into the fundamentals of Religion, quoting Texts, Fathers, Councils, and all that, I'gad, as you shall see either of 'em could easily make an Asse of a Country Vicar. Now whereas Horace keeps to the dry naked story, I have more copiousness than to do that, I'gad. Here, I draw you general Characters, and describe all the beasts of the Creation; there, I launch out into long Digressions, and leave my Mice for twenty Pages together; then I fall into Raptures, and make the finest Soliloquies, as would ravish you.'

Dryden's 'milk-white Hind' becomes the Country-Mouse, likewise 'milk-white'; and his

> Panther, sure the noblest next the Hind,
> And fairest creature of the spotted kind,[2]

is transversed to the

> Spotted Mouse, the prettiest next the White.

[1] *Hind and Panther Transvers'd* (*Writings* 2. 8).

[2] Pt. 1. 327-328.

In Dryden's poem, the Panther accompanies the Hind to her lonely cell; in the trávesty, the Spotted Mouse persuades the White Mouse to come to the city—

And eat with me at Groleau's, smoak at Will's.

Here Prior's fable approaches that of Horace. But, as Dryden has filled his poem with long arguments on the church parties, so the parodists have interlarded their fable with fragments from Dryden's poem—in fact, it is almost entirely a patchwork of bits of the *Hind and the Panther* curiously joined together, with a running satirical comment on the part of Johnson, Smith, and Bayes, and is indebted to Horace only for its outline. The point of the satire is expressed in a letter printed by Waller in his notes to the poem, which letter, in Prior's own hand, he found among the Longleat papers:[1] 'This Fable we have rediculed and told in the same way Mr. Dryden does his H: and P: it being really as probable and Natural that two Mice should take a Coach, go to the Tavern, get drunk, break windows and be taken by the Constable, as that a hind and a Panther should sit up all Night together a talking.' In the interjected critical comments made by Johnson and Smith, with the defense of his work by Bayes, there are several Horatian expressions used—part of the critical currency of the day. For instance, Bayes explains his method thus:[2] 'Whereas most Authors *creep servilely*[3] after the Old Fellows, and strive to grow upon their Readers; I take another Course, I bring in all my Characters together, etc.' And again, Bayes interrupts his reading of the poem to interject:[4] 'There's the *Utile*, which ought to be in all Poetry,'—showing how common was this precept of the *Ars Poetica*.[5]

[1] *Writings* 2. 386.
[2] *Ibid.* 2. 13.
[3] *E.* 2. 1. 251.
[4] *Writings* 2. 22.
[5] *A. P.* 343-344.

The other *Imitations* of Horace by Prior, with the exception of the *Cantata*, are occasional poems. *An Ode, In Imitation of the Second Ode of the Third Book of Horace*,[1] first published in 1692, celebrates the victories of William III over Louis XIV of France. In it Prior follows Horace only from afar, pointing out in his notes the particular part of the Latin poem he is imitating; he does not follow it in its own order, and so remote is his imitation that, had he not placed these convenient guide-posts, it would not be easy to know which part he is imitating. Indeed, the poem is simply a panegyric of William, with no real resemblance to Horace's Ode. Only in one or two instances does he approach direct imitation—in the second, the eighth, and the twelfth stanzas. His next attempt is *An Ode Inscribed to the Memory of the Hon. George Villiers. In Imitation of Horace, Ode* 28, *Lib.* 1.[2] Here he has chosen an Ode that is not easy of interpretation, but, as he has used only the outline of it, and has adapted the philosophical remarks upon death contained in it to his purpose of lamenting the death of George Villiers, 'drowned in the river Piava, in the country of Friuli,' he has eluded all difficulties of translation. In his opening verse he strikes the keynote of the ode,

> (Since fleeting Life thus suddenly must end)
> Say, what did all thy busie Hopes avail?

following Horace:

> Nec quicquam tibi prodest
> Aërias temptasse domos animoque rotundum
> Percurrisse polum morituro.

and,

> Sed omnes una manet nox
> Et calcanda semel via leti.

[1] *Writings* 2. 36 f.
[2] *Ibid.* 1. 121.

Horace's catalogue of the great ones who have died is paralleled by Prior with a similar list, in which he also uses Horace's example of Pythagoras,

> who did so long maintain,
> That bodies die, but Souls return again,
> With all the Births and Deaths He had in Store,
> Went out Pythagoras, and came no more.

He departs from Horace to describe his friend's death; and then in his invocation to the stranger—

> Lay the dead Hero graceful in a Grave;
> (The only Honor He can now receive)
> And fragrant Mould upon his Body throw;
> And plant the Warrior Lawrel o'er his Brow:
> Light lye the Earth; and flourish green the Bough—

he returns to his original, adding the promise of reward and the threat if he fails to perform this service. The poem is not very happy either as an adaptation of Horace or as a tribute to his departed friend. It lacks the austerity of Horace's Ode, and fails to give an impression of deep or sincere feeling.

The *Ode to the Queen*, 1706, *In Imitation of the Fourth Ode of the Fourth Book*,[1] is an ambitious effort to combine the substance of the Horatian Ode with the style of Spenser. In it Prior sets out by comparing Horace and Spenser. His first stanza, beginning,

> When Great Augustus govern'd Antient Rome,

tells how Horace celebrated the deeds of Augustus; the second stanza, beginning similarly,

> When bright Eliza rul'd Britannia's State,

finds in Spenser 'an equal Genius,' who

> deck'd Eliza's Head with Gloriana's Beams.

[1] *Writings* 1. 159 f.

The next stanzas deprecatingly offer himself, Prior, as the bard of Anne's reign, following in the footsteps of these two great masters. And the fifth stanza begins the actual imitation of Horace's Ode, setting out with the simile of Jove's eagle, and making Marlborough the hero instead of Drusus. Prior has explained his method of imitation of the Ode in his Preface to his poem:—'tho' I have endeavor'd to imitate all the great Strokes of that Ode, I have taken the liberty to go off from it, and to add variously, as the Subject and my own Imagination carry'd Me.' Where Horace has lauded the house of Nero and the strength of the Roman race sprung from Æneas, Prior celebrates the British nation 'descended from Brute, likewise a Trojan,' and its line of kings and leaders. 'The mighty Gaul' mourns his defeat as does Hannibal in the Latin ode, and one line at the end of the lament of the vanquished (stanza 26)—

Fall'n, fall'n for ever is the Gallic Pow'r—

is a fairly close rendering of Horace's lines

Occidit, occidit
Spes omnis et fortuna nostri
Nominis Hasdrubale interempto.

But this is the only instance in which Prior comes verbally near to the original Ode. The rest of the poem is a eulogy of Queen Anne and celebrates further the victories of Marlborough, and has no connection with Horace's Ode. The style throughout follows Spenser, and the language and content also of the poem are in part imitated from Spenser, so that there is in effect little of Horace beyond what Prior calls the 'great Strokes' of his Ode.

In *Horace, Lib.* 1, *Epist.* 9. *Imitated, To Mr. Harley,*[1] Prior follows his original closely. His relations with

[1] *Writings* 1. 185.

Harley were such that he was able to take Horace's epistle of introduction intact, and to use it for his own purpose. It is the most faithful translation he has attempted, and one of his most successful interpretations. The tact and good taste displayed by Horace in this little epistle Prior has carried over into his own poem, and has refrained from expanding his original as the eighteenth-century imitators were prone to do, so that the result is a graceful little introduction in verse of his friend, evidently Richard Shelton, that is as pleasing in the English tongue as is Horace's in the Latin.[1]

One other *Imitation* belongs among Prior's lighter verse, a *Cantata*,[2] originally set to music. This charming little song is in essence the First Ode of the Fourth Book of Horace, though Prior touches his original only lightly here and there. It is much more successfully Horatian than his elaborate attempts at imitation in his eulogistic odes.

A consideration of those occasional poems that are not deliberately modeled upon the Odes will show how constantly Prior held Horace up to himself for emulation. Many of these poems are in the Pindaric form, imitated from Cowley and Dryden. And in one point in his eulogistic poems he has followed Pindar rather than Horace: he seldom adopts Horace's deprecatory tone concerning his own ability to write panegyrics, but invokes his Muse with the assurance of Pindar, though once in these poems, in *A Letter to Monsieur Boileau Despreaux*,[3] 1704, he does intimate some serious misgiving with regard to himself as a eulogistic poet:

> Just now I said,
> I ne'er was Master of the tuneful Trade.

[1] Cf. Steele's translation of this Epistle, pp. 85-86.
[2] *Writings* 1. 172.
[3] *Ibid.* 1. 125.

In the *Hymn to the Sun*, sung before their Majesties on New Year's Day, 1694,[1] there is a suggestion of Horace's *Carmen Sæculare*, which Prior has evidently used as a model. The address to the sun is like Horace's address to Apollo, and the third stanza may have been suggested by lines 49 to 52 of the Latin hymn. There is, however, no close similarity in the two poems. Prior's own *Carmen Seculare*,[2] the title of which he undoubtedly took from Horace, is not in its substance based upon Horace's hymn. There is only a certain resemblance of form, in that Horace celebrates Rome and the lineage of Augustus, while Prior celebrates England and William in a poem of much greater length. There are however some hints of the influence of other Odes of Horace in the course of the poem. For instance, when Prior in the twenty-third stanza describes the Muse as

> lost in trackless Fields of shining Day,
> Unable to discern the Way
> Which Nassaw's Virtue only could explore,
> Untouch'd, unknown, to any Muse before,

he is following Horace's Ode 3. 2. 21-24:

> Virtus recludens immeritis mori
> Cælum negata temptat iter via,
> Cœtusque vulgares et udam
> Spernit humum fugiente penna.

And stanzas 38 to 40 exalt William for bringing order to control lawlessness, as Horace exalted Augustus in the Fourth Ode of the Third Book, when he compared his triumph to the victory of Jupiter and the gods over the Titans, bringing order out of chaos. In the *Epistle to Lord* ——,[3] there is much of the spirit of Horace's First

[1] *Writings* 1. 22.
[2] *Ibid.* 1. 104 f.
[3] *Ibid.* 2. 305 f.

Satire of the First Book. The *Epistle* is addressed to Lord —— in the same way in which Horace's Satire is addressed to Mæcenas, placing him above the discontented who do not know their own minds. The *Epistle* also contains allusions to lines in other writings of Horace.

Many of these occasional poems have Horatian mottos which are more or less reflected within the poems. For instance, *An Ode, Presented to the King, on his Majesty's Arrival in Holland, after the Queen's Death*, 1695,[1] has the appropriate motto:[2]

> Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
> Tam cari capitis? præcipe lugubres
> Cantus, Melpomene.

But there is nothing of Horace's Ode within the poem itself. *An English Ballad, On the Taking of Namur*, 1695,[3] has the motto,[4]

> Dulce est desipere in loco,

which must have been tantalizing to Boileau, of whose poem by the same name this was a parody. The poem *To Mr. Harley*, 1711,[5] written when Harley had been wounded by Guiscard, takes its whole tone from the motto,[6]

> Ab ipso
> Ducit opes animumque ferro,

and, through it, glorifies Harley and his service to England. Other such examples of close connection between motto and poem might be cited.

[1] *Writings* 1. 35.
[2] *O.* 1. 24. 1-3.
[3] *Writings* 1. 47.
[4] *O.* 4. 12. 28.
[5] *Writings* 1. 186.
[6] *O.* 4. 4. 59-60.

Many of Prior's lighter pieces are written in the Horatian manner, though they contain no distinct echo of lines of Horace. The Odes were his particular study, and neither the more serious tone nor the philosophy of the Epistles and Satires, nor indeed of some of Horace's longer Odes, seems to have impressed him deeply. For his philosophy he usually turned to Seneca. There is in these poems frequently a suggestion of the songs of Anacreon, quite apart from those little poems, such as an *Imitation of Anacreon*,[1] *Cupid and Ganymede*,[2] and *Cupid Turned Stroller*,[3] where he is confessedly imitating. Thomas Moore has pointed out in his translation of the *Odes of Anacreon*[4] that from the beautiful fictions of Angerianus, an imitator of Anacreon, Prior has taken his most elegant mythological subjects. Some influence of Ovid is also discerned, especially as a source for his allusions to classical stories; and occasionally he draws from Virgil. He expresses his feeling toward these two poets in the *Hind and the Panther Transvers'd*:[5] 'I let myself down from the Majesty of Virgil to the Sweetness of Ovid.' Of course all Prior's writing is replete with classical color and classical allusion, and part of the charm of his *vers de société* lies in the success with which he has mingled mythology with real anecdotes of the society of Queen Anne's reign. That this was his conscious ambition a quatrain of his *Alma*[6] shows:

> For some in Antient Books delight:
> Others prefer what Moderns write:
> Now I should be extremely loath,
> Not to be thought expert in Both.

[1] *Writings* 1. 41.

[2] *Ibid.* 1. 60.

[3] *Ibid.* 2. 90.

[4] *Odes of Anacreon, Translated into English Verse,* by Thomas Moore, Philadelphia, 1804, p. 38.

[5] *Writings* 2. 17.

[6] The last four lines of Canto 1 (*Writings* 1. 223).

His indebtedness to Horace has been so constantly insisted upon, both by his critics and by his own statements in his letters and throughout his poems, that this one influence—and it is a very definite influence—is apt to overshadow and usurp the place of all other indebtedness of which his poetry is full, and which he incurred directly from his reading of the classics, as well as indirectly through the French literature with which he was conversant.

These little pieces which are distinguished by the grace and charm of the lighter Odes of Horace draw their substance only occasionally from Horatian sources. *The Lady's Looking-Glass*, which, when it was first published in Dryden's *Miscellany Poems*, bore the sub-title, *In Imitation of a Greek Idyllium*,[1] contains the metaphor of the serenely smiling sea suddenly changed to the angry storm, which must have been most familiar to Prior through Horace's Ode to Pyrrha.[2] *A Better Answer to Cloe Jealous*[3] ends with an amusing comparison of Horace and his mythical Lydia[4] with Prior and his, in all likelihood, very real Cloe:

> Then finish, Dear Cloe, this Pastoral War;
> And let us like Horace and Lydia agree:
> For Thou art a Girl as much brighter than Her,
> As He was a Poet sublimer than Me.

The famous little poem, *An English Padlock*,[5] begins from Horace:

> Miss Danae, when Fair and Young
> (As Horace has divinely sung)[6]
> Could not be kept from Jove's Embrace
> By Doors of Steel, and Walls of Brass.

[1] *Writings* 1. 25; and Waller's note on p. 343.
[2] *O.* 1. 5.
[3] *Writings* 1. 78.
[4] *O.* 3. 9.
[5] *Writings* 1. 81.
[6] *O.* 3. 16. 1-7.

But for the rest of the poem it takes its own way. A line of the *Application of the Turtle and Sparrow*,[1]

O Dearest daughter of two dearest friends,

echoes the rhythm of Horace's[2]

O matre pulchra filia pulchrior.

In *Colin's Mistakes*,[3] 'written in imitation of Spenser's style,' Prior again, as in his *Ode to the Queen*, combines Spenser and Horace, and gives to the little poem the motto:[4]

Me ludit amabilis
Insania.

In *Amaryllis, A Pastoral*,[5] Prior has copied Horace's picture of the cool shade about the Spring of Bandusia:[6]

'Tis now noon-day, the Sun is mounted high,
Beneath refreshing shades the beasts do lie,
And seek out cooling rivers to asswage,
The Lion's sultry heat, and Dog-Star's rage:
The Oxen now can't plow the fruitful soil,
The furious heat forbids the reaper's toil.

A stray quatrain of Prior's with the title, *Quid sit futurum Cras fuge quærere*,[7] is a graceful English eighteenth-century interpretation of what was the underlying thought of Horace's frequent invitations, in his Odes in lighter vein, to join in merriment with him:

1 *Writings* 2. 69.
2 *O.* 1. 16. 1.
3 *Writings* 2. 80.
4 *O.* 3. 4. 5-6.
5 *Writings* 2. 136.
6 *O.* 3. 13. 9-12.
7 *Writings* 1. 137: *O.* 1. 9. 13.

> For what To-morrow shall disclose,
> May spoil what you To-night propose:
> England may change; or Cloe stray:
> Love and Life are for To-day.

These are practically all the instances where Prior defers avowedly to his 'friend Horace' in his *vers de société.* Many short pieces have a subtle aroma of Horace, without copying directly any of his lines; such are his little group of poems written to be set to music, called *Twenty-four Songs*,[1] and the two designated by Dobson[2] as 'Horatian verses,' written in the beginning of Robe's *Geography*, and Mézeray's *History of France*.[3] The first is replete with Horace's familiar longing for, and ultimate content in, his quiet life on his Sabine farm, and that mood of his that made him write:[4]

> Nec vixit male, qui natus moriensque fefellit.

The second echoes his[5]

> Fit ut raro qui se vixisse beatum
> Dicat, et exacto contentus tempore vita
> Cedat uti conviva satur, reperire queamus.

In his fragmentary *Alma* he imitates Hudibras, but here too he depends upon the aid of Horace. Mat is interrupted in his conjectures about the seat of Alma, or the mind, by his friend Dick Shelton, who cites Lucretius, Ovid, and Virgil as his authorities for determining its position, as well as Horace, thus:[6]

> Horace his Phrase is *Torret Jecur;*[7]
> And happy was that curious Speaker.

[1] *Writings* 2. 153 f.
[2] *Introd. to Selected Poems,* p. lxviii.
[3] *Writings* 1. 98, 99.
[4] *E.* 1. 17. 10.
[5] *S.* 1. 1. 117-119; see also *E.* 2. 2. 214-216.
[6] Canto 1 (*Writings* 1. 219).
[7] *O.* 4. 1. 12.

(Here Prior has brought in by a *tour de force* Petronius' description of Horace's genius as 'curiosa felicitas.') But Mat sweeps aside the objections of his friend Dick with the reply:[1]

> Your Horace owns, He various writ,
> As wild, or sober Maggots bit:
> And, where too much the Poet ranted,
> The Sage Philosopher recanted.
> His grave Epistle may disprove
> The wanton Odes He made to Love.

And he disposes of the reasons that Horace and Lucretius had for their choice, as being determined by the suitability of the words to their metre:[2]

> Nor e'er can Latin Poets prove,
> Where lies the real Seat of Love.
> *Jecur* they burn, and *Cor* they pierce,
> As either best supplies their Verse:
> And, if Folks ask the Reason for't,
> Say, one was long, and t'other short.

When Dick again drives Mat into a corner, he calls Hermes to his aid,[3] for, by the authority of the classic poets, among them Horace,[4]

> In Danger Heroes, and in Doubt
> Poets find Gods to help 'em out.

Toward the end of the poem, his description of the miser[5] is reminiscent of Horace's miser in the Third Satire of the Second Book,[6] and his description of the craze for collecting, in a following paragraph, is probably also based on the same Satire.[7] In fact, all this part of the

1 Canto 1 (*Writings* 1. 220).
2 Canto 1 (*Ibid.* 1. 221).
3 Canto 3 (*Ibid.* 1. 247).
4 *S.* 1. 9. 78; *A. P.* 191-192.
5 Canto 3 (*Writings* 1. 249-250).
6 Ll. 82 f.
7 Ll. 20-23.

third canto seems to be modeled upon the dialogue between Horace and Damasippus.

In such a poem as *Solomon* one would not expect to find Horatian echoes, yet there are several, and two of considerable interest, because they throw light upon some of the sources of Prior's classicism. In his preface to the poem he defers to Horace as literary arbiter,[1] and excuses the intervention of the angel on the plea of Horace's[2]

Nec Deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus.

Twice in the course of the poem he expresses a thought which is plainly inspired by Horace. The source of the following lines[3] is one, or several, of those passages[4] in which Horace has expressed what with him was an ever recurring idea:

To my new Courts sad Thought did still repair
And round my gilded Roofs hung hov'ring Care,
In vain on silken Beds I sought Repose;
And restless oft' from purple Couches rose:
Vexatious Thought still found my flying Mind
Nor bound by Limits, nor to Place confin'd;
Haunted my Nights, and terrify'd my Days;
Stalk'd thro' my Gardens, and pursu'd my Ways,
Nor shut from artful Bow'r, nor lost in winding Maze.

And the description[5] of

the Word obscene
Or harsh, which once elanc'd must ever fly
Irrevocable,

is based on Horace's stern warning:[6]

Nescit vox missa reverti.

[1] *Writings* 1. 257, 258-259, 260.
[2] *A. P.* 191.
[3] Book 2 (*Writings* 1. 288).
[4] Cf. especially *O.* 2. 16. 9-12; *O.* 2. 18.
[5] Book 2 (*Writings* 1. 290).
[6] *A. P.* 390.

An expression from Horace, which Prior probably got at second hand from Dryden, occurs in Book 1 of *Solomon*,[1] in the line:

> Their Station changing with th'inverted Year.

The original of the words 'inverted Year' is in the First Satire of the First Book:[2]

> Inversum contristat Aquarius annum.

Dryden seems to have been the first to appropriate it, in his *Aurengzebe*, Act 2, Scene 1, and Prior, Thomson, and Cowper followed in his footsteps. In this poem there is another instance of Prior's aptitude for poaching, for which Johnson condemned him. In Book 3[3] there is the following injunction:

> But hence, Ye Worldly, and Prophane, retire:
> For I adapt my Voice, and raise my Lyre
> To Notions not by Vulgar Ear receiv'd.

This is plainly an imitation of the opening lines of Cowley's translation of Horace's First Ode of the Third Book:

> Hence ye profane, I hate ye all,
> Both the great vulgar and the small.

The rest of this passage from *Solomon* is written in the same strain as Horace's Ode, though with a greater pessimism, so that it is evident that Prior had the content of the Ode in mind, as well as the phraseology of Cowley's translation.

Prior's chief prose writings, besides various prefaces and dedications to his poems, consist of an *Essay upon Learning*, an *Essay upon Opinion*, one contribution to the

[1] *Writings* 1. 267.
[2] L. 36.
[3] *Writings* 1. 322.

Examiner,[1] and his *Dialogues of the Dead*. His letters have already been considered in the discussion of Horace's influence upon his daily life. Where his prefaces mention Horace, it is to appeal to his authority as a literary critic. The *Essay upon Learning* and the paper for the *Examiner* have no reference to Horace. The *Essay upon Opinion* alludes frequently to his philosophical teachings. 'I don't pretend to Examine the Nature and Essence of this Mind of Ours,' he writes,[2] 'This "Divinæ particula auræ"[3] as a Divine or a Philosopher, but as a stander by to take a little notice of some of its Motions, the feats of Activity it plays, and the sudden Escapes and Changes it often makes.' He points out[4] how 'the same Man at different times alters his Opinion of the same Things,' and follows Horace in his description, in the *Ars Poetica*,[5] of the four ages of man. In questioning the influence of the different passions upon opinion, he begins to enumerate them according to Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*. 'Anger is a short Frenzy,' he says, without explaining whether he is quoting Burton, or Horace's[6]

Ira furor brevis est.

The opinion of the Party Man he condemns unconditionally:[7] '"Fænum habet in cornu,"[8] and every body is obliged to yield or run from him.' And finally he sums up:[9] 'The Bounds of Virtue and Vice

Quos ultra citraque nequit consistere rectum[10]

[1] No. 6.
[2] *Writings* 2. 190.
[3] *S.* 2. 2. 79.
[4] *Writings* 2. 191.
[5] *A. P.* 161-174.
[6] *E.* 1. 2. 62.
[7] *Writings* 2. 202.
[8] *S.* 1. 4. 34.
[9] *Writings* 2. 203.
[10] *S.* 1. 1. 107.

are in many cases pretty difficult to find; how nicely must one Distinguish between Patience and Pusillanimity, between Courage and foolhardiness, and so of the rest.'

The *Dialogues of the Dead* are full of classical allusions, only a few of which are to Horace. In the *Dialogue between Charles the Emperour and Clenard the Grammarian*, Clenard, regardless of anachronism,[1] asks, 'What does his [Prior's] Master Horace say, and no body can say it better?[2]

> Est modus in rebus, sunt certi denique fines
> Quos ultra . . . nequit consistere rectum;'

and blames such heroes as Charles, who never mind this rule, and 'always over shoot the mark.' And Clenard is presently again alluding implicitly to a remark of Horace's when he says:[3] 'Not to go to old Stories how many of you Heroes dyed unknown before Agamemnon, because none of their Contemporaries writ their Story.' In the *Dialogue between Mr. John Lock and Seigneur de Montaigne*, Locke accuses Montaigne of plagiarism,[4] and asserts that his noble ideas are taken from Plato, his fine stories from Plutarch, his expression from Tully and Seneca, and his right quotation from Horace and Virgil. Montaigne's defence is reminiscent of Horace:[5] 'Let me be compared to a Bee, who takes something from every Flower and Shrub, and by that various labour collects one of the greatest Ingredients of Humane health, and the very Emblem of Plenty.' And in the *Dialogue between the Vicar of Bray and Sir Thomas Moor*, when More asks:[6] 'How is it that scarse enjoying the present

[1] *Writings* 2. 211.
[2] *S.* 1. 1. 106-107.
[3] *Writings* 2. 216: *O.* 4. 9. 25-28.
[4] *Ibid.* 2. 239.
[5] *O.* 4. 2. 27-32.
[6] *Writings* 2. 254.

we turn our thought forward into a Futurity which the Will of Heaven in equal Wisdom and Pitty conceals from Us,' Prior has added in his manuscript the favorite lines of which the above is a paraphrase:[1]

> Prudens futuri temporis exitum
> Caliginosa nocte premit Deus.

And again he makes Sir Thomas More ask:[2] 'Does not Horace[3] tell You that neither the Fury of ill Men in Power, nor the frown of a Tyrant can alter the Resolution, or bend the Mind of a Man strictly just and Honest?'

[1] *O.* 3. 29. 29-30—added by Waller in his notes.
[2] *Writings* 2. 255-256.
[3] *O.* 3. 3. 1-4.

JOHN GAY, 1685-1732

John Gay's writings, like those of his contemporaries, are full of classical allusion. His expressions—his phrases and epithets—are frequently classical, and yet they are not definite and characteristic, so that it is often difficult to place them in any one particular source. He talks of the 'horn of plenty,' of the 'winged hours,' of the 'winter's rage,' and the 'scorching dog-star,' and of the 'wrinkled nose,' which is probably Persius's 'crispante naso,'[1] but which suggests to the mind several classical phrases regarding that feature, to the ancients so expressive of feeling. He loves to address the Muses; but also Apollo and Orpheus, Bacchus, the Nereids, the Tritons, all come in for their share.

His chief models are Virgil and Theocritus—these classic poets taught him to avoid the artificiality of Ambrose Philips, whom he imitated; Ovid—often directly, often through the medium of Chaucer and Ariosto; and sometimes, more especially in his earlier writings, Horace. It is as if he had set out in life taking these classical writers consciously as his models, and, during the years in which he drifted from one hope of preferment to another, his indolent nature retained the tincture of his earlier classical studies, but the definite outline faded, and the close connection between his writings and his models was lost, new influences, of the Italian opera and of the Italian poets, usurping their place.

There is clear evidence of his interest in Horace in his first published poem, *Wine*, in *Rural Sports*, in *Trivia*, and in some of his *Epistolary Verses;* but then the in-

[1] *Sat.* 3. 87.

fluence begins to fade, to appear spasmodically and uncertainly in one or two of the *Fables*, and in some of his plays and operas. All but two of his twelve pieces for the stage have mottos, five of which are from Horace, which intimates that he never entirely forgot the usefulness of the Augustan satirist.

For the poem *Wine*[1] he chose the motto,[2]

> Nulla placere diu, nec vivere carmina possunt,
> Quæ scribuntur aquæ potoribus,

—'a contested theory,' writes Dobson in his article on Gay in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, 'which seems to have exercised Gay nearly all his lifetime; for he is still debating it in his latest letters.' And he quotes Gay writing to Swift on March 3, 1730:[3] 'I continue to drink nothing but water, so that you cannot require any poetry from me.' Concerning *Wine*, Gay himself tells us that he is imitating Milton. The poem, in spite of its blank verse and its wealth of classic allusion, is not peculiarly Miltonic, nor is it Horatian; but it is full of touches from Horace. Following the Epistle from which he drew his motto, he thus apostrophizes wine:[4]

> Celestial liquor! thou that didst inspire
> Maro and Flaccus, and the Grecian bard,
> With lofty numbers, and heroic strains
> Unparallel'd.

And a few lines lower down he returns to the same Epistle:[5]

> Ennius, first famed in Latin song, in vain
> Drew Heliconian streams, etc.

[1] *Poems of John Gay*, ed. by J. Underhill, 1904 (*Muses' Library*), 1. 1.

[2] *E.* 1. 19. 2-3.

[3] *Corresp. of Swift* 4. 129.

[4] Ll. 87-90: *E.* 1. 19. 3-6.

[5] *E.* 1. 19. 7-8.

Presently, when describing the pleasure of drinking from the 'cheering bowl' under the trees in the country, he gathers together those lines in the Odes in which Horace has described his pleasant life on his Sabine farm, and has invited his friends to partake of his hospitality. This paragraph of the poem (lines 121 to 139) begins by alluding directly to Horace:

> With what sublimest joy from noisy town,
> At rural seat, Lucretelus retired:
> Flaccus, untainted by perplexing cares,
> Where the white poplar, and the lofty pine
> Join neighb'ring boughs, sweet hospitable shade
> Creating, etc.

And it is full of reminiscence of the Odes.[1] Gay's repudiation, in lines 171 to 186, of the ugly effects of excessive wine-drinking, the broils and feuds that arise from it, with his glorification of Bacchus, has much of Horace in it. The opening lines,

> Drive hence the rude and barbarous dissonance
> Of savage Thracians, and Croatian boors;
> The loud Centaurian broils with Lapithæ
> Sound harsh, and grating to Lenæan god,

are imitated from lines 7 to 9 of the Eighteenth Ode of the First Book:[2]

> At, ne quis modici transiliat munera Liberi,
> Centaurea monet cum Lapithis rixa super mero
> Debellata, monet Sithoniis non levis Euius.

Horace has referred in several other Odes[3] to the noted intemperance of the Thracians, and he addresses Bacchus as the 'Lenæan god' in the Twenty-fifth Ode of the Third

[1] See especially *O.* 1. 17; 20; 2. 3. (9-10); 7; 11.
[2] But cf. also *Paradise Lost* 7. 32.
[3] *O.* 1. 27. 1; 36. 14; 2. 7. 27.

Book. And finally, when in the Devil Tavern the healths go round, one that 'crowns the bowl' is[1]

> Halifax, the Muse's darling son,
> In whom conspicuous, with full lustre shine
> The surest judgment and the brightest wit,
> Himself Mecænas and a Flaccus too.

The poem *Rural Sports*,[2] with its original motto from Virgil and its present one from Nemesian, is modeled after Virgil, but in it there are two seeming allusions to lines of Horace. Underhill, in his edition of the *Poems*,[3] points out the resemblance of lines 59 to 60,

> Where the tall oak his spreading arms entwines,
> And with the beech a mutual shade combines,

to lines 124 to 126 of *Wine*, quoted above, and hence with lines 9 to 10 of the Third Ode of the Second Book of Horace, which the passage in *Wine* distinctly echoes. They are, however, perhaps more reminiscent of Virgil's *Georgics* 3. 331 f. Another passage in *Rural Sports* takes its origin more definitely from Horace:[4]

> When Ceres pours out plenty from her horn,
> And clothes the fields with golden ears of corn.

Here Gay must have had in mind several lines of Horace, in the *Carmen Sæculare* and the Twelfth Epistle of the First Book.[5]

In *The Shepherd's Week*,[6] six pastorals that openly follow Virgil and Theocritus, there is no allusion to Horace. *Trivia or, The Art of Walking the Streets of London*,[7] by virtue of its character allows of more pro-

[1] Ll. 238-241.
[2] *Poems* 1. 13.
[3] Note to lines 59 to 61.
[4] Ll. 283-284.
[5] *C. S.* 29-30, 59-60; *E.* 1. 12. 28-29.
[6] *Poems* 1. 63.
[7] *Ibid.* 1. 115.

miscuous imitating. The title for this poem Gay took perhaps from Virgil, or more likely from Ovid, and both these authors are well represented throughout. The imitations of Horace are not specially induced by the nature of the poem, but seem to have fallen into it by chance. There is a line[1] like the two quoted from *Rural Sports*,

> Plenty from lib'ral horn shall strow the year,

which may or may not have its source in Horace. In this poem occurs also that line,[2]

> The scorching dog-star, and the winter's air,

which is an imitation of a line by Prior,[3] who on his part, as has been seen, borrowed his expression of the 'scorching dog-star' from Horace. When Gay says:[4]

> O rather give me sweet content on foot,
> Wrapt in my virtue, and a good surtout!

he has in mind Horace's challenge to fortune:[5]

> Mea
> Virtute me involvo.

His description of the man who first had courage to eat an oyster,[6]

> The man had sure a palate cover'd o'er
> With brass or steel, that on the rocky shore
> First broke the oozy oyster's pearly coat,
> And risk'd the living morsel down his throat,

[1] Book 1. 178: *O.* 1. 17. 14-16.
[2] Book 2. 146.
[3] See *Appendix—Prior*, p. 377: *O.* 3. 13. 9.
[4] Book 2. 589-590.
[5] *O.* 3. 29. 54-56.
[6] Book 3. 195-198.

is a parody of Horace's lines, in the Third Ode of the First Book,[1] upon the man who first ventured upon the sea in a ship.

In his *Epistolary Verses*[2] Gay has a habit of summing up in brief descriptive phrases those authors to whom he is indebted, and Horace comes in for his share. There is 'Homer's godlike Muse,'—'Virgil's force to sing the man,'—'Chaucer's humour,'—and 'Spencer's strains.' The 'useful numbers' of Horace[3] and the 'melting tones' of Ovid should be imitated. He tells how in a vain effort to write an occasional poem on the arrival of the Princess of Wales in England, he imitated an Ode of Horace,[4] and complains that such verses are written easily only by the preferred:

> Had Virgil ne'er at court improved his strains,
> He still had sung of flocks and homely swains;
> And had not Horace sweet preferment found,
> The Roman lyre had never learnt to sound.

The Epistle to the Earl of Burlington[5] describes Gay's journey to Exeter, and one cannot help feeling that he remembered the Journey to Brundisium; perhaps it was the thought of Horace's Satire which made him notice that he was traveling along one of the roads built by the Romans, and write the lines:

> Now o'er true Roman way our horses sound,
> Grævius would kneel, and kiss the sacred ground.

In the *Eclogues*[6] there is only one suggestion of Horace, though, by their character, more might have been

[1] I.1. 9–13.
[2] *Poems* 1. 175 f.
[3] *On a Miscellany of Poems to Bernard Lintot*, 1. 31 (*Poems* 1. 176).
[4] *A Letter to a Lady* (*Poems* 1. 181).
[5] *Poems* 1. 186.
[6] *Ibid.* 1. 227 f.

expected. In *The Toilette*,[1] the fate of Lydia is reminiscent of the fate of Horace's Lyce in the Thirteenth Ode of the Fourth Book.

The *Fables* are singularly free from classical allusion of any sort, and the suggestions from Horace, if real, are so vague as to be vouched for only with hesitancy. *Fable* 31 of the First Volume,[2] called *The Universal Apparition*, is reminiscent of Horace's utterances upon care; and when the lines,

> Abroad, at home, the Spectre's there:
> In vain we seek to fly from Care,

come at the end of the poem, Horace's picture—[3]

> Scandit æratas vitiosa naves
> Cura nec turmas equitum relinquit,
> Ocior cervis et agente nimbos
> Ocior Euro—

rises instinctively to the mind. In the sixth *Fable* there are two lines in which the thought is distinctly Horatian:[4]

> Had the deep earth her stores confined,
> This heart had known sweet peace of mind.

In Gay's opera, *Polly*, the same thought is uttered by the captive Indian prince, Cawwawkee. When the pirate Morano asks him,[5] 'You have treasures, you have gold and silver among you, I suppose,' Cawwawkee answers: 'Better it had been for us if that shining earth had never been brought to light.' Gay was probably writing both these pieces at about the same time, as the first volume of the *Fables* appeared in 1727, the opera *Polly* in 1729;

[1] *Poems* 1. 233.
[2] *Ibid.* 2. 102.
[3] *O.* 2. 16. 21-24. Cf. also *O.* 3. 1. 40; 16. 17-18.
[4] Ll. 13-14 (*Poems* 2. 61).
[5] Act 2 (*Bell's British Theatre* 9. 52).

and, considered thus together, the two passages seem to have their common source in Horace's lines,[1]

> Aurum irrepertum et sic melius situm,
> Cum terra celat.

Gay's mottos for his plays and pieces for the stage, the majority of which he drew from Horace, though they are often apposite, are not chosen with any particular depth of insight. The three most fitting are the lines,[2]

> Quo, quo, scelesti, ruitis? aut cur dexteris
> Aptantur enses conditi?

as motto for the tragi-comical farce, *The Mohocks;* the motto for the opera, *Polly:*[3]

> Raro antecedentem scelestum
> Deseruit pede pœna claudo;

and the apt line for *Achilles:*[4]

> Naturam expellas furca licet, usque recurret.

In the comedy, *The Wife of Bath*, occurs a reference to that well-worn line of Horace's, which has become proverbial, and which was probably so used by Gay:[5] 'Anger, Mr. Plowdon, hath been looked upon, in all times, as a short madness.' The tragi-comical pastoral farce, *The What d'ye Call it*, lends weight to its satiric seriousness by the use of two mottos from Horace,[6] and a preface in which his authority is deferred to: 'The criticks have

[1] *O.* 3. 3. 49-50.
[2] *Epd.* 7. 1-2.
[3] *O.* 3. 2. 31-32.
[4] *E.* 1. 10. 24, slightly altered from the original.
[5] Act 1, Sc. 13: *E.* 1. 2. 62.
[6] *E.* 2. 1. 166; 1. 5. 28.

forgot the precept of their master Horace, who tells them,[1]

Tragicus plerumque dolet sermone pedestri.'

In *Three Hours after Marriage*, there occurs a parody of some lines in the Second Ode of the First Book of Horace.[2] Phœbe Clinket is represented as composing:[3]

'The roaring Seas o'er the tall Woods have broke,
And Whales now perch upon the sturdy Oak.

Roaring? Stay. Rumbling, roaring, rustling. No; raging Seas.

The raging Seas o'er the tall Woods have broke,
Now perch, thou Whale, upon the sturdy Oak.

Sturdy Oak? No; steady, strong, strapping, stiff. Stiff? No, stiff is too short.

What Feast for Fish! Oh too luxurious Treat!
When hungry Dolphins feed on Butchers Meat.'

But whether Gay is responsible for the parody, or whether one of his confederates in the writing of the comedy, Arbuthnot and Pope, it is impossible to tell. On the whole, these pieces for the stage—be they comedy, opera, farce, pastoral tragedy, or tragi-comi-pastoral farce—do not lend themselves to the influence of such a philosophic satirist as Horace; the lyrics are either sentimental or farcical, and in the plot and dialogue, where there is any classical influence felt at all, it is that of Ovid, and of Virgil and the elegiac poets in such a piece as the pastoral tragedy, *Dione*.

Gay wrote No. 149 of the *Guardian*, and also part of

[1] *A. P.* 95.
[2] Ll. 7-12.
[3] Act 1.

No. 11, a brief introduction to a letter by Pope. No. 149[1] is a humorous and knowing essay on the dress of the men and women of society of that period—in which matter Gay was a connoisseur. In the paper he keeps up a running parallel of literary comparison, and twice brings in quotations from Horace. 'There are,' he says, 'some pretenders to dress who shine out but by halves; whether it be for want of genius or money. . . . We may say of these sorts of dressers what Horace says of his patchwork poets,[2]

> Purpureus, late qui splendeat, unus et alter
> Assuitur pannus.'

And again: 'A poet will now and then, to serve his purpose, coin a word, so will a lady of genius venture at an innovation in the fashion; but as Horace advises,[3] that all new-minted words should have a Greek derivation to give them an indisputable authority, so I would counsel all our improvers of fashion always to take the hint from France, which may as properly be called the fountain of dress, as Greece was of literature.'

In the letters of Gay to Swift, to Pope, and to the Countess of Suffolk, there are no allusions to Horace; indeed, his letters show what his writings have shown, that he forgot and neglected his classical learning as he grew older. Once, in a letter written jointly with Pope to Swift,[4] there occurs the remark: 'We all rejoice that you have fixed the precise time of your coming to be "cum hirundine prima." '[5] But for this allusion Pope was responsible, not Gay, for both he and Bolingbroke use it elsewhere as if it were a frequent mode of expression

[1] See Chalmers' *British Essayists,* 1802, vol. 18.
[2] *A. P.* 15-16.
[3] *A. P.* 52-53.
[4] Nov. 17, 1726 (*Corresp. of Swift* 3. 360).
[5] *E.* 1. 7. 13.

between them. Austin Dobson has noted, however,[1] that 'from the fact that there exists in the Forster Library at South Kensington a large-paper copy of Maittaire's *Horace*, copiously annotated in his beautiful handwriting, it must be assumed that subsequent to 1715, the date of the volume, he still preserved a love of the classics.'

[1] See Dobson's article on *John Gay* in the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

ALEXANDER POPE, 1688-1744

Alexander Pope is the recognized leader of the English Augustan poets. Early in life he set for himself an ideal in poetry, toward which he constantly strove and to which he attained in almost perfection—the ideal of correctness. To the setting of this ideal he had been admonished by a friend, but his own genius would have directed him to it without any impulse from without. His early reading of the classics led him naturally in that direction, and his early efforts in poetry, the translating of the Latin poets Statius and Ovid, and the turning of Chaucer's poetry into contemporary, fashionable couplets—all strengthened the inclination.

For this reason, in considering the poets of the eighteenth century in the light of their indebtedness to the poets of the reign of Augustus, and to Horace in particular, it is Pope's name that rises first and most naturally to the mind. For he cultivated, and succeeded preeminently in producing, poetry of the quality of that of the great Augustan poets, especially of Horace, who has described this quality in two brilliant words, 'lucidus ordo.'

Pope's effort was a fully conscious one; he never lost sight of his ideal, and when he erred, it was not in the careful polishing of his lines, or in the conciseness of the thought contained in them. Throughout his work Horace was often his model, consciously so, if not, as in the *Imitations*, avowedly so:[1]

Let me be Horace, and be Ovid you.

[1] *Imitations of Horace, The Second Epistle of the Second Book* 144 (*The Works of Alexander Pope*, ed. by Whitwell Elwin and W. J. Courthope, 1871-1889, 3. 385).

He sums up what he wishes his poetry to be, in a line in the *Essay on Man*,[1]

> Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,

which Horace has already implied in his lines:[2]

> Sectantem levia nervi
> Deficiunt animique.

The truth that, contained in the 'spirit' and essential to it, there must be wise thinking,[3]

> Scribendi recte sapere est et principium et fons,

he has recognized, and expressed in a couplet of one of the *Moral Essays*:[4]

> Something there is more needful than expense,
> And something previous ev'n to taste—'tis sense.

These *Moral Essays*, when they were published in 1743, had as motto the following lines of Horace:[5]

> Est brevitate opus, ut currat sententia, neu se
> Impediat verbis lassas onerantibus aures;
> Et sermone opus est modo tristi, sæpe iocoso,
> Defendente vicem modo rhetoris atque poetæ,
> Interdum urbani, parcentis viribus atque
> Extenuantis eas consulto.

Then there is his famous definition of wit,[6]

> True wit is nature to advantage dressed;
> What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed,

[1] *Essay on Man* 4. 381 (*Wks.* 2. 455).
[2] *A. P.* 26-27.
[3] *A. P.* 309.
[4] *Moral Essays* 4. 41-42 (*Wks.* 3. 175).
[5] *S.* 1. 10. 9-14.
[6] *Essay on Criticism* 297-298 (*Wks.* 2. 51).

which he himself notes as derived from Quintilian, but in which he is clearly following Boileau, who in his turn was probably following Horace, who has expressed the thought with the greatest simplicity:[1]

Difficile est proprie communia dicere.

Finally, in his imitation of the Second Epistle of the Second Book, Pope has found opportunity for a fuller expression of his own rules and method of work.[2] In this Epistle Horace has laid down his rules for the writing of a poem that is to be a true work of art. Beginning with the admonition,[3]

> Qui legitimum cupiet fecisse poema,
> Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti;
> Audebit, quæcumque parum splendoris habebunt
> Et sine pondere erunt et honore indigna feruntur,
> Verba movere loco,

in which Pope can follow him with his own strict injunctions to the poet,

> But how severely with themselves proceed
> The men, who write such verse as we can read!
> Their own strict judges, not a word they spare,
> That wants or force, or light, or weight, or care,

Horace continues until he has presented what he considers the full duties of the poet; and Pope gladly follows him, for he finds in his lines rules for the kind of writing that he emulates. His paraphrase of the last lines of this passage—

[1] *A. P.* 128.

[2] *Imitations of Horace, The Second Epistle of the Second Book* 157-179 (*Wks.* 3. 386-387).

[3] *E.* 2. 2. 109-113. See the whole passage 109-125.

Luxuriantia compescet, nimis aspera sano
Levabit cultu, virtute carentia tollet,
Ludentis speciem dabit et torquebitur, ut qui
Nunc Satyrum, nunc agrestem Cyclopa movetur—

is peculiarly striking as describing the progress of his own genius:

Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,
But show no mercy to an empty line;
Then polish all, with so much life and ease,
You think 't is nature, and a knack to please:
'But ease in writing flows from art, not chance;
As those move easiest who have learned to dance.'[1]

Thus the keynote of what were the guiding principles of Pope's poetry is to be sought in Horace, or in words of Pope that have had their original suggestion in Horace. It is known of both poets that they polished and refined their verses to a higher degree than any other poet upon record, and the result in each case is clearly to be seen. That Horace did not spare the file which he advocates in the *Ars Poetica*, his perfect Alcaic and Sapphic measures are a lasting witness; and Pope in his brilliant couplets brought this particular type of English poetry to a height that cannot be surpassed; so that poets who have succeeded these two great masters of versification have been fain to seek distinction in another field. Inherent in the beauty of verse-form to be found in the two poets is the refined terseness of utterance that distinguishes their poetry above that of any other classical or English poet, and that in Pope at least gives the suggestion of a series of epigrams strung together like a glittering rope of beads. This power to compress a striking thought into the briefest and clearest content of metrical expression explains why Horace and Pope are such often quoted

[1] See also *Essay on Criticism* 362-363 (*Wks. 2. 56*).

poets. There are not very many English poets who have been able, in brief form, 'proprie communia dicere.'

In his character as a satirist Pope also emulated Horace. In his *Prologue to the Satires* he explains what he believes to be his use of the weapon of satire:[1]

> A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,
> But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.

The dread of his 'babbling blockheads' is the equivalent of Horace's 'magnus timor latronibus,' whom Pope imitates in his assurance that his satire is directed only against the guilty:[2]

> At bene si quis
> Et vivat puris manibus contemnat utrumque.

How successfully and how honestly Pope followed this rule of his great master in satire is another question.

For the actual subject-matter of his poetry, with the exception of the *Essay on Criticism*, much of which he derived through Boileau from Horace, Pope was not dependent upon Horace until he began his series of *Imitations*.

So much for the likeness of Pope to Horace. His unlikeness to him stands out the more vividly for the very reason that he avowedly used so many of his methods, and wrote so often, as he himself has said, 'in the Horatian way.' It seems a curious contradiction to say that Pope's method of writing was distinctly after the manner of Horace, but that his spirit was foreign to the spirit of the Augustan poet. And yet so it is. In his satire Horace honestly tries to hold up to ridicule the vices that he sees around him, sullying the social life of Rome: to strike the vice, not the person, and to use individual names only when they have come so to exemplify the type as to become

[1] *Prologue to the Satires* 303-304 (*Wks.* 3. 264).
[2] *S.* 1. 4. 67-68.

a byword. Pope endeavored to emulate the satiric spirit of Horace; how honest the endeavor was, it is not possible even to guess; whether he deceived himself into a belief that he was a satirist of the higher type, it is impossible to tell. Certainly he ranged himself beside Horace and Juvenal, and does not seem to have perceived that his tongue was more acrid, and his attacks more personal, than theirs. In a letter to Dr. Arbuthnot,[1] he deprecates the idea that he should compare himself with Horace or Virgil, yet shows that he considered himself as ranking among the greatest moral satirists. 'It is certain,' he writes, 'much freer satirists than I have enjoyed the encouragement and protection of the princes under whom they lived. Augustus and Mæcenas made Horace their companion, though he had been in arms on the side of Brutus; and, allow me to remark, it was out of the suffering party too, that they favoured and distinguished Virgil. You will not suspect me of comparing myself with Virgil and Horace, nor even with another court favourite, Boileau. I have always been too modest to imagine my panegyrics were incense worthy of a court; and that, I hope, will be thought the true reason why I have never offered any. I would only have observed, that it was under the greatest princes and best ministers, that moral satirists were most encouraged, and that then poets exercised the same jurisdiction over the follies, as historians did over the vices of men.' A few years earlier, Pope had written to Swift expressing pleasure that he had withdrawn himself from party politics, and declaring, in words adapted from Horace, what he believed to be the duty of himself and of Swift:[2]

> Quid verum atque decens, curare, et rogare, nostrum sit.

[1] July 26, 1734 (*Wks.* 7. 483).

[2] *E.* 1. 1. 11.

But his own writings stand as witnesses against these his assertions, and in face of them he cannot lay claim to emulation even of the fierce invective of Juvenal, much less of the good-humored raillery of Horace. For it is an accepted fact that Pope is at his best in his writings when he is expressing himself most personally, and it is also unfortunately true that these personal expressions of himself arose most often out of intense and bitter anger, and desire for revenge. Of Mævius practically nothing would now be known, were it not for the fact that both Virgil and Horace went out of their accustomed way to vent their spleen upon him. And by indulging to the full this anger against poetasters, and indeed against all who offended him, Pope has made much of his work a history of the little wits of his day. His satire is directed almost entirely against persons; that of the great Roman satirists is directed against typical follies or vices.

In his younger days, Pope admired most highly, among the Latin poets, Virgil and Statius. His first attempts at writing were translations—from Statius, from Ovid, and from Chaucer. Spence quotes his own description of the process that led finally to the climax of his *Imitations of Horace*:[1] 'In these rambles of mine through the poets; when I met with a passage, or story, that pleased me more than ordinary, I used to endeavour to imitate it, or translate it into English; and this gave rise to my *Imitations* published so long after.' His description of the statue of Horace[2] in his poem, *The Temple of Fame*, written in 1711, shows that he was already thoroughly familiar with at least the Odes of Horace. The passage, which is only ten lines in length, is replete with allusions to the Odes, containing in its short compass ten or more such references, and indicating already Pope's

[1] Spence's *Anecdotes*, p. 193.

[2] *Temple of Fame* 222-231 (*Wks.* 1. 216).

wonderful power to weld into a new and original whole material that he had gathered from many sources.

His *Pastorals* show the influence of Theocritus, Virgil, and Spenser, and there is only in the first *Pastoral*, on *Spring*, a faint echo of Horace. Strephon sings:[1]

> Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,
> Then hid in shades, eludes her eager swain;
> But feigns a laugh to see me search around,
> And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

This is a charming rendering of Horace's lines:[2]

> Nunc et latentis proditur intimo
> Gratus puellæ risus ab angulo.

And again Strephon's song,[3]

> In Spring the fields, in autumn hills I love,
> At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove,
> But Delia always,

rings like a distant echo of Horace's[4]

> Pone sub curru nimium propinqui
> Solis in terra domibus negata:
> Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo.

The *Messiah*, a sacred eclogue written in imitation of Virgil's *Pollio*, owes nothing to Horace. And *Windsor Forest*, the incidents of which are chiefly borrowed from Ovid, has but little of Horace, while even the little there is seems sometimes to have come, in roundabout way,

[1] *Pastoral* 1. *Spring* 53-56 (*Wks.* 1. 271).
[2] *O.* 1. 9. 21-22.
[3] *Pastoral* 1. *Spring* 77-79 (*Wks.* 1. 273).
[4] *O.* 1. 22. 21-23.

through Pope's reading of translations. A couplet in this poem is interesting, as it shows how Pope adapted what he borrowed, until he made it quite his own. He wrote this couplet at first:

> Not fabled Po more swells the poet's lays,
> While thro' the skies his shining current strays,

in which the 'fabled Po' is plainly the 'fabulosus Hydaspes'[1] of Horace. But in the final form of the couplet,[2]

> Nor Po so swells the fabling poet's lays,
> While led along the skies his current strays,

he has given up the transferred epithet borrowed from Horace, and has quite concealed his source.

Pope's *Essay on Criticism* is his Art of Poetry, and is a result of his study of a great assemblage of critics, perhaps French and English especially, and secondarily of the classics. In his own footnotes to the poem he refers frequently to Quintilian, but there is often indication that his ideas are those of such French critics as Rapin, Bossu, Boileau, and of his English predecessors in literary criticism. So that, whereas there are many thoughts in the poem that are apparently from Horace, and particularly from the *Ars Poetica*, there is always a question as to whether they are directly Horatian, or have been transmitted to Pope through several of the many channels by means of which the precepts of Horace were made familiar to the eighteenth century. In a line of this poem,[3]

> And Boileau still in right of Horace sways,

Pope has openly recognized how Boileau had, through his *Art of Poetry*, based upon Horace's *Ars Poetica*, usurped

[1] *O.* 1. 22. 7-8.
[2] *Windsor Forest* 227-228 (*Wks.* 1. 353).
[3] *Essay on Criticism* 714 (*Wks.* 2. 79).

the place as literary critic that rightfully belonged to Horace. The tone of the whole, however, is Horatian, and though Pope has introduced some personal attacks upon his 'brothers in the art,' yet, judged by the light of his later works, it is comparatively free from this kind of criticism. Addison has said of it in the *Spectator*:[1] 'The observations follow one another like those in Horace's Art of Poetry, without that methodical regularity which would have been requisite in a prose author. . . . As for those which are the most known, and the most received, they are placed in so beautiful a light, and illustrated with such apt allusions, that they have in them all the graces of novelty, and make the reader, who was before acquainted with them, still more convinced of their truth and solidity.' Addison goes on to accord praise to Horace for a similar use of material which he found ready to his hand.

One passage of the *Essay on Criticism*, which seems to be indebted directly to Horace, is Pope's charge to the true critic:[2]

> But you who seek to give and merit fame,
> And justly bear a critic's noble name,
> Be sure yourself and your own reach to know,
> How far your genius, taste, and learning go;
> Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet,
> And mark that point where sense and dulness meet.

Horace in the *Ars Poetica* has thus admonished him who would be a poet:[3]

[1] No. 253.

[2] *Essay on Criticism* 46-51 (*Wks.* 2. 36).

[3] *A. P.* 38-40. Bowles, in his edition of Pope's *Wks.* (1. 354-355), said of Pope that no one understood better this excellent rule of Horace.

> Sumite materiam vestris, qui scribitis, æquam
> Viribus, et versate diu, quid ferre recusent,
> Quid valeant humeri.

And Horace's advice,[1]

> Vos exemplaria Græca
> Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna,

seems immediately responsible for Pope's couplet:[2]

> Be Homer's works your study and delight,
> Read them by day, and meditate by night.

For the lines,[3]

> Those oft are stratagems which errors seem,
> Nor is it Homer nods but we that dream,

Pope himself gives Quintilian as the source, but it would seem that Horace's[4]

> Indignor quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus

must have been in part answerable for it.

It is in this poem that Pope has written the delightful appreciation of Horace, so justly famed, and so generously praised by Addison:[5]

> Horace still charms with graceful negligence,
> And without method talks us into sense;
> Will, like a friend, familiarly convey
> The truest notions in the easiest way.
> He, who supreme in judgment as in wit,
> Might boldly censure, as he boldly writ,
> Yet judged with coolness, though he sung with fire;
> His precepts teach but what his works inspire.

[1] *A. P.* 268-269.
[2] *Essay on Criticism* 124-125 (*Wks.* 2. 41).
[3] *Ibid.* 179-180 (*Wks.* 2. 44).
[4] *A. P.* 359.
[5] *Essay on Criticism* 653-660 (*Wks.* 2. 75).

The rest of the passage expresses the judgment of one of the greater poets of the Queen Anne period upon the abuse to which Horace was subjected, in quotation and translation, by the lesser poets and critics:[1]

> Our critics take a contrary extreme,
> They judge with fury, but they write with phlegm:
> Nor suffers Horace more in wrong translations
> By wits, than critics in as wrong quotations.

As would naturally be expected from the character of the poem, *The Rape of the Lock* owes practically nothing directly to Horace. Any echoes of him are borrowings of other English poets' borrowings from him, where it is the intermediate poet's phrase that is adopted, and not so clearly the Horatian thought behind it. For instance, in his line,[2]

> Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,

Pope seems to have been thinking of the lines in Milton's *Il Penseroso:*

> Whose saintly visage is too bright
> To hit the sense of human sight;

which in their turn are a translation of Horace's[3]

> Et vultus nimium lubricus aspici.

There is a reverse instance of this kind of borrowing in *Eloisa to Abelard*, where Pope, in imitating a line from an English contemporary, has added a meaning from Horace that was hardly intended by its original author, and has at the same time spoiled the thought that he

[1] *Essay on Criticism* 661-664 (*Wks.* 2. 75).
[2] *Rape of the Lock* 2. 61 (*Wks.* 2. 154).
[3] *O.* 1. 19. 8.

borrowed, for which he has been censured by Johnson. The lines of Pope in this instance are:[1]

> The well-sung woes will sooth my pensive ghost;
> He best can paint them who shall feel them most.

Johnson says[2] that the last line is imitated from Addison's *Campaign:*

> Marlb'rough's exploits appear divinely bright—
> Raised of themselves their genuine charms they boast,
> And those who paint them truest, praise them most.

The form of his line Pope has clearly imitated from Addison, but the thought he has taken from Horace:[3]

> Si vis me flere, dolendum est
> Primum ipsi tibi.

In this poem occurs the well-known line,[4]

> The world forgetting, by the world forgot,

which Pope translated from Horace, and broadened in its application. Horace could find it in his heart to forget his friends,[5]

> Oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus et illis.

In speaking of his *Essay on Man* and his *Moral Essays* in a letter to Swift in 1734,[6] Pope draws a sharp distinction between the characters of the one and the other. He seems to be referring to the *Essay on Man* when he speaks of proceeding 'in the same grave march like Lucretius,'

[1] *Eloisa to Abelard* 365-366 (*Wks.* 2. 257).
[2] Johnson's *Addison* (*Lives of the Poets,* ed. by G. B. Hill, 2. 129).
[3] *A. P.* 102-103.
[4] *Eloisa to Abelard* 208 (*Wks.* 2. 249).
[5] *E.* 1. 11. 9.
[6] Sept. 15, 1734 (*Wks.* 7. 324).

and when it is to the *Moral Essays* he refers, he 'must descend to the gaieties of Horace'; and again, in another place,[1] he speaks of the latter as 'a system of ethics in the Horatian way.' Whether this distinction really underlies the character of the two sets of poems, the four epistles of the *Essay on Man*, and the several poems that are classed together under the title of *Moral Essays*, is a question that has been answered variously by the many critics and editors of Pope's works, Warburton taking the lead in maintaining that there is a strict regularity of scheme in the *Essay on Man*. Certainly in substance the *Essay on Man* is un-Horatian, though Pope was unsuccessful in developing any serious system of religious philosophy, for Horace never attempted to develop a theory of philosophy at all; but in spite of his own assertion, Pope is in style always nearer to Horace's easy, graceful method of writing than to the 'grave march of Lucretius.' Suggestions from Horace in this poem have been used so subtly that it is not always easy to detect them, nor can they always be certainly attributed to Horace. Pope, in the first edition of the poem, used the name 'Lælius' instead of 'St. John' in his address to Bolingbroke in the first lines:

> Awake, my St. John! leave all meaner things
> To low ambition, and the pride of kings.

And thus he expressed the relationship which he felt existed between himself and Bolingbroke.[2] In the line,[3]

> And catch the manners living as they rise,

Pope is outdoing Horace in terseness, who has expressed this precept in the lines,[4]

[1] Pope to Swift, Nov. 28, 1729 (*Wks.* 7. 175).
[2] Cf. *S.* 2. 1. 62 f.
[3] *Essay on Man* 1. 14 (*Wks.* 2. 348).
[4] *A. P.* 317-318.

> Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque iubebo
> Doctum imitatorem et vivas hinc ducere voces.

But the Latin poet regains his usual advantage over the English in brevity in[1]

> Cælum ipsum petimus stultitia,

which Pope seems to be paraphrasing when he writes:[2]

> In pride, in reas'ning pride, our error lies;
> All quit their sphere and rush into the skies!

Both are equally brief and to the point when they are directing where happiness is to be found.

> 'T is no where to be found or ev'ry where,

says Pope,[3] and Horace:[4]

> Quod petis, hic est;
> Est Ulubris.

The passage,[5]

> Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,
> The trophied arches, storied halls invade,
> And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade,

which has in its language an echo of Milton, has such a resemblance to the thought expressed in a verse of Horace that Pope must have had it in mind when writing his own lines. It occurs in the Ode which extols peace of heart above great wealth haunted by cares:[6]

[1] *O.* 1. 3. 38.
[2] *Essay on Man* 1. 123-124 (*Wks.* 2. 358).
[3] *Ibid.* 4. 16 (*Wks.* 2. 430).
[4] *E.* 1. 11. 29-30.
[5] *Essay on Man* 4. 303-304 (*Wks.* 2. 451).
[6] *O.* 2. 16. 9-12.

Non enim gazæ neque consularis
Summovet lictor miseros tumultus
Mentis et curas laqueata circum
Tecta volantes.

There is a fine passage in this poem that takes its place beside similar passages in Horace and in Shakespeare:[1]

Behold the child, by nature's kindly law
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw:
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite:
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age:
Pleased with this bauble still, as that before;
Till tired he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.

To what poet Pope is most indebted for the suggestion of this idea of the ages of man cannot certainly be known. He was familiar with both Horace's and Shakespeare's famous lines,[2] and must have had them, at least half consciously, in his thoughts while writing his own paragraph. The immediate suggestion that man's pursuits in life are but playthings, that vary in kind with his age, comes, as one of his editors has pointed out,[3] from a passage in Garth's *Dispensary:*

Children at toys as men at titles aim,
And in effect both covet but the same,
This Philip's son proved in revolving years,
The first for rattles, then for worlds shed tears.

The four ages of man he would find in Horace, and as he has defined them as sharply as Horace, he is perhaps following him here. In both Shakespeare and Horace the idea of the stage is prominent: Shakespeare has compared the world to a stage, and the seven ages of a man's life

[1] *Essay on Man* 2. 275-282 (*Wks.* 2. 397).
[2] Horace, *A. P.* 161-174; Shakespeare, *As You Like It,* Act 2, Sc. 7.
[3] Elwin. See *Wks.* 2. 397, note.

are the seven acts of a play; Horace is considering the four ages of man in their external aspect in relation to their use by the dramatist. That Pope was mindful of the idea—Shakespeare's perhaps more than Horace's—is evident in the last line of his passage:

> Till tired he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.

Both are over, man's childish delight in his baubles, and the play that he has enacted, in which the 'scarfs, garters, gold,' the 'beads and pray'r books' were but the stage properties, though they had been to him real symbols of the attainment of his ambition. A closer parallel to either of these great poets must not be drawn; when Pope's passage is compared with theirs, the individual beauty which it owes to his creative genius is apparent, and it takes its place beside theirs as a fine description of the ages of man.

The third and fourth epistles, *Of the Use of Riches*, are the only two of the *Moral Essays* that show much influence from Horace. Horace was keenly interested in teaching the right use of moderate riches, and recurs again and again to the subject, both in his Odes and in his Satires and Epistles; and it may reasonably be believed that Pope's first idea for these two essays came from his reading of the Roman moralist. Gold, he warns us, is a treasure not to be sought with too great eagerness:[1]

> Nature, as in duty bound
> Deep hid the shining mischief underground.

And Horace, in one of his patriotic Odes, the Third Ode of the Third Book, has evinced the same distrust of it:[2]

> Aurum irrepertum et sic melius situm,
> Cum terra celat.

[1] *Moral Essays* 3. 9-10 (*Wks.* 3. 127).
[2] Ll. 49-50.

Pope condemns the cruel extravagance of the spendthrift in the line,[1]

'T is thus we riot, while, who sow it, starve,

which Horace has described in his picture of such spendthrifts as Nomentanus in the Third Satire of the Second Book.[2] The lawless, unfeeling heir, who was such a bane to Horace, is twice held up to scorn by Pope in this epistle.[3] Such a just appreciation of the value of riches as is expressed by Horace in the First Satire of the First Book,[4] and also finds its expression in the teaching of Ofellus in the Second Satire of the Second Book, Pope has written in his apostrophe to Lord Bathurst, to whom he dedicated this epistle:[5]

> The sense to value Riches, with the art
> T' enjoy them, and the virtue to impart,
> Not meanly, nor ambitiously pursued,
> Not sunk by sloth, nor raised by servitude;
> To balance fortune by a just expense,
> Join with economy, magnificence;
> With splendour, charity; with plenty, health;
> Oh teach us, Bathurst! yet unspoiled by wealth!
> That secret rare, between the extremes to move
> Of mad good-nature, and of mean self-love.

A little later he is praying for Horace's love of the 'auream mediocritatem:'[6]

> And angels guard him in the golden mean!

and later still he is asking,[7]

1 *Moral Essays* 3. 24 (*Wks.* 3. 130).

2 Ll. 234 f.

3 *Moral Essays* 3. 95-98; and 169-170, 173-174 (*Wks.* 3. 138 and 145): *O.* 2. 14. 25; 3. 20; *S.* 2. 3. 122, etc.

4 Ll. 101-107.

5 *Moral Essays* 3. 219-227 (*Wks.* 3. 148-149).

6 *O.* 2. 10. 5-8: *Moral Essays* 3. 246 (*Wks.* 3. 149).

7 *Moral Essays* 3. 319-332 (*Wks.* 3. 155).

> Resolve me, Reason, which of these is worse,
> Want with a full, or with an empty purse?

and goes on to draw a picture of a miser such as Horace has given in the Third Satire of his Second Book.[1] In the fourth epistle of the *Moral Essays*, Pope has expressed in a couplet his justification of the possession of riches:[2]

> 'T is use alone that sanctifies expense,
> And splendour borrows all her rays from sense.

He had already expressed the idea somewhat similarly in the *Essay on Man*:[3]

> O wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame
> E'er taught to shine, or sanctified from shame!

And he had obtained it from Horace's Ode to Sallustius Crispus on the right use of wealth:[4]

> Nullus argento color est avaris
> Abdido terris, inimice lamnæ
> Crispe Sallusti, nisi temperato
> Splendeat usu.

In his *Imitations of Horace* Pope has adopted and brought to its perfection the kind of translation that was so much in fashion in the early eighteenth century, that takes its original as a model, and does not merely translate the words into English, but transfers the whole situation out of its ancient setting and places it among contemporary surroundings, making of Rome the modern English capital, of the Roman emperor the reigning English king, of Roman statesmen and poets corresponding English statesmen and poets or poetasters, of Roman customs or absurdities to be satirized similar customs or

[1] Ll. 111-121, 142-158.
[2] *Moral Essays* 4. 179-180 (*Wks.* 3. 184).
[3] *Essay on Man* 4. 299-300 (*Wks.* 2. 450).
[4] *O.* 2. 2. 1-4.

absurdities that are characteristic of English social life. Where Horace strikes a chord that touches all humanity, Pope follows him closely; when he plays upon situations that are peculiarly of his own time and society, Pope departs far from him, and lets his peculiar genius interpret the manners of his own generation. And it has been the decision of many of his critics that these *Imitations of Horace* are the most original of his works.

The *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot* Pope called the *Prologue to the Satires*, and placed it at the head of the *Imitations*. Though it is modeled after no satire of Horace, it is quite full of Horatian allusion.

> The Dog-star rages![1]

he begins, thinking of Horace's 'flagrantis Caniculæ.'[2]

> They rave, recite, and madden round the land,[3]

he cries of the Bedlam of poetasters let loose, imitating Juvenal,[4] and also Horace in his description of the mad poet, the 'recitator acerbus.'[5]

> A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped,
> If foes, they write, if friends, they read me dead,[6]

like Horace's mad poet again, who

> Quem vero arripuit, tenet occiditque legendo.[7]
> Seized and tied down to judge, how wretched I![8]
> Amaras
> Porrecto iugulo historias captivus et audit.[9]

[1] *Prologue to the Satires* 3 (*Wks.* 3. 241).
[2] *O.* 3. 13. 9.
[3] *Prologue to the Satires* 6 (*Wks.* 3. 241).
[4] Juvenal 3. 9.
[5] *A. P.* 474.
[6] *Prologue to the Satires* 32 (*Wks.* 3. 244).
[7] *A. P.* 475.
[8] *Prologue to the Satires* 33 (*Wks.* 3. 244).
[9] *S.* 1. 3. 88-89.

Then, after sitting civilly and reading

> With honest anguish, and an aching head,

he at last, just as Horace bade his Muse drop a different piece of counsel in the ears of Celsus Albinovanus—[1]

> Præceptum auriculis hoc instillare memento—

drops,[2]

> but in unwilling ears,
> This saving counsel—'keep your piece nine years,'

which is Horace's advice to the elder of the sons of Piso:[3]

> Si quid tamen olim
> Scripseris, in Mæci descendat iudicis aures
> Et patris et nostras, nonumque prematur in annum.

Pope has given a side-stroke at Addison in lines 85-88 of this poem:[4]

> Let peals of laughter, Codrus! round thee break,
> Thou unconcerned canst hear the mighty crack:
> Pit, box, and gallery in convulsions hurled,
> Thou stand'st unshook amidst a bursting world.

His own note to the passage refers it to its original:[5]

> Si fractus illabatur orbis,
> Impavidum ferient ruinæ.

And in his *Art of Sinking in Poetry*, he has criticized Addison's translation of these very lines:[6] 'Sometimes a

[1] *E.* 1. 8. 16.
[2] *Prologue to the Satires* 39-40 (*Wks.* 3. 244).
[3] *A. P.* 386-388.
[4] *Prologue to the Satires* 85-88 (*Wks.* 3. 247-248).
[5] *O.* 3. 3. 7-8.
[6] *Art of Sinking in Poetry*, Ch. 12 (*Wks.* 10. 388).

single word will vulgarize a poetical idea; as . . . in that description of a world in ruins:

> Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
> He unconcerned would hear the mighty *crack*.'

In his well-known criticism of Addison under the name of Atticus, there is also a suggestion of Horace. The expressively descriptive line,[1]

> Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,

though taken directly from Wycherley's *Plain Dealer*, has the significance of Horace's 'laudare maligne.'[2]

In lines 283-304 of the *Prologue* Pope assumes the position of the generous moral satirist, and repudiates the rôle of the libeler, asserting that his satire is directed against evil-doers, not against the innocent—a claim that Horace has made for himself in the Fourth Satire of the First Book.[3]

As Spence has pointed out,[4] Pope imitated more than a third part of Horace's Satires and Epistles. The first that he imitated was the First Satire of the Second Book, which he addressed to Fortescue, who, like Trebatius, was a lawyer, and who takes the part in Pope's *Imitation* that Trebatius takes in Horace's Satire. Pope keeps to the general outline of his model, and his purpose throughout is the same as Horace's, to defend the boldness of his satire. Fortescue's objections and answers to Pope's defense follow those of Trebatius as closely as is possible in the rather dissimilar characters of an English and a Roman lawyer. Pope, in vindicating himself, takes frequent liberties with the Latin original, and digresses or paraphrases so as to give himself the opportunity of

[1] *Prologue to the Satires* 201 (*Wks.* 3. 256).
[2] *E.* 2. 1. 209. See Wickham's edition of *Horace*.
[3] *S.* 1. 4. 63 f.
[4] Spence, *Anecdotes* 297.

bringing in some striking allusion, which has very often a personal application.

> Each mortal has his pleasure,[1]

is his rather weak translation of Horace's[2]

> Quot capitum vivunt, totidem studiorum
> Milia,

which, in itself a translation, has better retained the spirit of its original, Terence's[3]

> Quot homines tot sententiæ.

Pope has illustrated this general remark with instances of English forms of amusement, Horace with instances of Roman pleasures, and each describes his own chief pleasure:

> I love to pour out all myself, as plain
> As downright Shippen, or as old Montaigne;[4]

and Horace:[5]

> Me pedibus delectat claudere verba
> Lucili ritu nostrum melioris utroque.

Pope's description of what pleases some of his contemporaries,[6]

> F—— loves the senate, Hockley-hole his brother,
> Like in all else as one egg to another,

[1] *Imitations of Horace, The First Satire of the Second Book* 45 (*Wks.* 3. 292).
[2] *S.* 2. 1. 27-28.
[3] *Phorm.* 2. 4. 14.
[4] Ll. 51-52.
[5] *S.* 2. 1. 28-29.
[6] Ll. 49-50.

sounds as if he had in mind a passage in one of Horace's Epistles:[1]

> Hac in re scilicet una
> Multum dissimiles, at cetera pæne gemelli—
>
> . . .
>
> Annuimus pariter vetuli notique columbi.

When Horace describes his race, the 'settlers of Venusia,'[2] Pope gives an account of himself and of his intentions, and when he speaks of satire as his defense when provoked, he returns to his model again. Each author draws from his own knowledge, and the society of his day, instances of avengers, and the weapons they use according to their character and calling; each illustrates this instinct of self-defense from nature. Both end with the same conclusion, but the confession that Horace has made in four lines—[3]

> Ne longum faciam: seu me tranquilla senectus
> Exspectat seu Mors atris circumvolat alis,
> Dives, inops, Romæ, seu fors ita iusserit, exul,
> Quisquis erit vitæ scribam color—

Pope has expanded into ten:[4]

> Then, learned sir! (to cut the matter short)
> Whate'er my fate, or well or ill at Court;
> Whether old age, with faint but cheerful ray,
> Attends to gild the evening of my day,
> Or death's black wing already be displayed,
> To wrap me in the universal shade;
> Whether the darkened room to muse invite,
> Or whitened wall provoke the skewer to write:
> In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,
> Like Lee or Budgell, I will rhyme and print.

[1] *E.* 1. 10. 2-3, 5.
[2] *S.* 2. 1. 34 f.
[3] *S.* 2. 1. 57-60.
[4] Ll. 91-100.

Horace, in answer to an objection made by his lawyer friend, puts forward Lucilius as an instance of a poet who was unafraid to strike at follies and vices where he found them, and who did not lose his powerful friends thereby; he too, 'quamvis infra Lucili censum ingeniumque,'[1] yet has been honored by the great. Pope, less modest, presents himself throughout as the defender of virtue and censurer of vice, merely mentioning Boileau and Dryden as examples which it were shame for him not to emulate, pointing out at the same time the difference between 'pensioned Boileau' and 'laureate Dryden,' and Pope himself—[2]

> Unplaced, unpensioned, no man's heir, or slave.

He has here fallen below his original in generosity of spirit. In place of Horace's picture of Scipio and Lælius playing like schoolboys with Lucilius in the privacy of his house, Pope has presented the picture of his grotto in his garden at Twickenham, where 'the best companions grace' his retreat, especially Bolingbroke and the Earl of Peterborough. He borrows the form of his description of the latter—[3]

> And he, whose lightning pierced the Iberian lines,
> Now forms my quincunx, and now ranks my vines,
> Or tames the genius of the stubborn plain,
> Almost as quickly as he conquered Spain—

from Horace, who introduced Scipio into his poem without using his name, designating him as one who[4]

> Duxit ab oppressa meritum Carthagine nomen.

Horace's conclusion, in its brevity and force, surpasses the conclusion of Pope. He has the advantage of appeal-

[1] *S.* 2. 1. 74-75.
[2] L. 105.
[3] Ll. 129-132.
[4] *S.* 2. 1. 65.

ing to Cæsar, a world-known character, for approval; also he is able to say more honestly of his satires that they are 'bona carmina,'[1] than Pope can say of his that they are[2]

> Grave epistles, bringing vice to light,
> Such as a king might read, a bishop write.

Pope's next *Imitation*, of the Second Satire of the Second Book, he dedicated to Mr. Bethel, to whom he gave the place of Ofellus in Horace's poem. This satire is generally considered the least successful of his *Imitations of Horace*. In the first place, the character of Bethel does not correspond sufficiently to that of the simple countryman, Ofellus, to make this sermon upon simple living come naturally from his lips, though Pope has tried to describe him in character, as[3]

> One not versed in schools,
> But strong in sense, and wise without the rules,

like Horace's[4]

> Rusticus, abnormis sapiens, crassaque Minerva.

Secondly, it has been frequently pointed out by Pope's critics that he is never at his best when philosophizing, and, as a great part of the poem is taken up by Bethel's sermon, dulness is to be expected. It is only in the last fifty lines of the poem, when Pope speaks in his own person, that it becomes full of life and interest, as his writing always does when he touches the personal chord. The first part of the *Imitation* is a rather close paraphrase of the original. His use of Horace's sketch of Avidienus to vilify the Wortley Montagus has elicited the

[1] *S.* 2. 1. 83.

[2] Ll. 151-152.

[3] *Imitations of Horace, The Second Satire of the Second Book* 9-10 (*Wks.* 3. 305).

[4] *S.* 2. 2. 3.

curious commendation from Warburton: 'Our poet had the art of giving wit and dignity to his Billingsgate, which Horace seems not to have learnt.' When Horace breaks the thread of his discourse to reiterate that it is all upon the authority of Ofellus, whom he remembers as a boy, and then describes Ofellus and his frugal but generous manner of living, Pope follows him in ending the discourse, but instead of returning to the character of Bethel, he completes the poem with a description of his own life. The lines in which he makes the transition, and transfers the interest of the reader from Bethel to himself, has a Horatian echo with another source than this satire:[1]

> Thus Bethel spoke, who always speaks his thought,
> And always thinks the very thing he ought:
> His equal mind I copy what I can,
> And, as I love, would imitate the man.

It is the 'æquus animus' of the following Satire and of two of the Epistles.[2] From this point to the end of his poem, Pope has followed the original Satire only from afar, retaining, however, its framework. A line that gives a glimpse into his garden at Twickenham,[3]

> And grapes, long ling'ring on my only wall,

sounds like the line,[4]

> Mitte sectari, rosa quo locorum
> Sera moretur,

and indicates that Pope recalled to mind that Horace has made another plea for simplicity—in the last Ode of his First Book.

In the *Imitation of the Sixth Epistle of the First Book*,

[1] Ll. 129-132.
[2] *S.* 2. 3. 16; *E.* 1. 11. 30; 18. 112.
[3] L. 146.
[4] *O.* 1. 38. 3-4.

Pope has followed Horace quite closely; and there are fewer satiric allusions to his contemporaries than is usual with him. In Horace's Epistle there are some striking passages, and Pope has not always succeeded in rendering these lines into as eloquent English: when he tries to expand and elucidate, the result proves diluted and weak; when he retains the conciseness of Horace, he is often almost unintelligible. He has succeeded better in retaining the spirit of Horace in other imitations where he has outwardly departed much further from the text of the original. For the first lines of the Epistle,

> Nil admirari prope res est una, Numici,
> Solaque, quæ possit facere et servare beatum,

he has borrowed the translation of Creech:

> Not to admire, is all the art I know,
> To make men happy, and to keep them so.

His phrase, 'Not to admire,' has now lost almost entirely the meaning and force that it still held in the eighteenth century, of wondering at, taking much note of a thing, so that it seems at first not an adequate interpretation of what Horace intends in his 'Nil admirari.' In his translation of the following lines,[1]

> Hunc solem et stellas et decedentia certis
> Tempora momentis sunt qui formidine nulla
> Imbuti spectent.

> This vault of air, this congregated ball,
> Self-centred sun, and stars that rise and fall,
> There are, my friend, whose philosophic eyes
> Look through, and trust the Ruler with his skies;
> To him commit the hour, the day, the year,
> And view this dreadful All without a fear,[2]

[1] *E.* 1. 6. 3-5.

[2] *Imitations of Horace, The Sixth Epistle of the First Book* 5-10 (*Wks.* 3. 319).

Pope has caught and presented Horace's idea, that the philosopher does not fear where he perceives the underlying law; but as a Christian poet he goes one step further, and perceives God behind the law. His translation of lines 21-23 corresponds little with the original, for he has gone out of his way to paint the troubles of Murray; yet in the lines,[1]

> Shall one whom nature, learning, birth conspired
> To form, not to admire, but be admired,

he has embodied the meaning of lines 22-23:

> (Indignum, quod sit peioribus ortus)
> Hic tibi sit potius quam tu mirabilis illi.

There is a very beautiful passage in this Epistle of Horace's, to which Pope has not given adequate expression. The lines referred to are:[2]

> Cum bene notum
> Porticus Agrippæ et via te conspexerit Appi,
> Ire tamen restat Numa quo devenit et Ancus.

In expanding and explaining them, Pope has so weakened them that their striking beauty is lost:[3]

> Graced as thou art, with all the power of words,
> So known, so honoured, at the House of Lords:
> Conspicuous scene! another yet is nigh,
> (More silent far) where kings and poets lie;
> Where Murray (long enough his country's pride)
> Shall be no more than Tully, or than Hyde!

Horace has raised his thought from the plane of conversational satire to sublimity; Pope, by jumbling the sublime with the prosaic, has produced only a poor piece

[1] Ll. 40-41.
[2] *E.* 1. 6. 25-27.
[3] Ll. 48-53.

of satire. He has also fallen far below his original in translating lines 36-38, where he has ignored Horace's personifying of Pecunia and Suadela, and his placing them beside the deity, Venus. Horace's stories of Lucullus[1] and of Gargilius[2] Pope has turned into illustrations drawn from the social gossip of his own day; but he has retained the Homeric allusion,[3] and has adapted it to modern circumstances. He seems to make his valedictory lines—[4]

> Adieu—if this advice appear the worst,
> E'en take the counsel which I gave you first:
> Or better precepts if you can impart,
> Why do, I'll follow them with all my heart—

refer to what he has just said:[5]

> If, after all, we must with Wilmot own,
> The cordial drop of life is love alone,
> And Swift cry wisely, 'Vive la Bagatelle!'
> The man that loves and laughs, must sure do well.

Whereas Horace's farewell invitation—[6]

> Vive, vale. Si quid novisti rectius istis
> Candidus imperti; si non, his utere mecum—

includes his whole Epistle.

The *Imitation of the First Epistle of the First Book* Pope addresses to Lord Bolingbroke and makes him his Mæcenas. He gives him the same place of honor in his first lines,

[1] *E.* 1. 6. 40 f.
[2] *E.* 1. 6. 57 f.
[3] Ll. 118 f.: *E.* 1. 6. 61 f.
[4] Ll. 130-133.
[5] Ll. 126-129.
[6] *E.* 1. 6. 67-68.

> St. John, whose love indulged my labours past,
> Matures my present, and shall bound my last!

as Horace has given to Mæcenas:

> Prima dicte mihi, summa dicende Camena.

In begging for a respite from his labors, he turns Horace's figure of the gladiator into that of the fellow-poet, then into the figure of the generals who hang their trophies 'o'er the garden gates,' as Horace's gladiator hangs his arms at the door of the temple of Hercules, 'Herculis ad postem fixis.' Both profess to lay aside verse and other toys, and turn their thoughts to questions of what is right and true; both deny allegiance to any school of philosophy. Pope has not allowed the famous line of Horace,[1]

> Nullius addictus iurare in verba magistri,

to pass into oblivion for want of being translated into colloquial English. In the *Essay on Man*, he has already rendered it:[2]

> Slave to no sect, who takes no private road;

and now he translates more closely:[3]

> Sworn to no master, of no sect am I.

But in neither rendering has he succeeded in clothing the thought in language expressive and striking enough to take the place in the English language that Horace's line still holds with us today. When he joins the name of

[1] *E.* 1. 1. 14.

[2] *Essay on Man* 4. 331 (*Wks.* 2. 453).

[3] *Imitations of Horace, The First Epistle of the First Book* 24 (*Wks.* 3. 332).

St. Paul with that of Aristippus,[1] he quotes in a note Horace's description of Aristippus in another epistle,[2]

Omnis Aristippum decuit color et status et res,

thus intimating that he bases his comparison of St. Paul with Aristippus on the description in that passage. But in his own lines he gives too much honor to Aristippus, and does too little justice to St. Paul.

Horace, though he denies allegiance to any fixed philosophy, is pleading in this Epistle for Stoicism. Pope also repudiates allegiance to any sect or faction, and as he maintains his position, his *Imitation* lacks the continuity and purpose that underlie Horace's Epistle. The last part of the poem he paraphrases freely, ending with Horace upon a note of appreciation of his patron. But where Horace has turned from Mæcenas to bring his epistle to an ironical conclusion, with a laugh at himself for preaching the Stoic doctrine that he had disavowed, Pope rises to a final eulogy of the qualities, real and fictitious, of Bolingbroke. The well-known line that he had already applied to Bolingbroke in his *Essay on Man*,[3]

Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend,

he again uses here as a translation of Horace's half whimsical description of his relation to Mæcenas:[4]

Rerum tutela mearum
Cum sis et . . .
De te pendentis, te respicientis amici.

The *Imitation of the First Epistle of the Second Book* has been pronounced the best of Pope's imitations of Horace, and as ranking among the best of his poetic writings. The excellence of this *Imitation* is due both

[1] L. 31 f.
[2] *E.* 1. 17. 23.
[3] *Essay on Man* 4. 390 (*Wks.* 2. 456).
[4] *E.* 1. 1. 103-105.

to the excellence of the Epistle which he has followed, and to the fact that Horace's Epistle, being in part a eulogy of Augustus and in part an essay on poetry, was peculiarly adapted to his design. He has announced his purpose in an introductory Advertisement. He too has addressed his poem to Augustus, but his Augustus is George II, and Horace's sincere tribute to the Roman emperor he has turned into a brilliant satire upon the king of England and his court. Horace's history and critical defense of the poetry of his own age, Pope has paralleled with a similar history of English poetry, but his discussion lacks the convincing truth of the Roman critic, perhaps because he has made too close a comparison of the literatures of the two nations. After extolling Augustus, and passing in review the kings of England, as Horace has done the founders of Rome, Pope uses Horace's means of passing from the praise of Augustus to the poets:[1]

> Just in one instance, be it yet confessed
> Your people, sir, are partial in the rest:
> Foes to all living worth except your own,
> And advocates for folly dead and gone.

And where Horace enumerates the monuments of Roman antiquity, Pope runs through a list of earlier British poets, both ending with a plea for the recognition of modern writers, and a protest against blind acceptance of all that is old as necessarily good.

> Indignor quicquam reprehendi, non quia crasse
> Compositum illepideve putetur, sed quia nuper;
> Nec veniam antiquis, sed honorem et præmia posci,

Horace writes;[2] and Pope follows him closely:[3]

[1] *Imitations of Horace, The First Epistle of the Second Book* 31-34 (*Wks.* 3. 351): *E. 2.* 1. 18 f.

[2] *E. 2.* 1. 76-78.

[3] Ll. 115-118.

I lose my patience, and I own it too,
When works are censured not as bad but new;
While if our elders break all reason's laws,
These fools demand not pardon, but applause.

Horace gives a picture of Greece, when she had ceased from her wars, giving herself up to the cultivation of the arts, and of athletics, and then goes on to show how Rome underwent the same process. But when Pope tries to find a similar comparison for English society, he can find no better illustration than the court of the Restoration, so that his argument loses the force that Horace had gained by contrasting the development of the poetry of two nations, and he becomes embroiled in a discussion of party politics. He keeps fairly close to the thread of argument of his original, but because English and Roman poetry have not the same history, his epistle becomes confused and purposeless when considered in itself alone as a description of English poetical history, without recognition that he is allowing himself to be hampered by the poem he is copying. Horace's picture of the poet, of his nature, his virtues, and his usefulness to the state, gives Pope an opportunity which he does not fail to seize, and his corresponding description, though written less seriously and with more frequent satiric touches than Horace has used, is masterly. In it he goes out of his way to pay a generous tribute to Addison and Swift. But when he tries to follow Horace in his story of the growth of Roman satire, he gives a picture of what is not true at all of the rise of English satire. His translation of Horace's[1]

Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit et artes
Intulit agresti Latio,

into[2]

We conquered France, but felt our captive's charms,

[1] *E.* 2. 1. 156-157. [2] L. 263.

has been attacked by almost every one who has commented on this *Imitation*. Courthope, in his edition of Pope's works, points out that the statement is a brilliant exaggeration, both on the part of Horace and of Pope. Opinion is divided upon when Pope meant that 'we conquered France.' Mark Pattison,[1] by placing the conquest of France two hundred years earlier than the influence of French upon English literature at the time of the Restoration, makes the parallel between Pope's line and the lines of Horace a fairly close one. 'Greek literature,' he writes, 'was adopted and imitated by the Romans quite independently of the subjugation of Greece. If we allow "Græcia capta victorem cepit" as a rhetorical contrast, not as cause and effect, we may allow Pope's transfusion, "We conquered France, but felt our captive's charms." ' De Quincey's discussion of the question is humorous, if not conclusive.[2]

For Horace's complaint that the Roman populace loves a spectacle more than it cares for the finer art of the drama, Pope easily finds a parallel in the British love of pageantry. Horace writes:[3]

> Si foret in terris, rideret Democritus, seu
> Diversum confusa genus panthera camelo,
> Sive elephas albus volgi converteret ora;
> Spectaret populum ludis attentius ipsis,
> Ut sibi præbentem nimio spectacula plura;

Pope has retained the laughing philosopher, Democritus, because he stands for the type of humorous onlooker upon human follies as much in English literature as he did among the Roman poets:[4]

[1] *Pope. Satires and Epistles,* Oxford, 1874, p. 145.
[2] See his essay, *Lord Carlisle on Pope.*
[3] *E.* 2. 1. 194–198.
[4] LI. 320–323.

With laughter sure Democritus had died,
Had he beheld an audience gape so wide.
Let bear or elephant be e'er so white,
The people, sure, the people are the sight!

Pope follows Horace in his plea for the lyric poet, but he hurts his cause when he again copies too closely, and allows an English poet of George II's reign to make a habit of reciting his verses in public. He draws to the conclusion of his poem with a daring flight of satiric encomium, as Horace returns in his Epistle to renewed praise of Augustus, that is, however, both more modest and more sincere than that of his English imitator. And where Horace ends with his customary touch of self-depreciation, Pope seizes the opportunity afforded him by the change of tone in his original, to end on a note of undisguised satire.

Pope also imitated the Second Epistle of the Second Book of Horace, which is in substance a continuation of the First Epistle. His opening lines are not very good, for they seem to acquiesce in what he is protesting against, his friend's urgent persuasions that he continue to write:

Dear Colonel, Cobham's and your country's friend!
You love a verse, take such as I can send.

Nor does the apostrophe to Colonel Cotterell equal in quiet dignity the address of Horace:

Flore, bono claroque fidelis amice Neroni.

The beginning of this Epistle is not adapted to imitation. The whole poem, in fact, is filled with illustrative stories, the equivalents for which are not to be found in English social life, and Pope's attempts at corresponding anecdotes are not very successful. But when Horace becomes autobiographical, Pope has a free hand, and, retaining

the outline of Horace's sketch, gives the story of his own life. Horace was sent to Athens,[1]

> Inter silvas Academi quærere verum.

Pope, who was educated at home, feels that it[2]

> Little sure imported to remove,
> To hunt for truth in Maudlin's learned grove.

It was war that drove Horace from his 'loco grato';[3] the penal laws against Roman Catholics drove Pope from his 'paternal cell.'[4] But now, each concludes, having attained modest prosperity—while Pope proudly adds,[5]

> Indebted to no prince or peer alive—

why write verses? Neither poet is speaking seriously. Each passes in review the difficulties that beset the poet in Rome and in London, and the poetasters whom one would not wish to emulate; and each concludes with the rules to be followed by the true poet. Here Pope can set forth his own rules of poetry in the words of Horace. The transition from poetry to philosophy is made by Horace in the lines,[6]

> Nimirum sapere est abiectis utile nugis,
> Et tempestivum pueris concedere ludum;
> Ac non verba sequi fidibus modulanda Latinis,
> Sed veræ numerosque modosque ediscere vitæ;

which is rendered freely by Pope:[7]

[1] *E. 2. 2.* 45.

[2] *Imitations of Horace, The Second Epistle of the Second Book* 56-57 (*Wks.* 3. 381).

[3] *E. 2. 2.* 46.

[4] L. 59.

[5] L. 69.

[6] *E. 2. 2.* 141-144.

[7] Ll. 198-205.

Well, on the whole, plain prose must be my fate:
Wisdom (curse on it!) will come soon or late.
There is a time when poets will grow dull;
I'll e'en leave verses to the boys at school:
To rules of poetry no more confined,
I'll learn to smooth and harmonise my mind,
Teach every thought within its bounds to roll,
And keep the equal measure of the soul.

The rest of the poem is an ethical essay in which Pope paraphrases Horace, and expands frequently by adding details, when he hopes thereby to render his meaning clearer.

In this Epistle occur two of the favorite expressions of that literary band of friends, Pope, Swift, Gay, and Bolingbroke; and it is interesting to see how Pope has rendered into English phrases that in their native language were so familiar and so pleasing to him. The first,[1]

Singula de nobis anni prædantur euntes,

he has converted into the beautiful couplet:[2]

Years following years, steal something every day;
At last they steal us from ourselves away.

The second,[3]

I nunc et versus tecum meditare canoros,

a favorite of Swift's, he has not rendered so happily:[4]

Go, lofty poet! and, in such a crowd,
Sing thy sonorous verse—but not aloud.

The translation of 'tecum' as 'but not aloud' is clumsy, and 'sonorous' is a heavy English equivalent for so melo-

[1] *E. 2. 2. 55.*
[2] Ll. 72-73.
[3] *E. 2. 2. 76.*
[4] Ll. 108-109.

dious a word as 'canoros.' Yet he has caught and retained the light mockery of Horace's line.

Two *Imitations*, of the Seventh Epistle of the First Book and of the Sixth Satire of the Second Book, Pope wrote in part, Swift having written the other part. For each he adopted the octosyllabic metre which Swift had used, and attempted to adapt in some measure his careful, polished style of writing to Swift's quicker, more easily flowing, but less perfect manner. Of the first, the Seventh Epistle of the First Book, he has translated the first part, the epistle of the poet to his patron, the subject of which is the relation of poet to patron, and breaks off where Horace has introduced the story of Philippus and Vulteius Mena:[1]

> To set this matter full before ye,
> Our old friend Swift will tell his story.
> 'Harley, the nation's great support,'—
> But you may read it,—I stop short.

Horace's illustration of the half-starved little vixen who, having crawled through a hole into a corn-bin, then grew too fat to get out again, Pope has applied to himself and his own circumstances, and has made use of the opportunity to assert that independence of which he was justly proud. He also included in these lines, which are the last of his part of the poem, Horace's philosophic conclusion of the whole epistle:[2]

> Qui semel aspexit quantum dimissa petitis
> Præstent, mature redeat repetatque relicta.
> Metiri se quemque suo modulo ac pede verum est;

to which, paraphrasing freely, he has given a personal application, thus:[3]

[1] *Imitations of Horace, The Seventh Epistle of the First Book* 81-84 (*Wks.* 3. 402).

[2] *E.* 1. 7. 96-98.

[3] Ll. 75-80.

Can I retrench? Yes, mighty well,
Shrink back to my paternal cell,
A little house, with trees a-row,
And, like its master, very low.
There died my father, no man's debtor,
And there I'll die, nor worse nor better.

The first part of the Sixth Satire of the Second Book Swift had already paraphrased in the year 1714. Pope took this part, altered it slightly, added some lines to it, and beginning where Swift had left off, with the lines,[1]

O quando faba Pythagoræ cognata simulque
Uncta satis pingui ponentur oluscula lardo?
O noctes cenæque deum!

in which he followed Horace in his soliloquy upon the joys of a simple feast among friends in the country, concluded by giving the tale of the town and the country mouse as Horace has it, altering it only to turn Rome into London, the wealthy Roman house into the house of the Prince of Wales, and the Roman supper into a dinner[2]

On the night of a debate
When all their lordships had sat late.

The moral of the tale he retained.

In both these *Imitations* Pope kept more closely to his original than did Swift, and utilized the materials already furnished him by Horace.

Besides the imitations of the Satires and Epistles of Horace, Pope translated the First Ode of the Fourth Book and part of the Ninth Ode of the Fourth Book. In his *Imitation of the Ode to Venus* (the First Ode of the Fourth Book), he rivals Horace in lightness of touch and beauty of language; and he has added the artificial

[1] *S. 2. 6. 63-65.*

[2] *Imitations of Horace, The Sixth Satire of the Second Book* 185-186 (*Wks. 2.* 411).

grace and polish that were peculiar to the age of Queen Anne. Two lines of this Ode,[1]

> Non sum qualis eram bonæ
> Sub regno Cinaræ,

—a favorite complaint of Swift, Pope, and Prior—he has rendered in the delightful translation:[2]

> I am not now, alas! the man
> As in the gentle reign of my Queen Anne.

Of the Ninth Ode of the Fourth Book Pope imitated the first thirty lines. Though Homer holds the first place in song, yet the verse of Pindar, Alcæus, Stesichorus, is not lost to sight: so Horace begins his Ode; and Pope translates: though Milton sits sublime, yet Spenser, nor yet Waller and Cowley, shall yield to time. Upon all alike, hero and coward, darkness rests, where no poet has lived to sing their deeds. These two thoughts of Horace's Ode Pope has rendered in his paraphrase.

The first *Dialogue* of the *Epilogue to the Satires* was originally published under the title, *One Thousand Seven Hundred and Thirty-eight. A Dialogue Something like Horace.* Both *Dialogues* are based upon the discourse between Horace and Trebatius on the subject of satire in the First Satire of the Second Book. Pope is Horace; a friend takes the part of Trebatius, who protests against the poet's use of satire, in order to give an opportunity—to Horace in the original, to Pope in the imitated poem—to vindicate his employment of it. The first *Dialogue* begins,[3]

> Not twice a twelvemonth you appear in print,

[1] *O.* 4. 1. 3-4.
[2] *Imitations of Horace, O.* 4. 1. 3-4 (*Wks.* 3. 415).
[3] *Wks.* 3. 457.

like the beginning of the dialogue between Damasippus and Horace in the Third Satire of the Second Book:

> Sic raro scribis, ut toto non quater anno
> Membranam poscas.

There are a few scattered allusions throughout the *Epilogue* to lines in Horace's Epistles and Satires, but it is in no sense an imitation of any one of his writings. Though by reason of the easy, polished, conversational tone in which it is written, it may be said to be in the Horatian manner, yet its many satiric strokes are too sharp and too personal to be really in unison with the spirit of the satire of Horace.

Pope wrote one other *Imitation of Horace*, with the title *Sober Advice from Horace, As delivered in his Second Sermon.* This satire he never openly acknowledged; it was published in Dodsley's edition of his *Works* in 1738, but has been included in no other edition. It has little value either as an imitation of Horace, as a piece of satirical writing, or from a more general, literary point of view. As footnotes to the Latin text, which he printed with his *Imitation*, he has introduced parodies upon Bentley's methods of emendation and elucidation.

The *Dunciad* is entirely un-Horatian in character. A mock-heroic poem, parodying Homer and Virgil with its hero, its lesser heroes, and its action, it is not surprising to find in it a great deal of imitation of the *Æneid.* Its fierce invectives and personalities remove it even further from any likeness to the writings of Horace. Allusions, however, are to be found in single lines of the poem, and quite frequently in the commentary notes added by Pope and his friends.

In Pope's short miscellaneous poems, in his *Epitaphs, Epigrams, Characters, Odes*, etc., there is no allusion to

Horace, with the exception of an epitaph, *On Mr. Elijah Fenton*, in which the lines,[1]

> From Nature's temp'rate feast rose satisfy'd,
> Thank'd Heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he died,

seem to echo these of Horace,[2]

> Et exacto contentus tempore vita
> Cedat uti conviva satur;

and the epitaph *For One who would not be buried in Westminster Abbey*, which expresses once more Pope's pride in his independence of pensions and patronage:[3]

> Heroes and kings! your distance keep:
> In peace let one poor poet sleep,
> Who never flatter'd folks like you:
> Let Horace blush, and Virgil too.

In his few prose writings Pope has made use of Horace in a more direct manner than in his poetry. His most frequent reference to him occurs in the *Art of Sinking in Poetry*, which is a sort of parody of the *Ars Poetica*. In it he leans upon Horace and perverts his authority to his own satiric uses, borrows examples from him to illustrate his own rules, and ironically misapplies Horace's rules; in the general tenor of the essay, the 'Horatian manner' is discernible. Like his contemporaries, he quotes Horace frequently in his letters, especially in those that are of a distinctly literary character.

[1] *Wks.* 4. 388.
[2] *S.* 1. 1. 118-119.
[3] *Wks.* 4. 392.

JONATHAN SWIFT, 1667-1745

The distinctive quality in the character and writings of Swift is the power displayed of thinking and of expressing himself clearly, simply, and directly. Living in an age which in its literary life was an echo of the Augustan period, which clothed its thoughts in classic garb, and polished its language in emulation of the restrained beauty of Latin poetry at its best, he has succeeded in winning for himself a position, not only in his own generation, but in the whole history of English literature, as exponent of what the English language is capable of in clear, unadorned force and direct intensity of expression. Cardinal Polignac[1] uttered the final judgment upon his character when he said of him, 'il a l'esprit créateur.'

Swift prepared himself for a life that was to be so full of political and personal influence by a course of extensive reading. His favorite subject, and the one which he studied most systematically, was history, especially Roman history. Besides this, the catalogue of his library and his lists of books read show that he was interested in the writers on ancient medicine—this must have been a deeply personal interest—in the Church Fathers, and in the literature of the classics, Latin much more especially than Greek, except where the subject-matter touches upon questions political, as in Plato. Judging from the contents of his library,[2] and from the

[1] William King to Mrs. Whiteway, Jan. 30, 1738-9 (*Correspondence of Jonathan Swift*, ed. by F. Elrington Ball, 1910-1914, 6. 112).

[2] See *Dean Swift's Library*, by T. P. LeFanu (Proc. Roy. Soc. of Antiq. of Ireland, July, 1896, p. 113).

scattered comments that appear in his writings, the Latin dramatists held greater favor with him than the Greek,[1] though to this Aristophanes must be excepted. Like all men of learning of his time, he was thoroughly familiar with Homer, Virgil, and Horace. Lucretius he notes in a list of reading for the year 1697 as having read three times, and he seems to have been considerably imbued with the genius of Lucretius while writing the *Tale of a Tub.* Of Juvenal he was apparently fond, judging from his citations of him; and this is but natural, for there is a certain kinship between them; the genius of both is embittered by a power to see and to expose unflinchingly the evil impulses of men, which often blinds them to the higher strain existing in mankind. Henry Fielding[2] finds a resemblance in Swift to Lucian. There may be a resemblance in the methods of ridicule which they used; but Swift was no sceptic, nor did he bear willingly with sceptics, at least with those who were his contemporaries; and his simplicity of style is of the kind which results from directness and clarity of thought, and which could not have come through imitation, though his genius no doubt sought a kindred element in every author that he read.

It becomes quickly apparent upon studying Swift how little kinship there is between his nature and that of Horace. He had not that geniality and sweetness of disposition that distinguishes Horace's writings; the experiences of life embittered him, while they made of Horace a philosopher—sometimes Stoic, sometimes Epicurean. This difference is not to be accounted for by the fact that the one attained the position in life that he desired, and the other was disappointed, but lay far deeper, in the character and in the physical constitution

[1] He possessed five editions of Terence, four of Plautus.

[2] *Amelia,* Book 8, ch. 5.

of the two men. In literature, too, the aim of each was different. Though both desired, and attained, political influence through their writings, they were widely diverse in their methods. Instead of the mild satire and raillery of Horace, and his exquisite grace of poetic diction, Swift used an irony that is fierce and penetrating, and a prose that in its ungarnished, direct, unstudied simplicity is unequaled. Likeness between the two men there is none; but understanding of Horace, and admiration of him, Swift shows in abundance.

Moreover, to return to the judgment of Cardinal Polignac, Swift is above all a creative spirit, and no imitator. His writings are peculiarly free, especially considering the age in which he lived, from quotations and borrowings of any sort. This freedom and self-reliance is deliberate: his habit in reading and studying was always 'to enter into the genius and spirit of the author'; 'if,' he says in a *Letter to a Young Clergyman*,[1] 'a rational man reads an excellent author with just application, he shall find himself extremely improved, and perhaps insensibly led to imitate that author's perfections, although in a little time he should not remember one word in the book, nor even the subject it handled: for books give the same turn to our thoughts and way of reasoning that good and ill company do to our behaviour and conversation; without either loading our memories, or making us even sensible of the change.' He assimilated and made his own what he read, and when he came to write, he wrote with his mind steadily intent upon the argument in hand, without digression, using his reading as experience from which to draw his conclusions, but not intruding it into his argument except deliberately and logically by way of illustration. His own pride in this independence of spirit

[1] *Prose Works of Jonathan Swift*, ed. by Temple Scott, 1907, 3. 212.

he has expressed in his poem *On the Death of Dean Swift*:[1]

> To steal a hint was never known,
> But what he writ was all his own.

And Dr. Delany, in *News from Parnassus*,[2] bears tribute to this quality. He speaks of him as one

> Who admires the ancients, and knows 't is their due,
> Yet writes in a manner entirely new.

Taking all his writings into consideration, it is probable that Swift quotes from Horace more often than from any other one author. Horace lends himself very easily to quotation—his interests are catholic, and he has a verse to fit almost every contingency in public or private life; and, moreover, he was the most frequently quoted author among the literary circles of the period, and Swift was in many instances but using current phraseology. This is especially apparent in his correspondence, in which a Horatian phrase passes from one friend to another like common currency. Swift writes to Archbishop King,[3] regretting that so much of the Archbishop's time is taken up with his palace crowded all day 'with suitors, solicitors, petitioners,' that he 'cannot forbear crying out with Horace, "perditur interea misero lux";' to which King replies,[4] 'I should be good for nothing without business, and unfit for it without relaxation; "dulce est desipere in loco." ' Swift's friends write to him[5] that they are hoping for a visit from him in England 'cum Zephyris et hirundine prima.' And he writes to one and to another, complains first of his uneasiness over political affairs, in later

[1] *Poems of Jonathan Swift*, ed. by W. E. Browning, 1910, 1. 257.
[2] *Poems* 1. 104.
[3] Dec. 6, 1707 (*Corresp.* 1. 62-63): *S.* 2. 6. 59.
[4] Dec. 16, 1707 (*Corresp.* 1. 65): *O.* 4. 12. 28.
[5] *Corresp.* 3. 360; 4. 109: *E.* 1. 7. 13.

years of Irish country life, and, at last, of age, giddiness, and deafness, adding each time the despairing excuse,[1]

I nunc et versus tecum meditare canoros.

Matthew Prior writes to Swift:[2]

'Non sum qualis eram bonæ
Sub regno Cinaræ.

Pass for that'; and 'Non sum qualis eram,' writes Swift to Pope;[3] 'I left you in a period of life when one year does more execution than three at yours, to which if you add the dulness of the air, and of the people, it will make a terrible sum.' And, 'Alas! the task is great, and "non sum qualis eram!"' writes Pope to Swift many years later,[4] when giving him a sketch of his plans for the continuation of his *Essay on Man*. In later years, too, the reiterated thought that passes between the three friends, Swift, Pope, and Bolingbroke, is expressed in Horace's melancholy line:[5]

Singula de nobis anni prædantur euntes.

In the *Tale of a Tub*, the author most often quoted is Lucretius; the motto for the book is taken from Lucretius, and the whole is written somewhat in the spirit of this author. There occur quotations from Horace, but they are incidental and illustrative, and are not woven into the warp of the tale.

Horace has his proper place in the *Battle of the Books*,[6] in which 'the Moderns quarrel with the Ancients, about

[1] *Corresp.* 2. 286; 4. 312; 6. 63-64: *E.* 2. 2. 76.
[2] Feb. 28, 1720-1 (*Corresp.* 3. 74): *O.* 4. 1. 3-4.
[3] Sept. 20, 1723 (*Corresp.* 3. 174).
[4] March 25, 1736 (*Corresp.* 5. 315).
[5] *Corresp.* 3. 53; 3. 89; 5. 396; 415: *E.* 2. 2. 55.
[6] *Prose Wks.* 1. 180.

the possession of the highest top of Parnassus.' When Creech entered into the midst of this mock-Homeric battle, 'the goddess Dulness took a cloud, formed into the shape of Horace, armed and mounted, and placed it in a flying posture before him. Glad was the cavalier to begin a combat with a flying foe, and pursued the image, threatening loud, till at last it lead him to the peaceful bower of his father Ogleby, by whom he was disarmed and assigned to his repose.'

Gulliver's Travels owes nothing to the classics, and any references to them are wholly incidental. The only quotation from Horace is amusing in its far-fetched likeness, and shows how quick Swift was to appreciate picturesqueness of language, and put it to use: the Houyhnhnms, he tells us, should they go to war, would be formidable adversaries because of the 'terrible yerks' they would give 'from their hinder hoofs; for they would well deserve the character, given to Augustus;[1] "Recalcitrat undique tutus." '

In Swift's writings on religion and the Church, in his English and Irish historical and political tracts, in the *Drapier's Letters*, and in his longer historical writings, there is, beyond a few scattered quotations, nothing at all of Horace, or of the literary classics in general. Upon the Roman historians he depends quite frequently for precedent and illustration, and in his religious writings he is apt to cite the Church Fathers and an occasional philosopher. But his chief aim in writing these tracts and pamphlets is to fix his reader's mind upon the question at issue, and he permits neither himself nor his reader to be distracted by any digression, however agreeable and pleasing to the mind versed in classical literature. It is because he is appealing to the general public that he will

[1] *Prose Wks.* 8. 304-305: *S.* 2. 1. 20.

not bend to the prevailing fashion, and add the classical tags current in society.

In his contributions to the *Tatler*, the *Examiner*, the *Spectator*, and the *Intelligencer*, however, he follows the fashion of these papers, giving them mottos from the Roman poets and—more often than do his contemporaries—from Cicero and the Roman historians; referring more frequently, too, in the body of the papers, to Horace, Virgil, Livy, Tacitus, Seneca.

His purely literary essays yield also to the prevailing custom, and in them are to be found classical references that seem profuse when judged by the pure standard of his other writings, but very scant when compared with the classic-laden writings of the lesser *literati* of his time. Horace takes precedence here by reason of the extreme relevance of so many of his sayings. This very relevance, and the abuse of it by his lesser contemporaries, Swift early ridiculed in a ludicrous parody, *A Tritical Essay upon the Faculties of the Mind*, in which quotations are jumbled up with fragmentary arguments with bewildering inconsequence.

How Swift quotes Horace in his letters has already been shown; but quotations and references occur only in letters to such friends as pretend to literary taste. In writing to such men as Pope, Bolingbroke, and Matthew Prior, he unconsciously adopts some of their polished artificiality of style, and their manner of classical quotation; otherwise his letters are simple and direct, seemingly written without effort. Such is his *Journal to Stella*, a singular record of his political life in London; and many of his letters to obscure friends or to women are written in his most beautiful, lucid English.

Like so many of his contemporaries, he has used the poetry of Horace as a framework for his own poetry. He has paraphrased or imitated a number of the Odes,

Satires, and Epistles, writing some eleven poems in all in this manner, with varying degrees of truth to the original, and of seriousness on his own part.

He has written two serious poems that are faithful translations of Horace, and that are in themselves admirable. *Horace, Book* 4, *Ode* 9, addressed to Archbishop King,[1] is a free translation of the latter half of Horace's Ode; in it he indirectly pays high tribute to Archbishop King, and, while keeping rather close to the special Ode which he is translating, yet manages to express more than is contained in it, adding reminiscences of other Horatian odes where similar ideals are set forth. The other poem, *Horace, Book* 3, *Ode* 2, addressed to the Earl of Oxford,[2] is a much closer rendering of Horace's Ode than is usually to be found in the translations of this age; and from this point of view Scott's criticism of it is interesting, as showing Swift's relationship in his political attitude to the great Augustan poet. Scott's words are: 'These spirited verses, although they have not the affecting pathos of those addressed by Pope to the same person, during his misfortunes, evince the firmness of Swift's political principles and personal attachment.' The poem is again only a portion of the original Ode; Swift begins with the beautiful line,

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori,

and by rendering it freely, thus,

How blest is he who for his country dies,

has given to his poem the one personal touch that relates it to Lord Oxford. Thenceforward he makes no attempt to apply it directly, and the eulogy thereby gains in strength and delicacy: it is Horace's description and

[1] *Poems* 1. 92.
[2] *Ibid.* 2. 182.

praise of the old Roman character, faithfully reproduced, except where the exigencies of English verse and modern interpretation make some slight variation necessary. Swift has risen to the sublimer mood of Horace, and has laid aside for the moment his usual easy, satiric strain.

Many years later he again used the Ninth Ode of the Fourth Book of Horace as a model for a eulogy upon Humphrey French, Mayor of Dublin;[1] but this time, though he has used the whole of his original, his verses are much more an adaptation than even a paraphrase, and are addressed directly to Humphrey French. Here, too, he has experimented with a new metre, departing from his usual iambic octosyllables, and writing trochees, with a stressed syllable at the end of each line.

One more serious paraphrase of Horace Swift has written, the *Fourteenth Ode of the First Book*, addressed to Ireland.[2] He interprets Horace's poem unquestioningly as an allegory of the Ship of State, and, addressing Ireland as the ship, applies Horace's lines closely to her. His first four lines retain the spirit of the original:

> Unhappy ship, thou art return'd in vain;
> New waves shall drive thee to the deep again.
> Look to thyself, and be no more the sport
> Of giddy winds, but make some friendly port.

But when he comes to translate the following:

> Nonne vides, ut
> Nudum remigio latus,

he begins his application of the allegory,

> Lost are thy oars, that used thy course to guide,
> Like faithful counsellors, on either side.

[1] *Poems* 2. 248.
[2] *Ibid.* 2. 219.

And so he continues: the mast cracks,

> which like some aged patriot stood,
> The single pillar for his country's good;

the cables break, and the waves enter at the keel of the ship; even so a commonwealth,

> When the strong cords of union once are broke,

receives a foreign yoke. The tearing of the sails—

> Non tibi sunt integra lintea—

is occasion for a longer digression; the 'Pontica pinus,' of which the ship is built, is transformed into British oak, and here follows the most concise application of the allegory, ending with the warning:

> Dear vessel, still be to thy steerage just,
> Nor change thy course with every sudden gust;
> Like supple patriots of the modern sort,
> Who turn with every gale that blows from court;

which is a paraphrase and application of the lines,

> Tu, nisi ventis
> Debes ludibrium, cave.

The last stanza, in which Horace seems to refer explicitly to the commonwealth, he turns into an expression of his anxiety for the safety of Ireland.

> Now for thy safety cares distract my mind,

is his equivalent for Horace's

> Nunc desiderium curaque non levis;

and, as Horace warns against the 'nitentes Cyclades,' so he beseeches Ireland to

> Avoid the rocks on Britain's angry shore.

Swift's other imitations of Horace are either highly satirical or else humorous. *Toland's Invitation to Dismal* is a sharply satirical poem modeled upon Horace's kindly, good-humored invitation to Torquatus.[1] Toland, the deist, invites Dismal[2] to dine with him at the Calves' Head Club.

Si potes . . . Torquate,

thus begins Horace's invitation, and Toland imitates him with his

If, dearest Dismal, you for once can dine

upon 'a single dish.' A calf's head is Toland's equivalent for the 'modica olus omne patella' of Horace, and 'tavern wine' he offers in place of that poet's more genial vintage of four or five years' keeping. Nottingham, the 'pillar of High-Church principles,' is asked to

talk, what fools call treason, all the night,

—which is Swift's scathing travesty upon the Roman summer night of friendly talk, 'sermone benigno'; and when Horace draws a general picture of the benevolent efficacy of wine, Swift describes its self-magnifying effect upon particular statesmen and politicians of the time. Toland's province as host is depicted as much the same as that of the Roman host, given a modern British setting; and he ends his letter to Dismal as Horace does his to Torquatus, with an admonition to him to escape all teasing clients by stealing out of the back door.

The *Invitation of John Dennis, the Sheltering Poet, to Richard Steele, the secluded Party-Writer and Member, to come and live with him in the Mint*,[3] is likewise based

[1] *Poems* 2. 156: *E.* 1. 5.

[2] The Earl of Nottingham—nicknamed 'Dismal' on account of his swarthy complexion.

[3] *Poems* 2. 175.

upon the Fifth Epistle of the First Book, but is, in tone at least, less scathing than the attack upon the Earl of Nottingham. Steele is invited to lay aside his spendthrift air, to come and visit John Dennis, and enjoy his homely fare. The invitation is written with a freer spirit than is that to Dismal, at much greater length, and departs from its original with easy digression, to return to it with a sureness and swiftness that is delightfully surprising. The writer, in the person of Dennis, has been filling his lines with local and political allusions, when suddenly he breaks off to add:

> And here I'll wait thy coming, till the sun
> Shall its diurnal course completely run,

a couplet that is in keeping with his own epistolary style, yet has sufficient conciseness to bring it into harmony with Horace's line,

> Supremo te sole domi, Torquate, manebo.

Then, when he has offered him wine that

> Was drunk by Pilkington when third time mayor,

in the same spirit in which Horace has said to his guest,

> Vina bibes iterum Tauro diffusa,

he interjects:

> But if thou soar'st above the common prices,
> By virtue of subscription to thy *Crisis*,
> And nothing can go down with thee but wines
> Press'd from Burgundian and Campanian vines,
> Bid them be brought;

with the same frank independence as is expressed in the admonition to Torquatus,

> Si melius quid habes arcesse vel imperium fer.

At considerable length Dennis sets forth facts, concerning which Horace has been able to assure his guest in the simple line,

Iamdudum splendet focus et tibi munda supellex,

and each then urges his prospective guest to lay aside beguiling hopes and political cares for a while to celebrate a holiday; for

> He's but a short remove from being mad,
> Who at a time of jubilee is sad,

says Swift, following Horace:

> Parcus ob heredis curam nimiumque severus
> Adsidet insano.

Then follows again a description of the effect of wine, as in the earlier imitation, *Toland's Invitation to Dismal;* but here general description is added to particular allusion, and the whole is more genially written, though with only a distant glance at the original. The modern vouching for order and cleanliness in the assurance that

> The girl has scour'd the pots, and wash'd the glasses,
> Ta'en care so excellently well to clean 'em,
> That thou may'st see thine own dear picture in 'em,

is a pleasant rendering of the Latin,

> Et cantharus et lanx
> Ostendat tibi te.

Dennis presently begins a long description of the proposed company with the promise,

> Moreover, due provision has been made,
> That conversation may not be betray'd,

equivalent to the assurance to Torquatus,

> Hæc ego procurare et idoneus imperor et non
> Invitus, . . .
> . . . ne fidos inter amicos
> Sit qui dicta foras eliminet;

adds that

> There's not a man among them but must please,
> Since they're as like each other as are pease,

as Horace has provided

> Ut coeat par
> Jungaturque pari;

and ends his invitation with the urgent request that Steele will slip away by the postern to avoid, this time not his clients, but a 'crowd of duns.'

Swift's other paraphrase of Horace, satirizing Steele—*Horace, Book* 2, *Ode* 1, *Paraphrased*[1]—is the remotest kind of imitation. Swift rallies Steele upon his political pamphlets, especially upon the *Crisis*. The whole poem is a satire upon Steele's interest in, and writings upon, matters of state, and contains no note of admiration such as is evident in its model, Horace's Ode to Pollio upon his leaving the writing of tragedy to write a history of the civil war. Swift glances at Steele's comedies, to which, he suggests, it will perhaps be worth his while to return when he has 'settled Europe's grand affairs'; and, after passing in review all his varied activities, he urges him to return to that province of literature for which his genius is qualified; for, he adds,

> Thy genius has perhaps a knack,
> At trudging in a beaten track,
> But is for state affairs as fit
> As mine for politics and wit.

[1] *Poems, 2.* 171.

Horace, with his usual modesty when he has touched upon heroic themes, ends his ode with a self-admonition to seek measures of a lighter strain; Swift includes Steele in this warning,

> Then let us both in time grow wise,
> Nor higher than our talents rise,

wishing to lead him away to simpler themes.

There is one more fierce satire based upon Horace, *On Noisy Tom*,[1] written very much later in Swift's life. In 1733 Swift wanted to satirize Sir Thomas Prendergast, and he found some lines in the Sixth Satire of the First Book to his purpose.[2] Horace's lines are parenthetical and illustrative, and are more bitterly scathing than he is wont to use. Swift's poem is an adaptation of them; the circumstances and personages are relatively the same, and he has only to adjust them to his own times and to his contemporaries, which he does with his usual unerring directness. The only notice that he takes of the lines,

> hic, si plostra ducenta
> Concurrantque foro tria funera, magna sonabit
> Cornua quod vincatque tubas,

is to give his victim the title of 'Noisy Tom.'

Two humorous imitations of Horace Swift wrote in collaboration with Pope, or at least in some sort of association with him, for Pope departs from his usual heroic couplets, and writes in octosyllabic metre, so as to link his parts of these *Imitations* with Swift's favorite verse form.

The first they wrote was the *Imitation of the Seventh Epistle of the First Book*, addressed to Lord Oxford,[3]

[1] *Poems* 2. 260.
[2] *S.* 1. 6. 34-44.
[3] *Poems* 2. 159; see also Pope's *Wks.* 3. 395.

Pope writing the first half, the philosophic part of the epistle, Swift completing it with the illustrative story of the pleader Philippus and the auctioneer Vulteius Mena. The moral of the story is that one shall be neither a giver nor a recipient of patronage, and, instead of Philippus and Vulteius, Lord Oxford and Swift take the place of patron and patronized. Instead of a farm, as in the original story, Swift receives the deanery of St. Patrick's; Philippus gives Vulteius seven thousand sesterces, and promises him seven thousand more as a loan;

> Poor Swift departed, and, what's worse,
> With borrow'd money in his purse.

Vulteius, ignorant of how to manage a farm, comes to grief; and, as for Swift in his deanery,

> His tenants wrong him in his rent,
> The farmers spitefully combine,
> Force him to take his tithes in kine,
> And Parvisol discounts arrears
> By bills, for taxes and repairs.

At length, angered by his losses, Vulteius takes horse in the middle of the night, and rides to the house of Philippus; while

> Poor Swift, with all his losses vex'd,
> Not knowing where to turn him next,
> Above a thousand pounds in debt,
> Takes horse, and in a mighty fret
> Rides day and night at such a rate
> He soon arrives at Harley's gate.

The amusing scene of recognition and raillery between Philippus and Vulteius is as amusingly imitated by Swift, who begs

> Then, since you now have done your worst,
> Pray leave me where you found me first,

just as Vulteius prays to be restored to his former way of living. Horace's moral Swift leaves for Pope to incorporate in his part of the poem.

The other *Imitation* of Horace written by the two poets is of the Sixth Satire of the Second Book,[1] and is again in Swift's favorite metre. Swift begins with the picture of what his desire had been—a house in the country and a comfortable income to maintain it with, adding the contrasting picture of the ferment and intrigue of court-life. In his published version of the poem, Pope has interjected into Swift's part several of his own lines; when Swift ends with an expression of his longing for a quiet retreat where he might

> in sweet oblivion drown
> Those cares that haunt the court and town,

Pope takes up the theme, and carries it along for some twenty lines, when he drops into Horace's tale of the Town and Country Mouse. Swift has not kept in very close touch with the original, except that he retains the general idea of the Satire, and also its framework. He gives an interesting parallel between the beginning of his own friendship with Lord Oxford and the beginning of the friendship between Horace and Mæcenas. The suggestion for this seems to have occurred when Queen Anne's court was at Windsor, and he was quite frequently making the journey between Windsor and London in the company of the Lord Treasurer. He speaks of it in his *Journal to Stella*:[2] 'When he and I came last Monday from Windsor, we were reading all the signs on the road. He is a pure trifler.' This he wrote in 1711, and probably the likeness to Horace and Mæcenas struck him then, for a few years later he is writing the lines of the *Imitation:*

[1] *Poems* 2. 167; see also Pope's *Wks.* 3. 403.
[2] Oct. 11, 1711 (*Prose Wks.* 2. 258).

'Tis (let me see) three years and more,
(October next it will be four,)
Since Harley bid me first attend,
And chose me for an humble friend;
Would take me in his coach to chat,
And question me of this and that;
As 'What's o'clock?' And, 'How's the wind?'
'Whose chariot's that we left behind?'
Or gravely try to read the lines
Writ underneath the country signs;

. . .

Such tattle often entertains
My lord and me as far as Staines,
As once a-week we travel down
To Windsor, and again to town;
Where all that passes *inter nos*
Might be proclaim'd at Charing-Cross.

Horace's account of his friendship with Mæcenas is as particular, though a briefer one:

Septimus octavo proprior iam fugerit annus
Ex quo Mæcenas me cœpit habere suorum
In numero; dumtaxat ad hoc, quem tollere ræda
Vellet iter faciens et cui concredere nugas
Hoc genus: 'Hora quota est? Thrax est Gallina Syro par?
Matutina parum cautos iam frigora mordent:'
Et quæ rimosa bene deponuntur in aure.

These are all of the poems which Swift imitated from Horace, with the exception of an early translation or paraphrase of the Eighteenth Ode of the Second Book which he wrote when at Oxford, where he went to obtain the Master's degree in 1692, and which seems to have been his earliest effort in verse.

Of imitations or paraphrases of other authors besides Horace, he wrote very few. There is a translation of a little poem of Catullus on Lesbia, and a fragment of

Petronius imitated under the title, *On Dreams*. The *Description of a Salamander* is adapted from Pliny, the poem *Baucis and Philemon* is imitated from the eighth book of Ovid, and, for the *Fable of Midas*, a satire on the Duke of Marlborough, Swift's authorities are Ovid and Hyginus.

Ovid, Virgil, and Horace are very frequent sources for his classical references and tales in his poems. The poem that is most full of classical allusion is his rhapsody *On Poetry*,[1] and here Virgil and Horace are most often drawn upon. This 'rhapsody' is in reality a travesty, and is a sort of ironical *Ars Poetica*, in which Swift employs his favorite method of arguing with all his powerful eloquence for the thing that he would not. He instills into the mind of the poet who would thrive the best rules for flattery; he teaches the would-be critic the proper airs to assume, and advises him to learn the 'modern critic's' jargon:

> Then talk with more authentic face
> Of unities, in time and place:
> Get scraps of Horace from your friends,
> And have them at your fingers' ends;
> Learn Aristotle's rules by rote,
> And all his hazards boldly quote.

His scornful advice with regard to Horace and Aristotle throws light upon the use to which the classical authors, especially Horace, were degraded by his contemporaries. He expresses the same contempt in his poem *On the Death of Dr. Swift*:[2]

> Those who their ignorance confest,
> He ne'er offended with a jest;
> But laughed to hear an idiot quote
> A verse from Horace learned by rote.

[1] *Poems* 1. 264.
[2] *Ibid.* 1. 263-264.

He and his friends use Horatian phrases and situations constantly in their verses to and from one another, in their rhymed riddles and answers, in their birthday verses, and in their rhymed epigrams launched now against friends, now against enemies.

Swift's fondness for Horace was of lifelong duration: in his latest years it is Horace's recognition of the underlying sadness of life that appeals to him; whilst in his youth he had shown his appreciation of the sturdier philosophy of endurance that appears in much of Horace's poetry.

> Be this thy sure defence, thy brazen wall,
> Know no base action, at no guilt turn pale;

he writes in a poem *Occasioned by Sir William Temple's Illness*,[1] mindful of Horace's admonitory lines reflecting upon himself, in his Epistle to Mæcenas:[2]

> Hic murus aëneus esto,
> Nil conscire sibi, nulla pallescere culpa.

Throughout his life he dealt with men and with facts more than with theories, and openly scorned the philosophies of the schools; yet he has frequently expressed ideas upon life that amount to a practical philosophy. And it is especially in his ideas with regard to riches and the benefits a moderate possession and right use of them bring, as well as in his habitual contemplation of life as inherently sad, that he comes closest to Horace, and claims him as a kindred thinker.

[1] *Poems* 1. 34.
[2] Ll. 60-61.

HENRY FIELDING, 1707-1754

All Fielding's biographers—from Murphy in his *Essay on the Life and Genius of Henry Fielding*, written in 1762, not many years after Fielding's death, to Austin Dobson, one of the latest scholars in Fielding lore—have paid tribute to his learning, though some have raised doubts as to its depth. Murphy's statement, that when Fielding left Eton 'he was said to be uncommonly versed in the Greek authors, and an early master of the Latin classics; for both which he retained a strong admiration in all the subsequent passages of his life,' has been often repeated. And in reading his works with a view to discovering how much influence the writings of Horace had upon them, one is impressed not only with the very evident and sound learning of Fielding, but also with the natural way in which he uses that learning. It is so much an integral part of his own life and thought that he brings it to bear upon every undertaking, whether it be one of his great novels, an exposition of the law, or the journal of his voyage to Lisbon; with the result that it appears as an essential ingredient of his works, and cannot be separated from them without destroying their value. This characteristic belongs more peculiarly to Fielding than to any writer of this period, saturated though it was with classical learning more or less genuine. He himself frequently intimates how much value he puts upon learning, quoting, sometimes ironically, sometimes seriously, Horace's precept with regard to writers:[1]

> Ego nec studium sine divite vena
> Nec rude quid prosit video ingenium; alterius sic
> Altera poscit opem res et coniurat amice;

[1] *A. P.* 409-411.

and again asserting in the same vein with Horace, 'that the learned and unlearned become such indifferently':[1]

Scribimus indocti doctique poemata passim.

'Nay,' he says in the *Champion*,[2] after citing Cicero and Quintilian, 'though Horace himself denies any thing to be in the power of genius without improvement, notwithstanding these authorities, I say, I have very often suspected whether learning be of such consequence to a writer as it is imagined. This, however, I have hitherto kept to myself, and, perhaps, though Horace hath, in another place, taken up the contrary side to what he declares above, and hath enumerated many advantages arising to a state from the custom of writing as well without, as with learning; I might perhaps have never ventured publicly to have declared my opinion, had I not found it supported by one of the greatest writers of our own age: I mean Mr. Colley Cibber.' One number of the *Champion*[3] he devotes to proving with the aid of the motto from Horace,[4]

Quid studium prosit?

that learning is not necessary to the professions of divinity, of physic, and of law, hence assuredly not to other callings of life. 'I can produce,' he adds to strengthen his argument, 'such a number of very pretty poets, and judicious critics, who owe their excellence to vast abilities alone, without the least assistance from human literature; and are living instances of the false-

[1] *Champion*, March 1, 1739-40 (*Works of Henry Fielding*, ed. by W. E. Henley, 1902, 15. 223): *E.* 2. 1. 117.

[2] April 29, 1740 (*Wks.* 15. 292).

[3] Dec. 25, 1739 (*Wks.* 15. 115).

[4] *A. P.* 409-410.

hood of that assertion of one Horace, which I found in my father's commonplace book,[1]

Non rude quid possit video ingenium.'

This habit of using ironically the authority of Horace to clinch his argument Fielding has in common with Swift.

Judging by his writings, he was much more of a Greek scholar than most of his contemporaries, though on this point he himself modestly says,[2]

Latin I write, and Greek I—read.

His taste for the classics has been frequently commented upon. Murphy describes him in sickness and poverty as quietly reading Cicero *De Consolatione;* he evidently had Plato with him on his voyage to Lisbon, as he quotes from him at length in the *Journal;* Parson Adams carries an Æschylus in his pocket, which he has himself painstakingly copied; Austin Dobson points out, in his Illustrative Notes to the *Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon,*[3] that Lucian was one of his favorite authors; and in his description of the catalogue of Fielding's library, in *Eighteenth Century Vignettes,* the same author tells us that the 'largest and most important sections are in law and classical literature.' He has left us a curious expression of his own feeling with regard to the relative value of poet and historian, in his *Preface to the Voyage to Lisbon,*[4] where he asserts that the *Odyssey* is to voyage-writing 'what romance is to true history, the former being the confounder and corrupter of the latter.' And he continues: 'For my part, I must confess, I should have honoured and loved Homer more

[1] See also *Tom Jones,* Book 9, ch. 1 (*Wks.* 4. 155, 157); and *Covent-Garden Journal,* No. 51 (*Wks.* 14. 203).

[2] *To Sir Robert Walpole* (*Wks.* 12. 281).

[3] Note on p. 238, l. 21 (*Wks.* 16. 298).

[4] *Wks.* 16. 182.

had he written a true history of his own times in humble prose than those noble poems that have so justly collected the praise of all ages; for, though I read these with more admiration and astonishment, I still read Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon, with more amusement and more satisfaction.' However, to this he presently adds a modifying statement; and that it is not a complete expression of his views, his writings in general bear testimony, as well as another statement, that occurs in the *Inquiry into the Causes of the Late Increase of Robbers*,[1] and that rings like a more deliberate expression of his opinion, for he has constantly put it into practice: he premises an implicit allusion to the authority of Aristotle and Horace with the suggestion that 'we have recourse to the poets, for the good poet and the good politician do not differ so much as some who know nothing of either art affirm.'

That Fielding was dependent upon, or indebted to, any one classic author more than another, it would be unwise to state. Various of his writings follow the style of various authors. The mock-heroic satirizing of the style of Homer and Virgil he is fond of, especially in his novels, where he also follows these poets in the description of his heroines; the *Journey from this World to the Next* is a 'Lucianic fragment'; his legal writings depend much upon the Greek and Roman historians, and upon such poets as Plato, Aristotle, and Horace; Aristophanes and Plautus, as well as Molière and Cervantes, influence his comedies and burlesques; but Horace impregnates all his writings, so unassumingly as in no way to influence the style of any particular work, but vitally enough to be recognized as a poet whose quiet teachings meant a great deal in Fielding's literary life.

In his *Proposal for Making an Effectual Provision for*

[1] *Wks.* 13. 123.

the Poor there is an expression of his indebtedness to Horace, which intimates of what a personal kind the debt was. It occurs in the conclusion of the pamphlet:[1] 'Thus have I laid my plan before the public, with all that I have to say in its support or recommendation. . . . Whatever shall be the fate of my labour it will not find me quite unprepared; . . . I do not affect an absolute or stoical indifference on this occasion; I mean no more than to be as little solicitous as it is possible about events, whatever trouble I have taken in using the means—a temper of mind for which I am not a little obliged to my great master's advice:[2]

Quem sors dierum cumque dabit, lucro appone.

And again:[3]

Grata superveniet, quæ non sperabitur, hora.

The forming which into a general precept, and then reducing that precept into a habit, hath cost me more pains than I have employed in composing the foregoing pages; nor is the former labour thrown away, whatever may become of the latter.' In No. 42 of the *Covent-Garden Journal*[4] Fielding makes a correspondent express his predilection for Horace. He is satirizing the method of bringing up the youth of the day to become 'an accomplished fine gentleman at one-and-twenty,' and shows the contrast between the genuine and the false method, by the half ironical description of his own education: 'It was my misfortune, however, to have a father of the antique way of thinking; by which means, I lost the best part of my youth in turning over those books in which I

[1] *Wks.* 13. 192-193.
[2] *O.* 1. 9. 14-15.
[3] *E.* 1. 4. 14.
[4] *Wks.* 14. 179.

have said there is little useful to be learned. I remember a passage out of Horace, who is the best of them, and who seems to be very particularly a favourite of yours.'

Fielding defers to Horace in his many-sided character of philosopher, of observer of men, manners, and morals, and of literary and dramatic critic; curiously enough, his use of him, whether seriously or ironically, is seldom if ever in Horace's own lighter vein, and one is tempted to believe that the Satires and Epistles meant more to him than the Odes. When he cites Horace the philosopher, he usually drops the weapon of irony, and becomes serious. For instance, in *Tom Jones*,[1] he makes the Man of the Hill say of philosophy and religion that 'they strengthen and confirm the mind, till man becomes, in the noble strain of Horace,[2]

> Fortis et in seipso totus, teres atque rotundus,
> Externi ne quid valeat per læve morari:
> In quem manca ruit semper Fortuna.

And he again defers to this precept in his essay, *Of the Remedy of Affliction for the Loss of our Friends*:[3] 'A soul once possessed of that degree of virtue which can without emotion look on poverty, pain, disgrace, and death, as things indifferent; a soul, as Horace expresses it,

> Totus teres atque rotundus;

. . . which can look down on all the ruffling billows of fortune, as from a rock on shore we survey a tempestuous sea with unconcern; such a soul is surely in a state of health which no vigour of bodily constitution can resemble.' In the section upon gaming, in the *Inquiry into the Causes of the Late Increase of Robbers*,[4]

[1] Book 8, ch. 13 (*Wks.* 4. 137).
[2] *S.* 2. 7. 86-88.
[3] *Wks.* 16. 98.
[4] *Ibid.* 13. 44.

Fielding, having given a sketch of the several acts against gaming in the history of English law, concludes: 'Lastly, what can a man who sins in open defiance of the laws of his country answer to the "vir bonus est quis"?[1] Can he say,

Qui consulta patrum, qui leges juraque servat?

Or can he apply that celebrated line,

Oderunt peccare boni virtutis honore,

to himself, who owes to his greatness, and not to his innocence, that he is not deterred from such vices—Formidine Pœnæ?' Writing in No. 10 of the *Covent-Garden Journal*[2] concerning the methods of authors, he recommends the lighter vein, to be 'intermixed and served up, with graver matters, . . . for why, as Horace says,[3] should not any one promulgate truth with a smile on his countenance?' And later in the essay, reflecting on readers, he judges them by the same standard: 'How differently did Horace think of study from our modern readers!

Quid verum atque decens curo et rogo, et omnis in
hoc sum:
Condo et compono, quæ mox depromere possim.[4]

"Truth and decency are my whole care and inquiry. In this study I am entirely occupied; these I am always laying up, and so disposing that I can at any time draw forth my stores for my immediate use." The whole epistle indeed, from which I have paraphrased this passage, is a comment upon it, and affords many useful lessons of philosophy.' And in the *Champion* of February 26, 1739-

[1] *E.* 1. 16. 40, 41, *52*, 53.
[2] *Wks.* 14. 111.
[3] *S.* 1. 1. 24-25.
[4] *E.* 1. 1. 11-12.

40,[1] he aligns his own theory of happiness with the teaching of Horace: 'I am convinced that happiness does not always sit on the pinnacle of power, or lie in a bed of state; but is rather to be found in that golden mean which Horace prescribes in the motto of my paper,[2] where it is seldom missed, unless by such as, through too great humility, dare not invite happiness to their humble dwellings, but foolishly put off the hopes of entertaining this guest, till they can make themselves masters of stately rooms and splendid furniture to receive it.'

His deference to Horace as a moral observer of men and manners Fielding makes manifest by choosing from his writings mottos for his two great novels. To the *History of Tom Jones* he has given the motto,[3]

Mores hominum multorum vidit.

and to *Amelia*,[4]

Felices ter et amplius,
Quos irrupta tenet copula.

In *Tom Jones* there are several such observations based upon similar remarks by Horace. In Book 2, Chapter 4,[5] for instance, he comments upon the usefulness of barbers' shops as news-centres: 'Among the Greeks, barbers' news was a proverbial expression; and Horace, in one of his epistles,[6] makes honourable mention of the Roman barbers in the same light.' In Book 7, Chapter 1,[7] he shows how essential to men is some form of relaxation: 'As Garrick, whom I regard in tragedy to be the greatest genius the world hath ever produced, sometimes condescends to play

[1] *Wks.* 15. 218.
[2] *O.* 2. 10. 5-8.
[3] *A. P.* 142.
[4] *O.* 1. 13. 17-18.
[5] *Wks.* 3. 75.
[6] *S.* 1. 7. 1-3.
[7] *Wks.* 3. 334.

the fool; so did Scipio the Great and Lælius the Wise, according to Horace,[1] many years ago.' In Book 10, Chapter 1,[2] he gives us a glimpse of how tolerantly he judges mankind: 'In fact, if there be enough of goodness in a character to engage the admiration and affection of a well-disposed mind, though there should appear some of those little blemishes, "quas humana parum cavit natura,"[3] they will raise our compassion rather than our abhorrence.' Tom Jones[4] repeats to Partridge the lines of Horace beginning,[5]

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori,

which, he says, 'would inspire courage in a coward,' and he gives his own paraphrase of them. Fielding finds in Horace words to describe the effect of joy upon his beautiful heroine Amelia:[6] 'This made her satisfaction complete, threw her into such spirits, and gave such a lustre to her eyes, that her face, as Horace says, was too dazzling to be looked at.'[7] Dr. Harrison,[8] the country vicar, finds a standard of morality in Horace: 'No man is fonder of true wit and humour than myself; but to profane sacred things with jest and scoffing, is a sure sign of a weak and wicked mind. . . . Horace . . . describes such a rascal:[9]

Solutos
Qui captat risus hominum famamque dicacis.

And says of him,

Hic niger est, hunc tu, Romane, caveto.'

[1] *S.* 2. 1. 71-74.
[2] *Wks.* 4. 195.
[3] *A. P.* 353.
[4] Book 12, ch. 3 (*Wks.* 4. 312).
[5] *O.* 3. 2. 13-16.
[6] *Amelia*, Book 5, ch. 7 (*Wks.* 6. 258).
[7] *O.* 1. 19. 8.
[8] *Amelia*, Book 10, ch. 4 (*Wks.* 7. 205).
[9] *S.* 1. 4. 82-83, 85.

Fielding censures that tendency in Horace to seek the 'secretum iter et fallentis semita vitæ,'[1] and condemns those men of ability 'who, as Horace expresses it, deceive mankind, and pass through the world without being known by it.'[2] A temper of mind which may be as happy for the possessor as Horace and Epicurus seem to think it, but which, very unhappily for the public, is bestowed by nature on the wrong persons.'[3] To this latent temper in Horace, that appears from time to time throughout his works, Fielding's public spirit was in no way akin, for he gave his best energies and sacrificed his health to the use of the state.

He bases several of his warnings against the use of slander upon similar warnings in Horace. In No. 23 of the *Covent-Garden Journal*,[4] deploring the state of anarchy he finds among authors, he exclaims: 'Nay, I have been told, that to slander the reputation of private persons was once thought unlawful here as well as among the Romans, who, as Horace tells us, had a severe law for this purpose.'[5] And again in the *Champion* for March 6, 1739-40,[6] he says: 'A scandalous story should be heard with reluctance, believed with difficulty, and published with deliberation: for in this particular, that of Horace is most true,[7] "nescit vox missa reverti." ' And finally, in the *Essay on Conversation*,[8] he summarizes 'the whole doctrine of raillery' as 'comprised in this famous line:[9]

> Quid de quoque viro, et cui dicas, sæpe caveto.
>
> Be cautious what you say, of whom and to whom.'

[1] *E.* 1. 18. 103. [2] *E.* 1. 17. 10.

[3] *Proposal for Making an Effectual Provision for the Poor,* Introduction (*Wks.* 13. 143).

[4] *Wks.* 14. 141. [5] *S.* 2. 1. 80-83, and *E.* 2. 1. 152-154.

[6] *Ibid.* 15. 233.

[7] *A. P.* 390.

[8] *Wks.* 14. 275-276.

[9] *E.* 1. 18. 68.

Fielding had a high opinion of Horace as a literary critic, and places him in this capacity, as Addison does, beside Aristotle and Longinus. 'For I can never be understood,' he says in the opening chapter of Book 11 of *Tom Jones*,[1] 'to endeavour to exclude from the commonwealth of literature any of those noble critics, to whose labours the learned world are so greatly indebted. Such were Aristotle, Horace, and Longinus, among the ancients.' In the opening chapter of the following book of the same novel[2] (for these opening chapters are frequently given up to his theories of literary criticism) he places Horace among another group, and in a slightly different aspect: 'In like manner are the ancients, such as Homer, Virgil, Horace, Cicero, and the rest, to be esteemed among us writers, as so many wealthy squires, from whom we, the poor of Parnassus, claim an immemorial custom of taking whatever we can come at.' And he returns to his three critics in the first number of the *Covent-Garden Journal*:[3] 'I well know the present dreadful condition of the great empire of letters; . . . that the constitutions of Aristotle, Horace, Longinus, and Bossu, under which the state of criticism so long flourished, have been entirely neglected, and the government usurped by a set of fellows, entirely ignorant of all those laws.'

Fielding's own criticisms of Homer are more or less guided by the Roman master of criticism. 'I wish,' he says in one of those first chapters in *Tom Jones*,[4] 'with all my heart, that Homer could have known the rule prescribed by Horace, to introduce supernatural agents as seldom as possible.'[5] But he is not always in accord

1 *Wks.* 4. 245.
2 *Ibid.* 4. 303.
3 *Ibid.* 14. 77.
4 Book 8, ch. 1 (*Wks.* 4. 59).
5 *A. P.* 191-192.

with Horace's judgment of Homer, for in the first chapter of Book 5 of *Tom Jones*,[1] writing upon the art of contrast always practised by judicious writers, he adds: 'I have been surprised that Horace should cavil at this art in Homer; but indeed he contradicts himself in the very next line:[2]

> Indignor quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus;
> Verum opere in longo fas est obrepere somnum.
>
> I grieve if e'er great Homer chance to sleep,
> Yet slumbers on long works have right to creep.'

And in *Joseph Andrews*[3] he puts into the mouth of Parson Adams what is evidently his own opinion as to the relative value of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*: 'But if you please we will confine ourselves (at least for the present) to the *Iliad*, his noblest work; though neither Aristotle nor Horace give it the preference, as I remember, to the *Odyssey*. First, then, as to his subject, can anything be more simple, and at the same time more noble? He is rightly praised by the first of these judicious critics, for not choosing the whole war, which, though he says it hath a complete beginning and end, would have been too great for the understanding to comprehend at one view. I have therefore often wondered why so correct a writer as Horace should, in his epistle to Lollius, call him the Trojani Belli Scriptorem.'[4]

The authority of Horace as a literary critic is also constantly invoked in his prefaces, prolegomena, and notes to his plays.

Besides this definite application of Horace's rules of criticism to particular pieces of work, Fielding reveals the fact that his judgments are habitually guided by his

[1] *Wks.* 3. 209.

[2] *A. P.* 359-360 [Verum operi longo fas est obrepere somnum].

[3] Book 3, ch. 2 (*Wks.* 1. 224).

[4] *E.* 1. 2. 1.

precepts. In Book 7, Chapter 6, of *Tom Jones*,[1] he says: 'Here, therefore, we shall strictly adhere to a rule of Horace; by which writers are directed to pass over all those matters which they despair of placing in a shining light.'[2] And in the first chapter of Book 9:[3] 'The author who will make me weep, says Horace, must first weep himself.'[4] In the *Champion* Horace is held up for emulation, first in the number of December 4, 1739,[5] as one who 'is so far from fearing the censure of the illiterate rabble, that he esteemed it laudable not to endeavour to please them, but rather to be content with a few readers; and declares himself of the same opinion with the Roman actress, who was satisfied with the applause of one polite judge in opposition to the hisses of the whole house beside';[6] and again, in the number of March 15, 1739-40,[7] as one who 'in his Art of Poetry,' particularly recommends an exact and severe defalcation of all superfluous members in poetry. He himself practises this rule every where with the greatest exactness; so much dreading the contrary, that in one of his epistles, when he apprehends himself in danger of running into too great a length, he stops short, and ends in almost an abrupt manner,[9]

> Ne me verbosi scrinia lippi,
> Compilasse putes—verbum non amplius addam.'

Fielding liked this abrupt ending so much that he has used it elsewhere in his own writings,[10] and concludes his last number of the *Covent-Garden Journal* with it.

[1] *Wks.* 3. 352.
[2] *A. P.* 149-150.
[3] *Wks.* 4. 159.
[4] *A. P.* 102-103.
[5] *Wks.* 15. 85.
[6] *S.* 1. 10. 73-77.
[7] *Wks.* 15. 246.
[8] *A. P.* 289-294. [9] *S.* 1. 1. 120-121. [Ne me Crispini scrinia lippi.]
[10] See *Amelia*, Book 10, ch. 1 (*Wks.* 7. 183); and *True Patriot*, No. 10 (*Wks.* 14. 39).

In the character of dramatic critic, which he assumed both in his own plays and in his newspapers, Fielding occasionally found Horace of use to him, especially in the humorous application of one of the rules of the *Ars Poetica*. In the dramatic satire, *Pasquin*,[1] the writer of comedies, Trapwit, gives a double thrust at the subservience to rule of the French theatre and its followers, and at the opposite extreme of brutality into which the English stage has been in danger of running, in his answer to an objection of the rival writer of tragedies: 'What, would you have everything brought upon the stage? I intend to bring ours to the dignity of the French stage; and I have Horace's advice on my side;[2] we have many things both said and done in our comedies, which might be better performed behind the scenes: . . . and I don't see why we should bring on a lady . . . practising all manner of cruelty upon her lover.' And in *Eurydice Hissed*[3] the same rule is invoked:

> Sourwit. But don't you intend to lay the scene in the theatre, and let us see the farce fairly damned before us?
>
> Spatter. No, Sir, it is a thing of too horrible a nature; for which reason I shall follow Horace's rule, and only introduce a description of it. Come, enter, Description.

Fielding has made curious use of this rule also in his *Inquiry into the Causes of the Late Increase of Robbers*,[4] where, in advocating private executions as tending toward the discouragement of crime, he adds, to strengthen his argument: 'Here the poets will again assist us. Foreigners have found fault with the cruelty of the English

[1] Act 3, Sc. 1 (*Wks.* 11. 197).
[2] *A. P.* 182-188.
[3] *Wks.* 11. 306.
[4] Section 11 (*Wks.* 13. 123-124).

drama, in representing frequent murders upon the stage. In fact, this is not only cruel but highly injudicious: a murder behind the scenes, if the poet knows how to manage it, will affect the audience with greater terror than if it was acted before their eyes.' And he puts Horace to ludicrous use when, in the *Champion* for December 15, 1739,[1] he ridicules the farcical devices of the contemporary stage: 'The playhouse . . . falls naturally within my province: . . . it would be therefore unjust, to take no notice of a most excellent device made use of the other night, where some one observing that Brutus says of Cæsar, "The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow," equipped the said Cæsar with a large painted spot over his eye. Such decorations as these are of great use to an Author, as they greatly heighten a poetical image, and at the same time help the audience to understand it: for as Horace says,[2] "Nothing makes so quick an impression on the mind as, Qua sunt oculis, subjecta fidelibus." '

Fielding laughs at the prevailing use of mottos, though he himself uses them, often felicitously; but he has not Steele's happy aptitude of conveying the gist of his essay in his motto. In his farces, which are the vehicles for all his dramatic satire, he twice holds this fashion up to ridicule. In *Pasquin*[3] his particular victim is Cibber; at the end of the second act Trapwit exclaims to the tragedy writer: 'Mr. Fustian, I inculcate a particular moral at the end of every act; and therefore might have put a particular motto before every one, as the author of *Cæsar in Egypt* has done.' In the *Author's Farce*[4] he makes Index present his bill to Bookweight for supplying him with suitable mottos for pamphlets: 'For fitting the motto of Risum

[1] *Wks.* 15. 107.
[2] *A. P.* 180-181.
[3] Act 2, Sc. 1 (*Wks.* 11. 183).
[4] Act 2, Sc. 4 (*Wks.* 8. 219-220).

teneatis Amici[1] to a dozen pamphlets, at sixpence per each, six shillings—For Omnia vincit Amor, et nos cedamus Amori,[2] sixpence—For Difficile est Satyram non scribere,[3] sixpence—Hum! hum! hum! Sum total, for thirty-six Latin mottos, eighteen shillings; etc.'

Where he gives mottos to his plays, his favorite source is Juvenal, which is indicative of the character of his dramatic writings. Where he has given mottos at all to any of his legal writings, he has drawn them from Cicero. In his journalistic writings the mottos are preponderatingly from Horace. A peculiarity in the *Covent-Garden Journal* is that he frequently gives surprising English equivalents for the Latin: Horace's 'Odi profanum vulgus,'[4] used as motto for two essays on different subjects, has at first the translation, 'I hate profane rascals,'[5] and secondly, 'I hate the mob.'[6] An essay on charity[7] has for motto:[8]

O bone, ne te
Frustrere, insanis et tu,

which is translated: 'My good friend, do not deceive thyself; for with all thy charity, thou also art a silly fellow.'

This 'paraphrastical manner' of rendering his classical allusions he has himself drawn attention to in No. 42 of the *Covent-Garden Journal*,[9] and a glance at the citations of Horace already given will show how frequently he paraphrases his author for the benefit of his general

[1] Horace, *A. P.* 5.
[2] Virgil, *Ecl.* 10. 69.
[3] Juvenal, *S.* 1. 30.
[4] *O.* 3. 1. 1.
[5] No. 33 (*Wks.* 14. 159).
[6] No. 49 (*Wks.* 14. 197).
[7] No. 44 (*Wks.* 14. 184).
[8] *S.* 2. 3. 31-32.
[9] *Wks.* 14. 179.

readers, without giving the original quotation: or where he has given the original, he immediately follows it with his own easy rendering of its meaning. Throughout his works he seldom borrows anything from another author without explicitly giving its source.

His favorite Horatian source is the *Ars Poetica*, and references to it are to be found in all the different kinds of his writings. Such well-known lines as,[1]

> Mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes;

and[2]

> Nec deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus
> Inciderit,

are found more than once—the latter indeed no less than four times, three times in *Tom Jones*[3] and once in *Jonathan Wild*,[4] each time with a distinct application. A favorite passage is that which contains the maxim of Horace that genius must be coupled with learning, if it is to produce aught of any value:[5]

> Ego nec studium sine divite vena
> Nec rude quid prosit video ingenium; alterius sic
> Altera poscit opem res et coniurat amice.
> Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam
> Multa tulit fecitque puer, sudavit et alsit.

And this passage illuminates his attitude toward his own genius and the use he made of it, when not turned aside from his purpose by the urgent necessity of making money. In Book 9, Chapter 1, of *Tom Jones*,[6] he pays

[1] *A. P.* 142: Motto for *Tom Jones*, and referred to in *Champion*, March 20, 1740 (*Wks.* 15. 247).

[2] *A. P.* 191-192.

[3] Book 8, ch. 1 (*Wks.* 4. 59); Book 9, ch. 5 (*Wks.* 4. 180); and Book 17, ch. 1 (*Wks.* 5. 248).

[4] Book 2, ch. 12 (*Wks.* 2. 91).

[5] *A. P.* 409-413.

[6] *Wks.* 4. 157.

tribute to that genius, 'without a full vein of which no study, says Horace, can avail us.' His other allusions to it are all in the spirit of irony. In No. 34 of the *Covent-Garden Journal*[1] he satirically urges the stage as an easy and remunerative profession, and warns against 'the head-aches, and the heart-aches, which lead up to the top of either the army or the law:

> Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam
> Multa tulit fecitque puer.'

In No. 51 of the same *Journal*[2] he expatiates upon 'the new invention of writing without the qualifications of any genius or learning,' and upon the old printers who, 'possibly misled by an old precept in one Horace, seem to have imagined that both those ingredients were necessary in the writer.' His references in the *Champion* to these lines have already been quoted at length.

Of Fielding's novels, *Tom Jones* contains most Horatian allusion. Parson Adams several times in *Joseph Andrews* quotes Horace, but the Greek poets are his favorites. The few allusions in *Jonathan Wild* occur in the author's own comment upon his hero. In the *Journey from this World to the Next* there is, as might be expected, very little of Horace. Both Tom Jones and Captain Booth were fairly good scholars. Fielding expressly draws attention to this side of Booth's character in Book 8, Chapter 5,[3] where he says: 'Booth, as the reader may be pleased to remember, was a pretty good master of the classics; for his father, though he designed his son for the army, did not think it necessary to breed him up a blockhead. He did not, perhaps, imagine, that a competent share of Latin and Greek would make his son either a pedant or a coward.' Tom Jones endeavors to put

[1] *Wks.* 14. 166.
[2] *Ibid.* 14. 203.
[3] *Ibid.* 7. 83.

courage into Partridge by repeating some lines of Horace,[1] and he recites two stanzas of the famous Twenty-second Ode,[2] and drinks a bumper of wine to the health of his dear Lalage, with all the fervor of a heroic lover, and the pleasure of an admirer of Horace. Fielding is careful to make all the persons of his novels speak in character, so that, besides those already mentioned, we find Horace being quoted only by such men as Partridge in *Tom Jones*, though his Latin is very much on the surface, and Horace is to him 'a hard author';[3] and a vain young clergyman and the good Dr. Harrison in *Amelia;* much of Dr. Harrison's quotation of Horace occurs in his spirited battle with the learned Mrs. Atkinson. For the rest, Fielding gives us his Horatian allusions directly, many occurring in those famed opening chapters of his in *Tom Jones*, besides elsewhere throughout the novels; as for instance, when he calls the poet to his assistance in describing both his heroines, Sophia[4] and Amelia.[5]

In his plays there is less classical comment than in any other kind of his writings except his poems. In them Horace shares the honors pretty equally with Aristotle, Virgil, and perhaps Ovid. In the *Coffee-House Politician*,[6] Sotmore, in upholding what is the chief occupation of his life, drinking, calls Horace to his assistance as a poet who 'wrote in Falernian instead of ink,'[7] while Constant brings to his aid in this important argument the opinion of the philosophers, one of whom is plainly also Horace.[8] The character of Hellebore in the *Mock Doctor* is an inter-

1 Book 12, ch. 3 (*Wks.* 4. 312); *O.* 3. 2. 13-16.

2 Book 12, ch. 10 (*Wks.* 4. 346-347).

3 Book 12, ch. 3 (*Wks.* 4. 312).

4 *Tom Jones,* Book 4, ch. 2 (*Wks.* 3. 148): *O.* 1. 19. 6; and ch. 14 (*Wks.* 3. 204): *A. P.* 149-150.

5 *Amelia,* Book 5, ch. 7 (*Wks.* 6. 258): *O.* 1. 19. 8.

6 Act 3, Sc. 13 (*Wks.* 9. 124).

7 *E.* 1. 19. 1-3.

8 *E.* 1. 5. 16 f.; *O.* 3. 21. 14-16.

polation of Fielding's own, and has no equivalent character—nor is there a corresponding scene to the one in which he appears—in Molière's comedy. Horace's Third Satire of the Second Book is probably in part responsible for his creation. There are also, here and there among his farces, to be found references especially to the *Ars Poetica*. But where he chiefly uses Horace in his dramatic writings is in the prologues, prefaces, and notes that he has added, most of them in satiric vein, in editing his plays. Scriblerus Secundus' preface to the *Life and Death of Tom Thumb the Great*, and the pseudo-erudite notes to this play have amusing references to the authority of Horace. The prologue to the *Coffee-House Politician* is built upon the Fourth Satire of the First Book. The *Covent-Garden Tragedy* in its satiric prolegomena contains Horatian allusions. And the dedication of the *Miser* has a reminiscence of a famous line of Horace.[1]

In Fielding's poems there is but one mention of Horace, and he made no attempt at any translation of this poet.

Unlike Swift and Steele, he introduces the classical authors very largely into his pamphlet-writing. For in them he is endeavoring, not to convince the masses, but to set forth to the ruling classes the need for reform. His knowledge of the history of English law is profound, and when he is not using this to strengthen his argument, he goes back to the classic poets and historians, and here Horace comes in for his share of quotation: indeed, in these legal writings occur those finest expressions of his indebtedness to Horace already quoted.

His miscellaneous essays—*On Conversation, On the Characters of Men, On Nothing, Of the Remedy of Affliction for the Loss of our Friends*—all have some

[1] *S.* 2. 1. 75-77.

reference to Horace, though such references, except in the *Essay on Conversation*, do not preponderate.

Other writings, in the notes to which Fielding frequently had recourse to the authority of Horace, are the *Vernoniad*, and his translation of Aristophanes' comedy, *Plutus*, in conjunction with William Young. The *Vernoniad* is a political pamphlet in the form of a mock epic, based especially upon the great epics of Virgil and Homer, especially of Virgil. It is richly annotated, in mock imitation of the then new method of commentary founded by Bentley, and the notes to it contain profuse reference to both classical and contemporary authors, especially to Virgil, Homer, Horace, Ovid, Milton, and Pope. The notes to the translation of *Plutus* refer frequently to the authority of Horace, but for many of these references William Young was in all probability responsible.

A letter which Fielding contributed to his sister's *Familiar Letters*[1] purports to be 'in imitation of Horace, Addison, and all other writers of travelling letters'; but the resemblance to Horace is as remote as to any 'other writers of travelling letters,' and consists in the fact that Horace wrote a description of a journey to Brundisium, and this is the description of a Frenchman's visit to London.

The most frequent allusions to Horace, with the exception of those in the novels, occur in Fielding's contributions to his newspapers, the *True Patriot*, the *Jacobite's Journal*, the *Covent-Garden Journal*, and the *Champion*, especially in the two last-named. In these articles he uses the authority of Horace, sometimes ironically, sometimes seriously, as is his wont, on every kind of topic, as may be seen by a glance at the quotations given in the early part of this essay.

[1] *Letter* 41, *From a French Gentleman to his friend in Paris* (*Wks.* 16. 32).

The *Journal of the Voyage to Lisbon* is rich in classical allusion, and that it is so, though written on board ship, where few of the authors quoted or commented upon could have been available, confirms what has been surmised in a close study of his references to the one poet, Horace, throughout his writings, that Fielding had an excellent and accurate memory. Horace's authority is deferred to more than once in the preface to the *Journal;*[1] a quotation from the Twenty-fourth Ode of the First Book is found useful in a digression on intemperance;[2] and Fielding deemed quotations from Virgil and Horace a fitting close for this *Journal*,[3] which he in part foresaw would prove to be his last work.

[1] *Wks.* 16. 182, 185.
[2] *Ibid.* 16. 257.
[3] *Ibid.* 16. 283.

SAMUEL RICHARDSON, 1689-1761
LAURENCE STERNE, 1713-1768
TOBIAS GEORGE SMOLLETT, 1721-1771

Of the other three great novelists of the middle of the eighteenth century—Richardson, Sterne, and Smollett—only Smollett had any personal interest in Horace.

Of Richardson it may be pretty confidently averred that he had no acquaintance with him. A man of little beginnings, who became one of the great booksellers of London, and one of the greatest novelists of England, his education was only what might be obtained in a small country school at that time, and his knowledge of Latin probably never advanced beyond the rudiments. He was in youth an eager reader, but his knowledge of the classical writers was gained through the reading of translations, as may be deduced from a careful perusal of his published letters.[1] His estimate of Cicero, given in his letters to Lady Bradshaigh, is based on Dr. Middleton;[2] and the fact that he compares Lord Orrery with Cicero, and his letters on Swift with the *Letters* of Cicero, throws light on Richardson's judgment upon writers classical. He has left a curious comment—which was probably written on the spur of the moment, and which did not spring from permanent conviction, but which nevertheless is illuminating when his own field of creation is considered—in a letter to Miss Highmore, written on June 4,

[1] *Richardson's Correspondence,* ed. by A. L. Barbauld, 1804; *Some Unpublished Letters,* in *Notes and Queries,* 4th Series, 1. 285, and 3. 375.

[2] April 22, 1752 (*Corresp.* 6. 166 f.); and the preceding letter from Lady Bradshaigh to Richardson.

1750.[1] 'As for the old Romans,' he writes, 'they were abominable fellows, thieves, robbers, plunderers: love of their country they were not satisfied with. They would not allow any other nation to love theirs. . . . Yet from these banditti are our university men, and dramatic writers, to borrow their heroes.' And a bit of the same spirit comes out in a letter from Miss Sarah Fielding to Richardson,[2] in which she tells him: 'We were at dinner with a "hic, hæc, hoc" man. . . . We thought to ourselves, . . . if Mr. R. will bear us, . . . we don't care in how many languages you fancy you despise us.' In another letter to Miss Highmore,[3] in which he thanks her for her 'transcriptions and observations from Pliny,' he admits how little he read in his later years, fully occupied as he was with his writing, his business, and his keen observation—especially of the feminine mind, as he saw it unfold itself under that kindly, confidential sympathy of his, that was saved from the worst effects of sentimentality by his sturdy common sense and worldly wisdom. 'As you say,' he writes, 'I should never find time to read the book. What stores of knowledge do I lose, by my incapacity of reading, and by my having used myself to write, till I can do nothing else, nor hardly that. Business too, so pressing and so troublesome.'

The Dutch translator of his *Clarissa*, Mr. J. Stinstra, had written his first letter to Richardson in Latin, but his second he wrote in very excellent and careful, though stilted, English, 'that you may read my letters,' he explains,[4] 'without the assistance of any other man.'

But the strongest evidence of Richardson's complete lack of Latinity lies in his style, which, to quote Mrs.

[1] *Corresp.* 2. 230.
[2] Jan. 8, 1748-9 (*Corresp.* 2. 59-60).
[3] 1749 or 1750 (*Corresp.* 2. 223).
[4] March, and Dec. 24, 1753 (*Corresp.* 5. 241).

Barbauld,[1] 'is as far as possible from that of a scholar. It abounds with colloquial vulgarisms, and has neither that precision, nor that tincture of classic elegance, which is generally the result of an early familiarity with the best models.' It suffices only to suggest in how much the diffuse style of his letter-novels differs from the terse, cutting directness of Swift, the exquisite precision of Addison, and even from the easier style of Steele, and of Richardson's great rival, Fielding.

No conclusion must be drawn from Richardson's frequent use of classical phrases and allusions, but that they were current expressions that had been carried on as a literary tradition from the preceding age of Pope and his friends, and would inevitably be gleaned by any one who joined much in the literary talk of the time. Richardson was also naturally acquainted with the Aristotelian axiom concerning pity and fear, which he mentions in a discussion of *Clarissa* with Lady Bradshaigh[2] as 'essentials in a tragic performance,' for this, too, was matter of everyday knowledge to the writers of the eighteenth century.

So, likewise, to the Horatian expressions occasionally to be met with, both in the novels and in the correspondence, no value must be attached, nor must any serious deduction be drawn from them. In *Pamela*, two well-known phrases occur, that had their origin in Horace: Pamela, as Mrs. B——, writes to Lady Davers[3] that her husband would have distinguished her parents oftener, 'but that he saw them too much affected with his goodness to bear the honour (as my dear father says in his first

[1] A. L. Barbauld's *Life of Richardson*, in her edition of the *Correspondence* 1. xxxiii.

[2] 1749 (*Corresp.* 4. 219).

[3] Letter 13 (*Works of Samuel Richardson*, with a Prefatory Chapter by Leslie Stephen, 1883, 2. 211): *E.* 1. 11. 29-30; 18. 112; *O.* 2. 3. 1-2.

letter) with *equalness of temper*'; and twice she praises the golden mean. 'But after all,' she writes in her Journal to Miss Darnford,[1] 'does happiness to a gentleman, a scholar, a philosopher, rest in a greater or lesser income?—On the contrary, is it not oftener to be found in a happy competency, or mediocrity? . . . The competency, therefore, the golden mean is the thing.' And later, in a letter to Lady Davers,[2] she says the same thing, 'There is a golden mean in everything.' These are the only allusions that occur in the whole of *Pamela*. There is one quotation from an English translation of the Tenth Ode of the Second Book.[3]

All other allusions appear in *Clarissa;* there are none at all in *Sir Charles Grandison*. To his heroine, Miss Byron, Richardson allows no classical learning; nor does he allow it to Clarissa, though he gives her a polite education, along with her other excellencies; but at the same time he assigns to Miss Howe the duty of explaining why she made no display of it. In her description of Clarissa she tells John Belford:[4] '[She] used to say . . . "what can be more disgraceful to a woman than either, through negligence of dress, to be found to be a learned slattern; or, through ignorance of household management, to be known to be a stranger to domestic economy?" Then would she instance to me two particular ladies; one of which, while she was fond of giving her opinion, in the company of her husband and of his learned friends, upon difficult passages in Virgil or Horace, knew not how to put on her clothes with that necessary grace and propriety which should preserve to her the love of her husband and the respect of every other person.' And in the same letter Miss Howe continues:[5] 'Although she

[1] Letter 32 (*Wks.* 2. 404-405): *O.* 2. 10. 5.
[2] Letter 87 (*Wks.* 3. 277).
[3] Letter 20 (*Wks.* 2. 262).
[4] Letter 150 (*Wks.* 8. 465).
[5] *Wks.* 8. 474.

was well read in the English, French, and Italian poets, and had read the best translations of the Latin classics; yet seldom did she quote or repeat from them, either in her letters or conversation, though exceedingly happy in a tenacious memory; principally through modesty, and to avoid the imputation of that affectation which I have just mentioned.'

The Horatian allusions in *Clarissa* are of three sorts. First, allusions that are evidently precepts which had got into the common speech of the day; secondly, a quotation from Cowley's translation of one of Horace's Odes,[1] and a reference to an observation of his quoted from the *Spectator*;[2] and, thirdly, direct quotations from the Latin original. The frequent quotations from Horace and other Latin authors in the Brand letters need not be considered as Richardson's.

The first group of allusions are the most interesting, as they indicate how the mind of Richardson had absorbed the superficial classicism of the day. Clarissa writes to Miss Howe of the good Mrs. Norton,[3] that she 'used to say, from her reverend father, that youth was the time of life for imagination and fancy to work in: then, were a writer to lay by his works till riper years and experience should direct the fire rather to glow than to flame out, something between both might perhaps be produced that would not displease a judicious eye'—a precept that was originally embodied in Horace's advice to the young Piso:[4]

> Si quid tamen olim
> Scripseris, in Mæci descendat iudicis aures
> Et patris et nostras, nonumque prematur in annum,
> Membranis intus positis;

[1] Letter 15 (*Wks.* 7. 82).
[2] Postscript (*Wks.* 8. 527).
[3] Letter 69 (*Wks.* 4. 437).
[4] *A. P.* 386-389.

was further explained by Quintilian; and that was rejuvenated in the 'Augustan age' of the eighteenth century. In a letter from Lovelace to John Belford,[1] a line of Horace is given as a proverbial saying:[2] '—as the poet says, Thrust Nature back with a pitchfork, it will return.' And again, Lovelace writes to John Belford[3] with the supreme elation of Horace's[4]

Sublimi feriam sidera vertice:

'Last night I was still more extravagant. I took off my hat, as I walked, to see if the lace were not scorched, supposing it had brushed down a star; and before I put it on again, in mere wantonness and heart's ease, I was for buffeting the moon.' And once more:[5] 'Have I not reason to snuff the moon with my proboscis?' Horace's familiar teaching, that no man can escape from himself, Richardson applies more than once. Lovelace writes to Belford of himself,[6] that 'the varlet injurer cannot close his eyes; and has been trying, to no purpose, the whole night to divert his melancholy, and to fly from himself!' Belford describes the unhappy condition of Belton to Lovelace:[7] 'Vagabonding about from inn to inn; entering each for a bait only; and staying two or three days without power to remove; and hardly knowing which to go to next. His malady is within him; and he cannot run away from it.' That Richardson knew the well-known lines is shown by his making Lovelace quote them against himself in a letter to Belford from the continent, where he had gone to try to shake off his love for Clarissa:[8]

[1] Letter 50 (*Wks.* 5. 297).
[2] *E.* 1. 10. 24.
[3] Letter 22 (*Wks.* 5. 173-174).
[4] *O.* 1. 1. 36.
[5] Letter 54 (*Wks.* 5. 316).
[6] Letter 15 (*Wks.* 7. 83).
[7] Letter 95 (*Wks.* 7. 392).
[8] Letter 151 (*Wks.* 8. 480-481): *O.* 3. 1. 37-40.

'Timor et minæ
Scandunt eodem quo dominus; neque
Decedit ærata triremi: et
Post equitem sedet atra Cura.

In a language so expressive as the English, I hate the pedantry of tagging or prefacing what I write with Latin scraps; and ever was a censurer of the motto-mongers among our weekly and daily scribblers. But these verses of Horace are so applicable to my case, that whether on ship-board, whether in my post-chaise, or in my inn at night, I am not able to put them out of my head.' Both here and in Miss Howe's description of Clarissa it is evidently the author speaking in protest against the display of learning that might seem like pedantry, and in excuse for himself in not following what was then universal custom.

The only other instance in which Richardson directly quotes the words of Horace is in the Postscript to *Clarissa*:[1] 'The Athenians . . . were not afraid of being moved, nor ashamed of showing themselves to be so, at the distresses they saw well painted and represented. . . . Thus also Horace, and the politest Romans in the Augustan age, wished to be affected:[2]

Ac ne forte putes me, quæ facere ipse recusem,
Cum recte tractant alii, laudare maligne;
Ille per extentum funem mihi posse videtur
Ire poeta, meum qui pectus inaniter angit,
Irritat, mulcet; falsis terroribus implet,
Ut magus; et modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.'

With the introductory remark, 'Thus Englished by Mr. Pope,' he immediately adds the corresponding lines from the *Imitation of the First Epistle of the Second Book*, indicating his source.

[1] *Wks.* 8. 528-529.
[2] *E.* 2. 1. 208-213.

A word must be said in explanation of the Elias Brand letters. The reader of *Clarissa*, and of the other novels, *Pamela* and *Sir Charles Grandison*, is struck by the way in which these three stand out from all the other letters of which the novels are made up, in striking contrast to the accepted style of Richardson. The suggestion naturally arises to the mind that they have been written, not by the author himself, but by a borrowed hand—a surmise to be strengthened later, when in Mrs. Barbauld's edition of Richardson's *Correspondence* a letter[1] is found, which ironically describes the obnoxious pedant Elias Brand and his successful career at Oxford, and to which Mrs. Barbauld has added the following note: 'By Richardson's note indorsed on this letter (*Mr. Channing with the copies of Brand's Letters*) it seems probable that *he* was the friend who assisted him with the letters of the pedant Brand in *Clarissa*, and that this letter was intended to introduce his appearance. But Richardson might think the irony too apparent for his purpose.' Thus is explained the apparent lack in these letters of congruity with Richardson's accepted style.

Only once in his personal letters does any allusion to lines of Horace occur, and then it is to a line so well-known that it has lost the imprint of its author and become proverbial: 'I admire you,' he writes to Mrs. Belfour (Lady Bradshaigh),[2] 'for what you say of the fierce, fighting *Iliad*. Scholars, judicious scholars, dared they to speak out, against a prejudice of thousands of years in its favour, I am persuaded would find it possible for Homer to nod, at least.'[3]

The whimsical genius of Sterne found no answering note of sympathy in the rhythmical beauty of Horace's

[1] 1748-9 (*Corresp.* 2. 327 f.).
[2] 1749-50 (*Corresp.* 4. 287).
[3] Cf. *A. P.* 359.

poetry, nor in his somewhat commonplace philosophy. His exquisite workmanship Sterne did no doubt admire, he himself being such a master artist. But as he did not need to turn to him for a model as a poet, neither did he take him for a master in the art of criticism, nor is there any indication in his writings that he was especially familiar with, or interested in him. The flashing wit of Sterne, with his quick transitions from gaiety to sadness and back to humorous gaiety again, is far removed from the graver humor of Horace, and the mixture of Stoic and Epicurean philosophy with which the great satiric moralist tempered his outlook upon life. Amongst many learned references in *Tristram Shandy* there are, to be sure, allusions to Horace, some three in all; and one of the mottos for the fifth and sixth Books is taken from the Fourth Satire of the First Book;[1] but these allusions indicate only that Sterne was acquainted rather casually with Horace's famous literary Epistles. In the beginning of *Tristram Shandy*[2] he asserts that he intends to be bound by no rules. 'Right glad I am,' he says, 'that I have begun the history of myself in the way I have done; and that I am able to go on, tracing every thing in it, as Horace says, "ab Ovo." Horace, I know, does not recommend this fashion altogether:[3] But that gentleman is speaking only of an epic poem or a tragedy;—(I forget which)—besides, if it was not so, I should beg Mr. Horace's pardon;—for in writing what I have set about, I shall confine myself neither to his rules, nor to any man's rules that ever lived.' In Chapter 13 of Book 4[4] Sterne pauses to contemplate his own lack of progress, or progress backward, with a glance again at this passage

[1] *S.* 1. 4. 104-105.

[2] Book 1, ch. 4 (*Works of Laurence Sterne*, ed. by W. L. Cross, 1904).

[3] *A. P.* 146-149.

[4] *Wks.* 2. 221.

from the *Ars Poetica:* 'As for the proposal of twelve volumes a year, or a volume a month, it no way alters my prospect—write as I will, and rush as I may into the middle of things, as Horace advises—I shall never overtake myself whipp'd and driven to the last pinch.' And lastly, in the first chapter of Book 5,[1] after holding up to scorn the race of imitators who are for ever 'adding so much to the bulk—so little to the stock'—'pouring only out of one vessel into another' like apothecaries—'twisting and untwisting the same rope'—'shewing the relicks of learning, as monks do the relicks of their saints';—rising from point to point to a climax of expostulation, he suddenly interjects: 'I scorn to be as abusive as Horace upon the occasion.' Here he has in mind a similar famous diatribe of Horace's[2] which ends in the impatient exclamation:

> O imitatores, servum pecus, ut mihi sæpe
> Bilem, sæpe iocum vestri movere tumultus!

Sterne in his *Sermons* draws frequently from the classics for testimony or illustration, yet he in no instance alludes to Horace; unless perhaps once, in the fifteenth *Sermon*, on the text Job 2. 10,[3] where he has uttered a precept that may have been borrowed from Epicurus, Cicero, Horace, or possibly Seneca. In the forty-second *Sermon* he speaks of how much Homer, Virgil, Theocritus, and Pindar lose by translation, as proof of his argument that their beauty lies in language more than in substance. That he does not name Horace in such a connection is evidence of his lack of interest in the beauty of the Odes.

The few allusions to Horace in Sterne's letters show clearly how slight was his knowledge of this author. Sometimes he uses catchword phrases with no relation to

[1] *Wks.* 3. 9.

[2] *E.* 1. 19. 12-20.

[3] *Wks.* 5. 253-254; *O.* 2. 3. 1 f.; *E.* 1. 6. 1 f.; 18. 112; etc.

the meaning of the passage from which they are taken. Thus in writing to John Hall Stevenson in August, 1761,[1] after sending some frivolous advice to the eldest of certain 'two colonels,' he adds: 'why will not the advice suit both, "par nobile fratrum" ';[2] and in August of the following year he writes again to him from Toulouse:[3] 'Oh! how I envy you all at Crazy Castle!—I could like to spend a month with you—and should return back again for the vintage.—I honour the man that has given the world an idea of our parental seat—'tis well done—I look at it ten times a day with a "quando te aspiciam?" '[4] Sometimes he merely repeats what his correspondent has said to him. In a letter to Dr. —— January 30, 1760,[5] he writes: 'As for the "nummum in loculo,"[6] which you mention to me a second time, I fear you think me very poor, or in debt—I thank God, though I don't abound—that I have enough for a clean shirt every day—and a mutton chop—and my contentment, etc.' And to —— (October, 1760?):[7] 'I like your caution, "Ambitiosa recides ornamenta."[8] As I revise my book, I will shrive my conscience upon that sin, and whatever ornaments are of that kind shall be defaced without mercy.' Sometimes the allusion is by implication only, and is perhaps unconscious. To the Earl of —— he writes on November 28, 1767:[9] ' 'Tis with the greatest pleasure I take my pen to thank your Lordship for your letter of enquiry about Yorick—he has worn out both his spirits and body with the *Senti-*

[1] Letter 51 (*Wks.* 8. 204).
[2] *S. 2.* 3. 243.
[3] Letter 74 (*Wks.* 9. 6).
[4] *S. 2.* 6. 60.
[5] Letter 24 (*Wks.* 8. 137).
[6] *E. 2.* 1. 175.
[7] Letter 49 (*Wks.* 8. 183).
[8] *A. P.* 447-448.
[9] Letter 161 (*Wks.* 9. 197).

mental Journey—'tis true that an author must feel himself, or his reader will not'—. This is the familiar

> Si vis me flere, dolendum est
> Primum ipsi tibi,[1]

which Sterne felt with all the strength of his sensibility. In a letter to Mr. S., written from Coxwould on July 23, 1766,[2] Sterne explains his philosophy of happiness: 'What a difference of scene is here! But with a disposition to be happy, 'tis neither this place, nor t'other that renders us the reverse.—In short each man's happiness depends upon himself—he is a fool if he does not enjoy it. . . . You had better come to me for a fortnight, and I will shew, or give you (if needful) a practical dose of my philosophy.' This may or may not originate in Horace's lines:[3]

> Quod petis hic est,
> Est Ulubris, animus si te non deficit æquus.

For this philosophy has been discovered by many seekers after happiness.

In Smollett we find again one of the lovers of Horace. That he was so can be felt in the way he uses his Horatian quotations, for he weaves them into the dialogue with such a fitness to the situation that it is apparent how much they are a part of his daily thought, and not merely scourings of his admittedly copious erudition; and when he finds among his characters no fitting mouthpiece for such quotations, he makes use of them in his descriptions of persons and situations. Such allusions are spread more or less evenly throughout his novels, three of which, *Roderick Random*, *Peregrine Pickle*, and *Humphrey*

[1] *A. P.* 102-103.
[2] Letter 124 (*Wks.* 9. 115-116).
[3] *E.* 1. 11. 29-30; cf. also *O.* 2. 16.

Clinker, have Horatian mottos. *Ferdinand, Count Fathom*, has a motto from Juvenal, who would indeed seem a more fitting source for all of Smollett's mottos, were it not that throughout his writings of the imagination—excepting the *Adventures of an Atom*, his two *Satires*, and the *Faithful Narrative of Habbakkuk Hilding*—there peeps forth the spirit of romance, and an incorrigible innate kindliness of heart, that explains the kinship he felt with the gentle Horace. The *Adventures of Sir Launcelot Greaves* is without a motto of any sort.

The motto for *Roderick Random* expresses Horace in his satirical vein:[1]

Et genus et virtus, nisi cum re, vilior alga est.

The hero describes himself as setting out for London, his 'whole fortune consisting of one suit of clothes, half a dozen of ruffled shirts, as many plain, two pair of worsted, and a like number of thread stockings, a case of pocket-instruments, a small edition of Horace, Wiseman's *Surgery*, and ten guineas in cash.'[2] Chapter 10[3] relates the experience of the hero and Strap with the schoolmaster publican, a devotee of Horace, who regaled them with scraps from the works of his idol and with his best fare in the evening, and charged them extortionately in the morning, still quoting Horace as they ruefully departed. Presently Roderick Random's finances reach such a low-water mark that he thinks of enlisting, and Strap pleads with him thus:[4] 'What signifies all the riches and honours of this life, if one enjoys not content? . . . What signify riches, my dear friend! do not they make unto themselves wings? as the wise man saith; and does

[1] *S.* 2. 5. 8.

[2] Ch. 7 (*Works of Tobias Smollett*, ed. by W. E. Henley, 1899, 1. 43).

[3] *Wks.* 1. 63 f.

[4] Ch. 16 (*Wks.* 1. 114).

not Horace observe,[1] "Non domus aut fundus, non æris acervus aut auri ægroto domino deduxit corpore febrem, non animo curas." ' After continuing in this strain for a little, he ends: 'Therefore, I pray you, consider whether you will sit down contented with small things, and share the fruits of my industry in peace, till Providence shall send better tidings';—echoing the 'contentus parvo'[2] of Horace's wise man. While Roderick Random is being examined in Surgeons Hall, a fierce dispute arises between two of the examiners, making them forget all about their candidate, and one of them exclaims in the heat of the argument:[3] 'Sir, excuse me, I despise all authority. "Nullius in verba."[4] I stand upon my own bottom.' Thus are the allusions sprinkled through the novel.

It is somewhat otherwise in the *Adventures of Peregrine Pickle*. Smollett intimates his aim as the writer of this novel in his motto:[5]

> Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo
> Doctum imitatorem, et veras hinc ducere voces.

Most of the classical quotations and references in the book occur in the episode of the doctor and the painter Pallet, who attach themselves to Peregrine during his exploits in Paris and in Holland.[6] The doctor is a pedant, and the painter a pretentious ignoramus; and amidst a mass of ill-assorted classical references, for which Horace and Pindar are the favorite sources, the doctor displays his pedantry, and Pallet with equal openness his ignorance. One of the exploits of this curious trio is a 'Roman ban-

[1] *E.* 1. 2. 47-49. Somewhat altered from the original. Smollett perhaps quoted from memory, or else deliberately made Strap quote incorrectly.

[2] *S.* 2. 2. 110.

[3] Ch. 17 (*Wks.* 1. 125).

[4] *E.* 1. 1. 14.

[5] *A. P.* 317-318.

[6] The episode covers chapters 42 to 65 (*Wks.*, vols. 5 and 6).

quet,' which the doctor, whom Peregrine for his own idle amusement abets and encourages, gives to a set of coxcombs. The plan of it is evidently modeled on Horace's description of the banquet given by Nasidienus to Mæcenas,[1] but at Smollett's banquet there is no Mæcenas, and, having obtained the outline of his situation, he creates a grotesque and indecent farce. During the course of this dinner the doctor does not fail to cite Horace,[2] along with many other Roman writers, as authority for the strange way in which he has had the food dressed. Peregrine himself was not deficient 'in the more solid accomplishments of youth; he had profited in his studies beyond expectation,' and he possessed 'that sensibility of discernment, . . . in consequence of which he distinguished and enjoyed the beauties of the classics.'[3] He 'glossed' Virgil in a skit upon his tutor at school,[4] and later in his career he wrote an imitation of Juvenal;[5] but nowhere does this roving adventurer show any partiality for Horace. Where Smollett refers to Horace elsewhere in this novel, he does so in his own person: for instance, in describing Peregrine's father, Gamaliel Pickle, he has the following comment:[6] 'The passion of love never interrupted his tranquillity; and if, as Mr. Creech says after Horace,[7]

> Not to admire is all the art I know
> To make men happy, and to keep them so,

Mr. Pickle was undoubtedly possessed of that invaluable secret; at least he was never known to betray the faintest symptom of transport, except one evening at the club,

[1] *S.* 2. 8.
[2] Ch. 44 (*Wks.* 5. 289): *S.* 2. 8. 42.
[3] Ch. 17 (*Wks.* 5. 106).
[4] Ch. 22 (*Wks.* 5. 137).
[5] Ch. 93 (*Wks.* 7. 110).
[6] Ch. 1 (*Wks.* 5. 2).
[7] *E.* 1. 6. 1 f.

where he observed, with some demonstrations of vivacity, that he had dined upon a delicate loin of veal.' And Peregrine, he tells us,[1] is 'of that laughing disposition, which is always seeking food for mirth, as Horace observes of Philippus,[2]

Risus undique quærit.'

The *Adventures of Ferdinand, Count Fathom*, though not lacking in classical references of various descriptions, contains only one allusion to Horace, and that only a familiar phrase used by Captain Minikin.[3] In commenting upon the marriage of the hero's mother to the German trooper, Ferdinand de Fadom, Smollett has mistaken a quotation of Ovid's for one of Horace's. The passage is as follows:[4] 'Notwithstanding this new engagement with a foreigner, our hero's mother still exercised the virtues of her calling among the English troops, so much was she biassed by that laudable partiality, which, as Horace observes, the "natale solum" generally inspires.' Horace nowhere observes such a thing, and the correct source of the quotation is made apparent when, in his *Travels through France and Italy*, Smollett repeats the mistake. He writes from Boulogne on his return journey:[5] 'I am at last in a situation to indulge my view with a sight of Britain, after an absence of two years; and indeed you cannot imagine what pleasure I feel while I survey the white cliffs of Dover at this distance. Not that I am at all affected by the "nescia qua dulcedine natalis soli" of Horace.' He is quoting from memory from Ovid's *Epistolæ ex Ponto* 1. 3. 35.

The *Adventures of Sir Launcelot Greaves* has less of

[1] Ch. 93 (*Wks.* 7. 117).
[2] *E.* 1. 7. 79.
[3] Ch. 39 (*Wks.* 8. 295): *O.* 3. 1. 1.
[4] Ch. 2 (*Wks.* 8. 9).
[5] Letter 41 (*Wks.* 11. 424).

classical allusion than is generally the case with Smollett, and there is only one instance of Horace being quoted—by Dick Distich, the poet and satirist, whom Sir Launcelot meets in the madhouse.[1]

The more frequent quotations from Horace in the *Expedition of Humphrey Clinker* occur in the letters from Matthew Bramble to Dr. Lewis, and in those of his young nephew, J. Melford, to his Oxford friend. It is, by the way, to be noticed that Smollett either quotes, or refers directly to his author; he seldom or never expresses a thought that is not his own, without naming its source. Matthew Bramble, writing from Bath to Dr. Lewis upon his pet grievance, which was also a particular and constant grievance of Smollett's own—the lack of good air he is enjoying—adds:[2] 'Such is the atmosphere I have exchanged for the pure, elastic, animating air of the Welsh mountains. "O Rus, quando te aspiciam!" '[3] In another complaint about London, he writes:[4] 'From this wild uproar of knavery, folly, and impertinence, I shall fly with double relish to the serenity of retirement, the cordial effusions of unreserved friendship, the hospitality and protection of the rural gods; in a word, the "jucunda oblivia vitæ,"[5] which Horace himself had not taste enough to enjoy.' But he is half-conscious of his own irascibility of temper, and here again it is the author speaking of himself as well, when he exclaims:[6] 'There is another point, which I would much rather see determined; whether the world was always as contemptible as it appears to me at present? If the morals of mankind have not contracted an extraordinary degree of depravity within these thirty

[1] Ch. 23 (*Wks.* 10. 266).
[2] May 8 (*Wks.* 3. 104).
[3] *S.* 2. 6. 60.
[4] June 8 (*Wks.* 3. 200).
[5] *S.* 2. 6. 62.
[6] June 2 (*Wks.* 3. 173).

years, then must I be infected with the common vice of old men, "difficilis, querulus, laudator temporis acti." [1] The nephew gives Horace as quoted by some one else in anecdotes he is recounting, except where he tells of the family's precipitate retreat from Scarborough,[2] since the squire could not 'bear the thoughts of being "prætereuntium digito monstratus." '[3]

Smollett's allusions to Horace in his *Travels through France and Italy* are disappointing, when one remembers the use that Addison had made of such allusions on a similar journey to Italy. He quotes Horace in discussing the probable whereabouts of the Soracte of the ancients,[4] and also, along with Livy, Ovid, and 'Appian, Dio, and other historians,'[5] when describing the overflowings of the Tiber. The only other use he makes of this devoted lover of Rome and its surrounding country is to quote his authority as proof in his own argument that the early Romans were not devotees of cleanliness.[6]

In the *Adventures of an Atom* there are a few allusions to Horace; for instance, in a digression[7] upon the preposterous absurdity 'of inheriting cognomina, which ought to be purely personal,' he says that Ovid was justly denominated Naso, as he had a long nose, 'but why should Horace be called Flaccus, as if his ears had been stretched in the pillory.' And he makes the Cuboy, Yak-strot (Lord Bute),[8] recite 'in a theatrical tone the stanza of a famous Japonese bard, whose soul afterwards transmigrated into the body of the Roman poet Horatius Flaccus,

[1] *A. P.* 173.
[2] July 10 (*Wks.* 4. 10).
[3] *O.* 4. 3. 22.
[4] Letter 29 (*Wks.* 11. 305): *O.* 1. 9. 1-2.
[5] Letter 29 (*Wks.* 11. 310): *O.* 1. 2. 13-20.
[6] Letter 30 (*Wks.* 11. 318 f.).
[7] *Wks.* 12. 348.
[8] *Ibid.* 12. 415-416.

and inspired him with the same sentiment in the Latin tongue.[1]

> Virtus repulsæ nescia sordidæ
> Intaminatis fulget honoribus;
> Nec sumit, aut ponit secures
> Arbitrio popularis auræ.

His friends, hearing him declare his resolution of dying for his country,[2] began to fear that his understanding was disturbed.'

To his vitriolic attack upon Fielding, the *Faithful Narrative of Habbakkuk Hilding*, Smollett gave a motto[3] from Horace,

> —tribus anticyris caput insanabile.
>
> I wage not war with Bedlam and the Mint,

and made Habbakkuk in his frenzy give the names of the classical poets to the ranks of the mob—[4]'he imagined he saw Pindar in the person of a shoeblack, and Horace represented by a thief-taker.'

Smollett's plays and poems contain very few classical allusions of any kind, except the *Reprisal*,[5] in which the character Maclaymore, a Scotch ensign, is addicted to learned references. Smollett wrote a *Love Elegy* in imitation of Tibullus,[6] but neither in his plays nor in his poems is there any sign of the influence of Horace. His two satires, *Advice* and *Reproof*, confessedly follow Juvenal, but they have a certain exterior likeness to Horace's satires in dialogue, through the medium of Pope, whose *Imitations* Smollett copied;[7] and in them Horace is once or twice alluded to.

[1] *O.* 3. 2. 17-20.
[2] *O.* 3. 2. 13.
[3] *Wks.* 12. 165: *A. P.* 300.
[4] *Ibid.* 12. 181-182.
[5] *Ibid.* 12. 119 f.
[6] See J. R. Browne's ed. of the *Wks.*, 1872, vol. 1.
[7] See T. Seccombe's *Bibliographical Note* (*Wks.* 12. ix).

The *History of England*, and Smollett's several translations, need not, of course, be taken into consideration in such a discussion as this. For the volumes of his *History* he has chosen a fitting motto from Tacitus. He was successively editor of three periodicals, of the *Critical Review*, the *Briton*, and, with Goldsmith, the *British Magazine*. Each volume of the *Critical Review* as published has the same mottos, one from Shakespeare and one from Horace; the *Briton* has mottos for each number, many of them taken from Horace; the *British Magazine*, which is much more varied in its substance than the early eighteenth-century periodicals, has discarded this fashion of mottos. But very little conclusion as to Smollett's use of Horace could be drawn from a careful examination of these papers, of which he was only editor, and for much of the contents of which he was not responsible as author. Judgment must be made on the basis of a consideration of his novels especially, the history of his travels, and his satiric poems and pamphlets. That he was familiar with Horace, and fond of his writings, is plain from what has already been said in this essay. That he did not appreciate the beauty of his poetry, as did the great early eighteenth-century essayists, Addison and Steele, and as Fielding's novels show that he did, is also evidenced by the use to which he frequently debased his quotations, and by the fact that, when using Horace's authority seriously, it is more often the sayings of Horace the satirist from which he draws, than the moralist or the poet. Where Horace has any actual influence upon him, it is when he is speaking as a satirist, and when he approaches the sharper manner of Juvenal, of whom Smollett was a disciple.

SAMUEL JOHNSON, 1709-1784

With the name of Johnson that of Horace must always be closely united. Not that Johnson was influenced by him in his writings; his mind was too powerful and too original to be swayed by any one author; and when Joseph Warton, in his *Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope*, calls him the British Juvenal, he is considering only one aspect of the great moralist's genius. Nor did Johnson consider Horace one of the greatest of poets, for nowhere in his writings is there such an indication; and in No. 92 of the *Adventurer* he has called Virgil 'the first of the Roman poets.' But his personal fondness for him is manifest throughout his writings, and Boswell, as well as others who have written anecdotes about him, testify that Horace was to him a familiar friend and companion.

When he heard that the Empress of Russia had ordered the *Rambler* to be translated into the Russian language, he turned instinctively to Horace's lines,[1]

> Me peritus
> Discet Hiber Rhodanique potor,

and exclaimed:[2] 'So I shall be read on the banks of the Wolga. Horace boasts that his fame would extend as far as the banks of the Rhone; now the Wolga is farther from me than the Rhone was from Horace.' Boswell records[3] that Horace's Odes had been the composition in which he had taken most delight. And he once remarked of them:[4]

[1] *O.* 2. 20. 19-20.

[2] Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, ed. by G. B. Hill, 1887, 4. 276-277.

[3] *Life* 1. 70; *Johnsonian Miscellanies*, ed. Hill, 1897, 2. 86, note.

[4] *Life* 3. 356.

'The lyrical part of Horace never can be perfectly translated; so much of the excellence is in the numbers and the expression. Francis has done it the best; I'll take his, five out of six, against them all.' Talking one day with Boswell of celebrated and successful irregular practitioners in physic, he said:[1] 'Taylor challenged me once to talk Latin with him; (laughing). I quoted some of Horace, which he took to be a part of my own speech.' And again, talking of memory, he said:[2] 'Memory will play strange tricks. One sometimes loses a whole word. I once lost *fugaces* in the Ode *Posthume, Posthume.*' He quotes Horace in support of what he is saying in No. 41 of the *Rambler*, a paper devoted to a review of the satisfactions arising from memory:[3] 'Whatever we have once reposited, as Dryden expresses it, "in the sacred treasure of the past," is out of the reach of accident, or violence, nor can be lost either by our own weakness, or another's malice:

> Non tamen irritum
> Quodcunque retro est, efficiet: neque
> Diffinget, infectumque reddet,
> Quod fugiens semel hora vexit.'[4]

Once while they were riding together in a chaise, Boswell recounts that 'he repeated a good many lines of Horace's Odes. . . . I remember particularly the ode *Ehcu fugaces.*' This habit of quoting Odes of Horace was a frequent one of his, and sometimes they were deliberately relevant to the situation in which he found himself, as when, crossing from the Isle of Skye to Raasay on a stormy sea, he repeated the Sixteenth Ode of the Second Book,[5]

> Otium Divos rogat in patenti
> Prensus Ægæo.

[1] *Life* 3. 389-390.
[2] *Ibid.* 5. 68; *O.* 2. 14. 1.
[3] *Works of Samuel Johnson*, Oxford ed., 1825, 2. 202.
[4] *O.* 3. 29. 45-48.
[5] *Life* 5. 163.

Mrs. Piozzi said[1] that 'whoever once heard him repeat an ode of Horace would be long before they could endure to hear it repeated by another.'

In Boswell's records of Johnson's conversation Horace is a favorite topic. Mr. Ramsay, having returned from Italy,[2] entertained his friends 'with his observations upon Horace's villa, which he had examined with great care. . . . The Bishop, Dr. Johnson, and Mr. Cambridge, joined with Mr. Ramsay, in recollecting the various lines in Horace relating to the subject.' Horace's journey to Brundisium being mentioned, Johnson expressed his wonder 'that the brook which he describes is to be seen now, exactly as at that time.' To a remark by the Bishop that it appeared from Horace's writings that he was a cheerful, contented man, Johnson replied, 'We have no reason to believe that, my Lord. . . . We see in his writings what he wished the state of his mind to appear.' There is in this answer perhaps a reflection of Johnson's own melancholy, which felt the corresponding innate sadness that is distinguishable in Horace.

There are records of several such conversations which centre round Horace. Some of them Boswell seems to have intentionally introduced, for he was quite a devoted Horatian, either *con amore*, or in imitation of his master. Other instances show that Johnson was accustomed to defer to the authority of Horace, though, as will be shown presently, he in no wise accepted him blindly. At one time he is defending the use of wine:[3] 'Yes, Sir: but yet we must do justice to wine; we must allow it the power it possesses. To make a man pleased with himself, let me tell you, is doing a very great thing;

Si patriæ volumus, si Nobis vivere cari.'[4]

[1] *Anecdotes of the Late Samuel Johnson, LL.D.*, ed. Hill, in *Johnsonian Misc.* 1. 347.

[2] *Life* 3. 250-252.

[3] *Ibid.* 3. 328. [4] *E.* 1. 3. 29.

Topham Beauclerk exclaims to Johnson:[1] 'You, Sir, have a friend . . . who deserves to be hanged; for he speaks behind their backs against those with whom he lives on the best terms, and attacks them in the newspapers.' And Johnson makes the mild answer, 'Sir, we all do this in some degree, "Veniam petimus damusque vicissim." '[2] In speaking of Swift he says:[3] 'I doubt if the *Tale of a Tub* was his: it has so much more thinking, more knowledge, more power, more colour, than any of the works which are indisputably his. If it was his, I shall only say, he was "impar sibi." '[4]

Certain phrases Johnson, by his use of them, has made his own. He criticizes Smith's tragedy, *Phædra and Hippolitus*, as follows:[5] 'The fable is mythological, a story which we are accustomed to reject as false; and the manners are so distant from our own, that we know them not from sympathy, but by study: the ignorant do not understand the action; the learned reject it as a schoolboy's tale; "incredulus odi";[6] what I cannot for a moment believe, I cannot for a moment behold with interest or anxiety.' With somewhat similar argument he criticizes Gray's *Bard*.[7] Having suggested that it is an imitation of the prophecy of Nereus in Horace's Fifteenth Ode of the First Book, he proceeds: 'There is in the *Bard* more force, more thought, and more variety. But to copy is less than to invent, and the copy has been unhappily produced at a wrong time. The fiction of Horace was to the Romans credible; but its revival disgusts us with apparent and unconquerable falsehood. "Incredulus odi." ' Boswell has caught the phrase and understood

[1] *Life* 3. 281.
[2] *A. P.* 11.
[3] *Life* 5. 44.
[4] *S.* 1. 3. 19.
[5] *Wks.* 7. 376.
[6] *A. P.* 188.
[7] *Wks.* 8. 485.

Johnson's attitude of mind in his use of it. 'He was indeed,' he tells us,[1] 'so much impressed with the prevalence of falsehood, voluntary or unintentional, that I never knew any person who upon hearing an extraordinary circumstance told, discovered more of the "incredulus odi."' And William Lisle Bowles, in his comment on Johnson's criticism of Pope's *Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady*,[2] recognizes Johnson's typical attitude when he says that he, 'having been, as might naturally be expected from his superior understanding, disgusted with the *reasoning* part of the poem, the gentler touches of fancy and tenderness were *lost*, if I may say so, on him. He would . . . perhaps exclaim, as upon another occasion, "Incredulus odi."' Finally, Mrs. Piozzi, in her *Anecdotes*,[3] makes the remark that 'Mr. Johnson's incredulity amounted almost to disease.'

Another of his axioms is that contained in Horace's phrase, 'Nil admirari.'[4] In No. 29 of the *Rambler* he says: 'It is a maxim commonly received, that a wise man is never surprised.' On October 28, 1779, he writes to Mrs. Thrale:[5] 'Horace says, that "Nil admirari" is the only thing that can make or keep a man happy. It is with equal truth the only thing that can make or keep a man honest. The desire of fame not regulated, is as dangerous to virtue as that of money.' Boswell tries to draw him out upon the theme:[6] 'I maintained that Horace was wrong in placing happiness in "Nil admirari," for that I thought admiration one of the most agreeable of all our feelings; and I regretted that I had lost much of my disposition to admire, which people generally do as

[1] *Life* 3. 229.
[2] *Works of Alexander Pope*, ed. by W. L. Bowles, 1806, 1. 362.
[3] *Johnsonian Misc.* 1. 241.
[4] *E.* 1. 6. 1.
[5] *Letters of Samuel Johnson*, ed. by G. B. Hill, 1892, 2. 116.
[6] *Life* 2. 360.

they advance in life. JOHNSON. "Sir, as a man advances in life, he gets what is better than admiration—judgement, to estimate things at their true value." ' And putting down in his *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides* some remarks of Dr. Johnson's which showed lack of understanding of any 'enthusiasm' on the part of a farmer, Boswell sums up:[1] 'But Dr. Johnson has much of the "nil admirari" in smaller concerns. That survey of life which gave birth to his *Vanity of Human Wishes* early sobered his mind.'

Horace's declaration,[2]

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri,

which, with its following line, he chose for the motto of the *Rambler*, Johnson applied to himself consciously or unconsciously in all his relationships. And that, with all his affection for Horace, he did not bow unquestioningly to his authority, he has given some evidences. In No. 138 of the *Adventurer* he demurs to one of his assertions: 'It is asserted by Horace,[3] that, "if matter be once got together, words will be found with very little difficulty;" a position which, though sufficiently plausible to be inserted in poetical precepts, is by no means strictly and philosophically true.' He will not allow Horace superiority to the dictates of reason. Speaking of Dryden and his rules for translation he makes the following comment:[4] 'A translator is to be like his author; it is not his business to excel him. . . . The authority of Horace, which the new translators cited in defence of their practice,[5] he [Dryden] has, by a judicious explanation, taken fairly from them; but reason wants not

[1] *Life* 5. 111.
[2] *E.* 1. 1. 14.
[3] *A. P.* 311.
[4] *Wks.* 7. 310.
[5] *A. P.* 133-134.

Horace to support it.' And again in his *Review of Memoirs of the Court of Augustus*:[1] 'Mr. Blackwell knows well the opinion of Horace, concerning those that open their undertakings with magnificent promises;[2] and he knows, likewise, the dictates of common sense and common honesty, names of greater authority than that of Horace, who direct, that no man should promise what he cannot perform.' Boswell records a brief conversation in which Johnson denies the seriousness in one instance at least of Horace's tenets:[3] 'Horace having been mentioned; BOSWELL. "There is a great deal of thinking in his works. One finds there almost every thing but religion." SEWARD. "He speaks of his returning to it, in his Ode *Parcus Deorum cultor et infrequens*."[4] JOHNSON. "Sir, he was not in earnest: this was merely poetical." ' In another conversation he censures Horace with considerable severity, though indirectly, when he says:[5] 'No modern flattery . . . is so gross as that of the Augustan age, where the Emperour was deified. "Præsens Divus habebitur Augustus." '[6] And that the familiar

Cælum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt[7]

is only partially true, he suggests in his letter to Mrs. Thrale, August 26, 1783,[8] when he writes: 'Some benefit may be perhaps received from change of air, some from change of company, and some from mere change of place. . . . Though it be that no man can run away from himself, he may yet escape from many causes of useless uneasiness.'

Johnson's letters show the same affectionate use of

[1] *Wks.* 6. 10.
[2] *A. P.* 136-139.
[3] *Life* 4. 215.
[4] *O.* 1. 34.
[5] *Life* 2. 234.
[6] *O.* 3. 5. 2-3.
[7] *E.* 1. 11. 27.
[8] *Letters* 2. 329.

Horace. Classical references of any sort occur almost exclusively only in his letters to Mrs. Thrale, and in a few to Boswell; writing to his general correspondents he did not use either quotation or casual allusion. His letters to Mrs. Thrale are quite full of such allusion, and Virgil and Ovid take place equally with Horace as favorite authors to be quoted from. Telling Mrs. Thrale of an Oxford election,[1] he finishes, '"Judex honestum prætulit utili."[2] The virtue of Oxford has once more prevailed.' Writing to her from Lichfield,[3] he tells her how he and the apothecary have been poring over an old book that told who had paid levies in the parish: 'Many families that paid the parish rates, are now extinct, like the race of Hercules. "Pulvis et umbra sumus."'[4] In another letter written in the same month he says:[5] 'I have passed one day at Birmingham with my old friend Hector . . . and his sister, an old love. My mistress is grown much older than my friend.

> O, quid habes illius, illius
> Quæ spirabat amores,
> Quæ me surpuerat mihi."[6]

Sometimes he borrows a tone from Horace that with himself is not habitual, as when he writes:[7] 'The days grow visibly shorter.—"Immortalia ne speres monet annus."'[8] And again when, telling of the death of friends, he utters that complaint so often used by Swift:[9] 'Anni prædantur euntes.' During his journey to the Hebrides he writes

[1] March 24, 1768 (*Letters* 1. 137).
[2] *O.* 4. 9. 41.
[3] July 11, 1770 (*Letters* 1. 162).
[4] *O.* 4. 7. 16.
[5] *Letters* 1. 164.
[6] *O.* 4. 13. 18-20.
[7] Aug. 5, 1771 (*Letters* 1. 186).
[8] *O.* 4. 7. 7.
[9] Aug. 7, 1777 (*Letters* 2. 17): *E.* 2. 2. 55.

from Skye:[1] 'Macleod has offered me an island; if it were not too far off, I should hardly refuse it: my island would be pleasanter than Brighthelmstone, if you and my master could come to it; but I cannot think it pleasant to live quite alone,

Oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus et illis.'[2]

Having left Skye, and being forced into Col by stormy winds, he describes it as 'an obscure island; on which

nulla campis
Arbor æstiva recreatur aura.'[3]

Once he asks her,[4] 'Did you ever hear of notching a stick? however we have it in Horace—[5]"truditur dies die." ' Of this expression and the lines immediately following he was perhaps especially fond, for he has used them as motto for No. 54 of the *Rambler*, containing thoughts aroused by the death of a friend; and in a little Latin poem, called *Spes*, written as late as April, 1783,[6] he has expressed the same thought, in somewhat similar words, of the fleetingness of all human things.

His quotation of Horace in his letters to Boswell is all in the serious vein of admonition. On July 17, 1771, he writes:[7] 'My dear Sir, mind your studies, mind your business, make your lady happy, and be a good Christian. 'After this,

Tristitiam et metus
Trades protervis in mare Creticum
Portare ventis.[8]

[1] Sept. 21, 1773 (*Letters* 1. 246).
[2] *E.* 1. 11. 9.
[3] Oct. 3, 1773 (*Letters* 1. 276-277): *O.* 1. 22. 17-18.
[4] Nov. 14, 1778 (*Letters* 2. 78).
[5] *O.* 2. 18. 15.
[6] *Wks.* 1. 169.
[7] *Life* 2. 140.
[8] *O.* 1. 26. 1-3.

If we perform our duty, we shall be safe and steady, "Sive per, etc.,"[1] whether we climb the Highlands, or are tost among the Hebrides.' On November 13, 1779:[2] 'Why should you not be as happy at Edinburgh as at Chester? "In culpa est animus, qui se non effugit usquam." "[3] And in June or July, 1784:[4] 'I remember, and intreat you to remember, that "virtus est vitium fugere." "[5]

In Johnson's works most of the Horatian references occur in the *Rambler* and the *Lives of the English Poets*. His poetry contains comparatively little allusion.

His earliest published poem, *London*, has one allusion, which he seems to have borrowed from a line in Pope's *Prologue to the Satires*. Pope said, in line 32 of that poem,[6]

—if friends, they read me dead.

Johnson says, in his *London*,[7]

And here a female atheist talks you dead,

following Horace's[8]

Occiditque legendo

more closely than the lines of Juvenal's Third Satire, which he is imitating:

Ac mille pericula sævæ
Urbis et Augusto recitantes mense poetas.

There is one uncertain echo of Horace in his tragedy, *Irene*. In Act 3, Scene 8, when Aspasia says,[9]

[1] *O.* 1. 22. 5.
[2] *Life* 3. 417.
[3] *E.* 1. 14. 13.
[4] *Life* 4. 351.
[5] *E.* 1. 1. 41.
[6] See also Wakefield's *Observations on Pope*, 1796, p. 229.
[7] *Wks.* 1. 2.
[8] *A. P.* 475.
[9] *Wks.* 1. 70.

Reflect, that life, like ev'ry other blessing,
Derives its value from its use alone,

one is reminded of Horace's admonition to Sallustius Crispus in the Second Ode of the Second Book:

Nullus argento color est avaris
Abdito terris, inimice lamnæ
Crispe Sallusti, nisi temperato
Splendeat usu.

His *Odes* to the seasons[1] are reminiscent of Horace, even when he is evidently thinking of another author, as in *Spring*, where he seems to have Cicero in mind. In *Autumn*, the resemblance is closer, especially in the following lines:

Alas! with swift and silent pace,
Impatient time rolls on the year;
The seasons change, and nature's face
Now sweetly smiles, now frowns severe.
'T was spring, 't was summer, all was gay,
Now autumn bends a cloudy brow;
The flow'rs of spring are swept away,
And summer-fruits desert the bough.

This picture of the revolving seasons is reminiscent of Horace's ode on the spring, the Seventh Ode of the Fourth Book; and the lesson it teaches—to enjoy the present hour—is the same as in Horace's Ode, and as frequently elsewhere in Horace. The ode on *Winter* is full of the echo of Horace's philosophy—of the fleetingness of life and the wisdom of seizing upon the present hour; most definitely it echoes the Ninth and Eleventh Odes of the First Book. A piece called *To Lyce, an Elderly Lady*,[2] Boswell finds difficulty in believing Johnson's production. But the 'group of conceits,' of which

[1] *Wks.* 1. 118-122.
[2] *Ibid.* 1. 129.

he complains, originated in Horace's Thirteenth Ode of the Fourth Book, *Audivere, Lyce, etc.*, and the poem, whether Johnson's or not, though it is not exactly an imitation, has been inspired by Horace's Ode to Lyce. Of this Boswell does not seem to have been aware.

Johnson translated three of Horace's Odes, two in extreme youth, the Twenty-second of the First Book and the Ninth of the Second Book, and one shortly before his death in 1784, the Seventh Ode of the Fourth Book. The two early translations, which Boswell has given in his *Life of Johnson*,[1] are fairly close and accurate renderings of the original Odes. In the first, the well-worn name of Chloe has been given to Lalage, presumably as being easier to handle in the metre; and the Ode is addressed to 'my friend,' an indefinite substitution for Fuscus. In the second, the Ninth Ode of the Second Book, Johnson had unfortunately to ignore the line,

Et foliis viduantur orni,

in order to contain the thought in one stanza. His translation of the lines,

Nec tibi Vespero
Surgente decedunt amores
Nec rapidum fugiente Solem,

is very inadequate and unpoetical:

No setting Sol can ease your care,
But finds you sad at his return.

It is to be remembered, however, that he translated these Odes at about the age of sixteen. Speaking of Johnson in the last year of his life, Boswell says:[2] 'While in the country, notwithstanding the accumulation of illness

[1] *Life* 1. 51-53.
[2] *Ibid.* 4. 370.

which he endured, his mind did not lose its powers. He translated an Ode of Horace.' This is the Seventh Ode of the Fourth Book.[1] Johnson has written a good deal upon the question of the best mode of translation.[2] On the one hand lay the method of literal translation, such as Ben Jonson followed in his translation of Horace; on the other lay the method of free translation, exemplified by Cowley, and carried over into imitation by Pope. He himself decided for the mean between these two. 'There is undoubtedly a mean to be observed,' he says in No. 69 of the *Idler*. 'Dryden saw very early that closeness best preserved an author's sense, and that freedom best exhibited his spirit; he, therefore, will deserve the highest praise, who can give a representation at once faithful and pleasing, who can convey the same thoughts with the same graces, and who, when he translates, changes nothing but the language.' In his translation of Horace's Ode he has followed his own precepts, and the result is a pleasing and faithful rendering. Where it fails to convey the charm of Horace, it is when he substitutes general statements for the explicit description in which so much of the beauty of the Latin ode consists. But the poem was undertaken perhaps chiefly to divert his mind from his own illness, and he has admitted the impossibility of transmitting the exquisiteness of expression in the Odes.[3]

In his Latin poems[4] phrases from Horace are to be found, as also phrases from Virgil, and at least one from Juvenal. His epitaph on his father[4] perhaps found suggestions in Horace's Third Ode of the Third Book, in

[1] *Wks.* 1. 137.

[2] See especially *Idler*, Nos. 68 and 69; the *Life of Pope;* and the *Life of Dryden.*

[3] *Life* 3. 356.

[4] *Wks.* 1. 150.

lines 135 and 136 of the Second Satire of the Second Book, and in line 86 of the Seventh Satire. A line of the epitaph *On Dr. Goldsmith*,[1] which has become almost proverbial:

> Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit,

sounds like Horace's line[2] reversed:

> Quæ
> Desperat tractata nitescere posse relinquit.

The poem *Ad Urbanum*[3] has several lines copied from Horace. Lines 11 and 12,

> Victrix per obstantes catervas
> Sedulitas animosa tendet,

imitate lines 43 and 44 of the Ninth Ode of the Fourth Book:

> Vultu, per obstantes catervas
> Explicuit sua victor arma.

And the lines following,

> Inanibus
> Risurus olim nisibus æmuli,

have their origin in lines 17 and 18 of the First Ode of the Fourth Book:

> Et quandoque potentior
> Largi muneribus riserit æmuli.

He has moreover written these verses in the metre of the Odes from which he borrowed, the Alcaic. His

[1] *Wks.* 1. 156.

[2] *A. P.* 149-150.

[3] *Wks.* 1. 163. Boswell has quoted this poem in full in the *Life* 1. 114.

Latin version of the song, *Busy, curious, thirsty fly*,[1] contains the line

Carpe diem; fugit, heu, non revocanda dies!

following Horace's[2]

Carpe diem quam minimum credula postero.

There are many more instances of such borrowing. Hill, in his notes to Boswell's *Life*,[3] has quoted in full a Latin prose composition of Johnson's which had never before been published, and which is worthy of mention here. With Horace's lines,[4]

Mea nec Falernæ
Temperant Vites, neque Formiani
Pocula Colles,

as his text, Johnson has written a brief Latin homily on the kind of friendship Mæcenas felt for Horace, in which he looked for affection and sympathetic interest, where there was no possibility of any material gain for himself. It is a little sermon on the proper use of friendship.

In his periodical papers Johnson followed the established custom of using mottos until he came to the *Idler*, when, for some unexplained reason, he ceased using them almost entirely. Boswell has the following remark on this omission:[5] 'I know not why a motto, the usual trapping of periodical papers, is prefixed to very few of the *Idlers*. I have heard Johnson commend the custom: and he never could be at a loss for one, his memory being stored with innumerable passages of the classicks.' Chalmers, in the preface to his edition of the *Idler*,[6] quotes Mrs.

[1] *Wks.* 1. 173.
[2] *O.* 1. 11. 7.
[3] *Life* 1. 60-61, note.
[4] *O.* 1. 20. 10-12.
[5] *Life* 1. 331-332.
[6] *British Essayists*, 1802, 33. xvi-xvii.

Piozzi as saying that Johnson had told her that 'this practice was forborne, the better to conceal himself and escape discovery.' He however objects to her statement 'I should be sorry to add to the many doubts already expressed of the accuracy of this lady's memory, by calling in question this excuse; but surely no writer ever had fewer means and less art to escape discovery. What could the absence of a motto do to conceal Dr. Johnson's style?' He adds a list of mottos which Johnson 'sitting . . . with this lively lady one day' recollected, and which she wrote down. With these, the *Idler*, consisting of one hundred and three numbers in all, ninety-one by Johnson, has twenty mottos, of which five are from Horace, the preponderating number from any one author.

The *Rambler* and the *Adventurer* conform to this custom, made reputable by Addison and Steele. All the one hundred and five numbers of the *Rambler* have mottos Johnson in all likelihood supplied all but one of the mottos for the six papers written by other hands. Horace is once more the favorite source, but Virgil has lost the prestige he had with Addison and Steele. For seventy papers the motto is chosen from Horace, for thirty-one from Juvenal there are twenty-two mottos from Martial and the same number from Ovid, and only twelve are chosen from Virgil. In like manner, for the twenty-nine numbers of the *Adventurer* written by Johnson, ten have mottos from Horace, five from Ovid, three from Juvenal, and two from Virgil and Lucan respectively. Juvenal and Ovid have taken the place with Johnson which Virgil held with Addison and Steele. For his Latin mottos, and for his quotations within the essays, he is accustomed to supply an English translation. Boswell throws light upon the unacknowledged translations:[1] 'Some of the translations of the mottos by himself are admirably done. He acknowl

[1] *Life* 1. 225.

edges to have received "elegant translations" of many of them from Mr. James Elphinston; and some are very happily translated by a Mr. F. Lewis.' For his quotations from Horace he is usually satisfied with the translation of either Creech or Francis.

The second line of the motto for the *Rambler*,[1]

> Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri,
> Quo me cunque rapit tempestas, deferor hospes,

intimates the scope which Johnson had proposed to himself in the substance and method of these papers. His manner of treating his essays is in general unlike that of Addison and Steele; he is apt to develop his essay, giving to it a sort of progression of the theme, whereas Addison—with Steele, who used the same method—having chosen his topic, would let the light of his brilliant mind play upon the one point chosen during the whole course of the essay, and his motto would apply to the topic. Frequently Johnson introduces a general axiom, and ends by illustrating with a particular case; and the motto fits now one, now the other. For instance, in No. 92 of the *Rambler*, he sets out with the general idea of beauty, 'vague and undefined, different in different minds, and diversified by time or place'; he passes to the beauty of writing; thence to the art of versifying, and the special aspect of the accommodation in this art of the sound to the sense; and completes his essay by giving illustrations from Homer, Virgil, and Pope, in which these poets have sought after the 'imagery of sound.' The motto for this paper is taken from an Ode of Horace,[2]

> Jam nunc minaci murmure cornuum
> Perstringis aures: jam litui strepunt,

by which Johnson implicitly suggests that Horace was in these lines seeking after the same effect. No. 49 of

[1] *E.* 1. 1. 14-15.
[2] *O.* 2. 1. 17-18.

the *Rambler*, a well developed essay, which traces the first motives of human actions and their development until they culminate in a desire for fame, describes the desire for fame, and advocates its regulation rather than its repression, with finally a picture of the highest use to which it may be put, has for its motto the lines,[1]

> Non omnis moriar; multaque pars mei
> Vitabit Libitinam. Usque ego postera
> Crescam laude recens,

which strengthens the picture in which the essay has culminated. No. 38, with the motto,[2]

> Auream quisquis mediocritatem
> Diligit, tutus caret obsoleti
> Sordibus tecti; caret invidenda
> Sobrius aula,

sets out with arguments in favor of the golden mediocrity, and ends with an Eastern fable to enforce them.

Sometimes the essay is the embodiment of the motto, as with Addison. No. 6 of the *Rambler*, the theme of which is that 'the fountain of content must spring up in the mind,' has the motto:[3]

> Strenua nos exercet inertia: navibus atque
> Quadrigis petimus bene vivere. Quod petis, hic est,
> Est Ulubris; animus si te non deficit æquus.

In No. 4, Johnson's idea of the right use to be made of the new type of writing—of the modern novel which was then coming into being, as distinguished from the romantic tale—is illuminated by the motto which he has chosen:[4]

> Simul et jucunda et idonea dicere vitæ.

[1] *O.* 3. 30. 6-8.
[2] *O.* 2. 10. 5-8.
[3] *E.* 1. 11. 28-30.
[4] *A. P.* 334.

Johnson has some apt mottos from Horace for his allegories: for instance, Horace's beginning of one of his own fables—[1]

Garrit aniles
Ex re fabellas—

introduces the Eastern story of Obidah and the hermit in No. 65 of the *Rambler;* and No. 91, an allegory of patronage and of the sciences, who 'after a thousand indignities, retired from the palace of patronage,' and 'were led at last to the cottage of independence, the daughter of fortitude,' has the warning motto:[2]

Dulcis inexpertis cultura potentis amici;
Expertus metuit.

The motto,[3]

Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti,

for No. 92 of the *Adventurer,* a critical paper on Virgil's Pastorals, is a declaration of the author's attitude in writing the essay, rather than a suggestion of its contents. Johnson sometimes makes happy use of lines from Horace in lighter vein. No. 121 of the *Rambler* has the motto[4]

O imitatores, servum pecus!

to give point to the description of a society of 'Echoes' at one of the universities; and here we seem to have gone back to the age of the *Spectators* and *Tatlers.* No. 135, upon 'the annual flight of human rovers' from the town to the country, who 'quit one scene of idleness for another,' suggests by its motto,[5]

Cælum, non animum, mutant,

[1] *S.* 2. 6. 77-78.
[2] *E.* 1. 18. 86-87.
[3] *E.* 2. 2. 110.
[4] *E.* 1. 19. 19.
[5] *E.* 1. 11. 27.

Horace's frequent iteration of the same theme. And No. 176, on criticism, with directions to authors attacked by critics, has the motto,[1]

Naso suspendis adunco.

Speaking of the *Rambler*, Boswell remarks[2] that every page 'shews a mind teeming with classical allusion and poetical imagery: illustrations from other writers are, upon all occasions, so ready, and mingle so easily in his periods, that the whole appears of one uniform vivid texture.' He has also recorded a conversation in which Johnson has expressed his opinion upon the use of quotation:[3] 'The subject of quotation being introduced, Mr. Wilkes censured it as pedantry. JOHNSON. "No, Sir, it is a good thing; there is a community of mind in it. Classical quotation is the *parole* of literary men all over the world."' Augustine Birrell, in his essay on Johnson in *Men, Women, and Books*, has paid tribute to his use of quotation.[4] 'What strikes one perhaps most,' he says, 'if you assume a merely critical attitude, is the glorious ease and aptitude of his quotations from ancient and modern writings.' Where Johnson has used Horace most freely in quotation and allusion is in the early numbers of the *Rambler*. Often he quotes the exact phrase or lines of Horace; just as often, perhaps, he merely alludes to him as the source of the observation he is making. He seldom uses his precepts without acknowledging his indebtedness, either directly, or by giving some indication that he is quoting. Boswell pays him the following tribute, and thereby explains why echoes of other authors are not found in his writings without being explicitly

[1] *S.* 1. 6. 5.

[2] *Life* 1. 217.

[3] *Ibid.* 4. 102.

[4] This is said especially about his letters to Mrs. Thrale, but it applies equally to his formal writings.

acknowledged:[1] 'The richness of Johnson's fancy, which could supply his page abundantly on all occasions, and the strength of his memory, which at once detected the real owner of any thought, made him less liable to the imputation of plagiarism than, perhaps, any of our writers.' He applies the precepts of Horace to his literary criticisms, to philosophical and ethical discussions, and to his descriptive and critical observations upon life, frequently with satirically serious intent, seldom making use of Horace's light strain of irony.

A favorite passage is the beginning of the First Satire of the First Book. Speaking in the first number of the *Rambler*, half satirically, as a periodical writer to his public, he suggests to them[2] that, if the boasts of diurnal writers 'deceive any into the perusal of their performances, they defraud them of but little time.

> Quid enim? concurritur: horæ
> Momento cita mors venit, aut victoria læta.[3]

The question concerning the merit of the day is soon decided, and we are not condemned to toil through half a folio, to be convinced that the writer has broke his promise.' The paper is continued in the same satirical vein, and Horace is twice more called into requisition during its course. In No. 45 he comments upon a recognized condition of life:[4] 'Converse with almost any man, grown old in a profession, and you will find him regretting that he did not enter into some different course, to which he too late finds his genius better adapted, or in which he discovers that wealth and honour are more easily attained. "The merchant," says Horace,[5] "envies the soldier, and the soldier recounts the felicity of the mer-

1 *Life* 1. 334.
2 *Wks. 2.* 4.
3 *S.* 1. 1. 7-8.
4 *Wks. 2.* 219.
5 *S.* 1. 1. 6-12.

chant; the lawyer, when his clients harass him, calls out for the quiet of the countryman; and the countryman, when business calls him to town, proclaims that there is no happiness but amidst opulence and crowds.'' ' And again in No. 63 he observes[1] 'that no man is pleased with his present state; which proves equally unsatisfactory, says Horace,[2] whether fallen upon by chance, or chosen with deliberation; we are always disgusted with some circumstance or other of our situation, and imagine the condition of others more abundant in blessings, or less exposed to calamities.' But in No. 9 he gives the conclusion of Horace's observations, and the reverse side of human dissatisfaction:[3] 'It is justly remarked by Horace,[4] that howsoever every man may complain occasionally of the hardships of his condition, he is seldom willing to change it for any other on the same level.'

In his literary criticisms Johnson frequently appeals to the *Ars Poetica* for confirmation of his judgment. In Numbers 1 and 158,[5] he discusses the precepts contained in lines 140 to 152 of the *Ars Poetica* with regard to the wise method of beginning a poem, as exemplified by Homer. He appeals to lines 93 and 94 of the same treatise in trying to define the boundaries between tragedy and comedy in No. 125:[6] ' "Comedy," says Horace, "sometimes raises her voice;" and tragedy may, likewise, on proper occasions, abate her dignity; but as the comic personages can only depart from their familiarity of style, when the more violent passions are put in motion, the heroes and queens of tragedy should never descend to trifle, but in the hours of ease, and intermissions of danger.' And he appeals again to the same lines in

[1] *Wks.* 2. 300.
[2] *S.* 1. 1. 1-3.
[3] *Wks.* 2. 40.
[4] *S.* 1. 1. 1-19.
[5] *Wks.* 2. 2, 250-251.
[6] *Ibid.* 3. 94-95.

No. 152, in proposing rules for epistolary writing:[1] 'If the personages of the comick scene be allowed by Horace to raise their language in the transports of anger to the turgid vehemence of tragedy, the epistolary writer may likewise without censure comply with the varieties of his matter.' Numbers 90 and 94, which belong to a series of essays on versification in general, and on Milton's *Paradise Lost* in particular, obtain some aid from Horace. Throughout No. 90, which contains a discussion of the versification of *Paradise Lost*, Johnson apparently had the *Ars Poetica* in mind; for he not only alludes to its precepts, and applies them in his consideration of Milton's verse, but in describing Milton's models he also quotes one of its famous lines, and approves the poetry of Milton later by the test of this precept. 'It is very difficult to write on the minuter parts of literature without failing either to please or instruct,' he says in the beginning of the paper,[2] having in mind Horace's description of the successful writer:[3]

> Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci,
> Lectorem delectando pariterque monendo.

And he continues: 'They who undertake these subjects are . . . always in danger, as one or other inconvenience arises to their imagination, of frighting us with rugged science, or amusing us with empty sound'—such as Horace's[4]

> Versus inopes rerum nugæque canoræ.

Taking up Milton's scheme of versification, which he has formed by the poets of Greece and Rome, Johnson defines the hexameters of the ancients, and it is here that he again

[1] *Wks.* 3. 222.
[2] *Ibid.* 2. 421.
[3] *A. P.* 343-344.
[4] *A. P.* 322.

has recourse to Horace. They consist, he says,[1] 'of fifteen syllables, so melodiously disposed, that, as every one knows who has examined the poetical authors, very pleasing and sonorous lyrick measures are formed from the fragments of the heroick. It is, indeed, scarce possible to break them in such a manner, but that "invenias etiam disjecta membra poetæ,"[2] some harmony will still remain, and the due proportions of sound will always be discovered.' No. 94, which discusses the vexed question of sound echoing sense in versification, and of how much Milton regarded 'this species of embellishment,' has an amusing assemblage of lines from Virgil and Horace,[3] by which Johnson illustrates his argument that 'sound can resemble nothing but sound, and time can measure nothing but motion and duration.'

In No. 169, in which he is insisting that labor is necessary to excellence, he sums up lines 386 to 390 of the *Ars Poetica* in his description of the writers of antiquity:[4] 'What they had written, they did not venture in their first fondness to thrust into the world, but, considering the impropriety of sending forth inconsiderately that which cannot be recalled, deferred the publication, if not nine years, according to the direction of Horace, yet till their fancy was cooled after the raptures of invention, and the glare of novelty had ceased to dazzle the judgment.' Then he adds, quoting from elsewhere in the *Ars Poetica*:[5] 'There were in those days no weekly or diurnal writers; "multa dies et multa litura," much time, and many rasures, were considered as indispensable requisites.'

No. 143 is interesting, as it gives Johnson's opinion

[1] *Wks.* 2. 422.

[2] *S.* 1. 4. 62 [invenias etiam disiecti membra poetæ].

[3] *Wks.* 2. 446: Virgil *Æn.* 2. 250; 5. 481; Horace *A. P.* 139.

[4] *Ibid.* 3. 298.

[5] L. 293.

with regard to what is plagiarism, and what is falsely called so. He sums up his discussion of the matter by saying[1] that, 'as not every instance of similitude can be considered as a proof of imitation, so not every imitation ought to be stigmatized as plagiarism.' His instances of similitude, where he believes there is no imitation, are, first, two similar passages in Virgil and Horace:[2]

> Hæ tibi erunt artes—
> Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos.
> —Virgil.

and

> Imperet bellante prior, jacentem
> Lenis in hostem.
> —Horace.

Of these he remarks that 'it is surely not necessary to suppose with a late critick, that one is copied from the other, since neither Virgil nor Horace can be supposed ignorant of the common duties of humanity, and the virtue of moderation in success.' Secondly, two passages in Cicero and Ovid. And thirdly, two passages in Cicero which have their counterparts in Horace;[3] and here again he believes that the likeness arises from the subject being of equal interest to both, not from imitation.

In No. 4 he defines the task of the contemporary writers of fiction as distinct from that of the earlier writers of the heroic romance:[4] 'It requires, together with that learning which is to be gained from books, that experience which can never be attained by solitary diligence, but must arise from general converse and accurate observation of the living world. Their performances

[1] *Wks.* 3. 183.
[2] *Wks.* 3. 179-180: Virgil *Æn.* 6. 853; Horace *C. S.* 51-52.
[3] Cicero *Arch.* 10, 11: *O.* 4. 9. 25-28; *2.* 16. 17-18.
[4] *Wks. 2.* 16.

have, as Horace expresses it,[1] "plus oneris, quanto veniæ minus," little indulgence, and therefore more difficulty.'

Johnson uses Horace sometimes in making general observations on life, and several times has quoted him in his reflections on old age. In No. 41 he hints at Horace's description of the old man,

> Laudator temporis acti
> Se puero,

in his four ages of man in the *Ars Poetica*,[2] when he says,[3] 'It has been remarked by former writers, that old men are generally narrative, and fall easily into recitals of past transactions, and accounts of persons known to them in their youth.' And he continues: 'When we approach the verge of the grave it is more eminently true:[4]

> Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam.'

In No. 50[5] he warns dotards not to contend with boys 'in those performances in which boys must always excel them,' and adds Horace's advice:[6]

> Lusisti satis, edisti satis, atque bibisti:
> Tempus abire tibi est.

And in No. 71 he again touches upon Horace's four ages of man, with special reference to the fourth age—of the old man:[7] 'It is observable that Horace, in his account of the characters of men, as they are diversified by the various influence of time, remarks,[8] that the old man is "dilator, spe longus," given to procrastination, and inclined to extend his hopes to a great distance.'

[1] *E. 2.* 1. 169-170.
[2] *A. P.* 173-174.
[3] *Wks. 2.* 203.
[4] *O.* 1. 4. 15.
[5] *Wks. 2.* 243.
[6] *E. 2. 2.* 214-215.
[7] *Wks. 2.* 335.
[8] *A. P.* 169-174.

In the *Rambler*, as elsewhere in his writings and in his conversation, Johnson dwells on Horace's frequent admonitions that life is short, and that all we may count upon is the present hour. His attitude of mind toward death and life's uncertainty is not Horace's, yet he finds Horace's words applicable to his own thoughts. In No. 43 he says, speaking of him who contemplates great undertakings:[1] 'Horace advises his poetical friend to consider every day as the last which he shall enjoy, because that will always give pleasure which we receive beyond our hopes.'[2] And in No. 71 he says:[3] 'We are frequently importuned, by the bacchanalian writers, to lay hold on the present hour, to catch the pleasures within our reach, and remember that futurity is not at our command.' Though Horace is not a 'bacchanalian writer,' yet he wrote bacchanalian odes, and Johnson can hardly be unmindful here of his[4]

Carpe diem quam minimum credula postero.

For his more distinctly ethical utterances Johnson finds assistance in Horace. In No. 25 he has been alluding implicitly to Aristotle's axiom that virtue lies in the mean, and he is evidently thinking of the line by Aristotle's disciple, Horace,[5]

Virtus est medium vitiorum et utrimque reductum,

when he adds:[6] 'To walk with circumspection and steadiness in the right path, at an equal distance between the extremes of errour, ought to be the constant endeavour of every reasonable being.' In No. 38 he is thinking of

[1] *Wks.* 2. 212.
[2] *E.* 1. 4. 13-14.
[3] *Wks.* 2. 336.
[4] *O.* 1. 11. 8.
[5] *E.* 1. 18. 9.
[6] *Wks.* 2. 123.

this line as well as of the lines of his motto—of the 'auream mediocritatem'[1]—when he says that,[2] 'among many parallels which men of imagination have drawn between the natural and moral state of the world, it has been observed, that happiness, as well as virtue, consists in mediocrity.' In No. 113, touching upon an interesting question of human conduct, he says:[3] 'I know not whether it is always a proof of innocence to treat censure with contempt. We owe so much reverence to the wisdom of mankind, as justly to wish, that our own opinion of our merit may be ratified by the concurrence of other suffrages. . . . The wall of brass which Horace erects upon a clear conscience,[4] may be sometimes raised by impudence or power; and we should always wish to preserve the dignity of virtue, by adorning her with graces which wickedness cannot assume.'

The *Adventurer* contains an illuminating paper on some obscure and censured passages of Horace. The theme of No. 58[5] is the necessary obscurity of many passages in ancient writers, because facts of history are lost that would throw light on their meaning. To illustrate his argument, Johnson chooses passages of Horace which seem to fall below our standard of his usual excellence, because what he is alluding to is no longer understood.

The motto of the first number of the *Idler*,[6]

> Vacui sub umbra
> Lusimus,

setting forth the Idler's character, was perhaps meant to suggest also the easier, less severe tone that Johnson intended to give to this periodical, as contrasted with the

[1] *O.* 2. 10. 5-8.
[2] *Wks.* 2. 185.
[3] *Ibid.* 3. 34.
[4] *E.* 1. 1. 60-61.
[5] *Wks.* 4. 30.
[6] *O.* 1. 32. 1-2.

serious, sometimes ponderous style of the *Rambler*. The classical references in the *Idler* are comparatively few in number, and Horace shares in the general neglect. No. 60,[1] which describes satirically how Minim, the critic, prepared himself for his calling, represents a smattering of Horace—of such maxims, as that 'the great art is the art of blotting' and that 'every piece should be kept nine years'[2]—as an essential part of the trappings of a critic. In No. 77 Johnson refuses to consider a rule of Horace as adequate. 'Easy poetry,' he says,[3] 'is universally admired; but I know not whether any rule has yet been fixed, by which it may be decided when poetry can be properly called easy. Horace has told us,[4] that it is such as "every reader hopes to equal, but after long labour finds unattainable." This is a very loose description, in which only the effect is noted; the qualities which produce this effect remain to be investigated.' These are the only references of importance in the *Idler*.

Johnson has made frequent use of Horace in his *Lives of the Poets*. The allusions are of two kinds: those which record translations, paraphrases, or imitations of Horace by the poets, with frequent criticism of their work; and those allusions to rules or lines of Horace, which aid or illustrate Johnson's critical estimate of the poet he is considering. The allusions which aid such criticism are the ones of chief value in showing Johnson's use of Horace. They occur most frequently in his *Life of Dryden;* his mention of imitations of Horace is naturally most frequent in his *Life of Pope*.

Johnson says of Cowley's *Olympick Ode*:[5] 'The spirit of Pindar is, indeed, not every where equally preserved,'

[1] *Wks*. 4. 325.
[2] *E. 2*. 1. 167; *A. P*. 388.
[3] *Wks*. 4. 376.
[4] *A. P*. 240-242.
[5] *Cowley* (*Wks*. 7. 37).

and he quotes some lines which, he says, 'are not such as his "deep mouth" was used to pour.' In criticizing Cowley's attempt to imitate Pindar, he has in mind Horace's description of the peculiar power of that poet.[1] Upon Dryden's remark, that 'Milton has some flats among his elevations,' Johnson admits that this is inevitable.[2] 'In a great work there is a vicissitude of luminous and opaque parts, as there is in the world a succession of day and night. Milton, when he has expatiated in the sky, may be allowed sometimes to revisit earth; for what other author ever soared so high, or sustained his flight so long?' Horace, in lines 359 and 360 of the *Ars Poetica*, has said much the same thing of Homer:

Verum operi longo fas est obrepere somnum.

Johnson criticizes the dialogue of the poem *Hudibras*.[3] 'Some power of engaging the attention might have been added to it by quicker reciprocation, by seasonable interruptions, . . . and by a nearer approach to dramatick sprightliness. . . . The skilful writer "irritat, mulcet,"[4] makes a due distribution of the still and animated parts.'

In his *Life of Dryden*,[5] Johnson uses Horace, not at first as a literary critic, but to justify Dryden in his boast of his familiarity with the great. 'Horace[6] will support him in the opinion,' Johnson says in extenuation of the boast, 'that to please superiours is not the lowest kind of merit.' In his explanation and approval of Dryden's method of translation, he cites Ben Jonson as an example of one extreme method,[7] who 'thought it

[1] *O.* 4. 2. 7-8.
[2] *Milton* (*Wks.* 7. 138).
[3] *Butler* (*Wks.* 7. 151).
[4] *E.* 2. 1. 212.
[5] *Wks.* 7. 293.
[6] *E.* 1. 17. 35.
[7] *Wks.* 7. 309.

necessary to copy Horace almost word for word,' at the other extreme Cowley, who saw that such copiers as the followers of Ben Jonson 'were a servile race,' but who, in asserting his liberty, 'spread his wings so boldly that he left his authors.' He has here borrowed the phraseology of Horace:[1]

O imitatores, servum pecus.

He gives high praise to Dryden's poem on the death of Mrs. Killigrew.[2] 'The first part,' he says, 'flows with a torrent of enthusiasm: "Fervet immensusque ruit."'[3] In his final survey of Dryden he accords praise to his fluency:[4] 'When once he had engaged himself in disputation, thoughts flowed in on either side: he was now no longer at a loss; he had always objections and solutions at command; "verbaque provisam rem"[5]—give him matter for his verse, and he finds, without difficulty, verse for his matter.' And he adds later:[6] 'By him we are taught "sapere et fari,"[7] to think naturally and express forcibly.' The idea contained in these two precepts was a familiar one to him, and we find him quoting them both in the *Adventurer*.[8]

When he comes to write the *Life of Addison*, he expresses his hesitancy thus:[9] 'As the process of these narratives is now bringing me among my contemporaries, I begin to feel myself "walking upon ashes under which the fire is not extinguished."' He is applying to himself Horace's

1 *E.* 1. 19. 19.
2 *Wks.* 7. 325.
3 *O.* 4. 2. 7.
4 *Wks.* 7. 340-341.
5 *A. P.* 311.
6 *Wks.* 7. 348.
7 *E.* 1. 4. 9.
8 Nos. 138 and 85 (*Wks.* 4. 146 and 70).
9 *Wks.* 7. 445.

warning to Pollio[1] when he undertook to write the history of the recently ended civil war:

> Incedis per ignes
> Suppositos cineri doloso.

In his consideration of the simile of the angel in Addison's *Campaign*, he raises the question of what distinguishes a simile from mere exemplification. As illustration, he describes Horace's use of simile when he[2] 'says of Pindar, that he pours his violence and rapidity of verse, as a river swoln with rain rushes from the mountain; or of himself, that his genius wanders in quest of poetical decorations, as the bee wanders to collect honey;'[3] and he goes on to point out what Horace might have written had he been using exemplification. His last word concerning Addison is[4] that 'whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison.' Horace gave similar advice in the *Ars Poetica*, where his models were the Greeks:[5]

> Vos exemplaria Græca
> Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna.

Johnson judged Prior in comparison with Butler as 'inventore minor,' like Horace in comparison with Lucilius.[6] He closes his *Life of Prior* by saying[7] that a survey of his life and writings 'may exemplify a sentence which he doubtless understood well, when he read Horace at his uncle's; "the vessel long retains the scent which it

[1] *O.* 2. 1. 7-8.
[2] *Wks.* 7. 454.
[3] *O.* 4. 2. 5-8, 27-32.
[4] *Wks.* 7. 473.
[5] *A. P.* 268-269.
[6] *Prior* (*Wks.* 8. 17): *S.* 1. 10. 48-71.
[7] *Wks.* 8. 22.

first receives." "[1] His judgment of Gay is[2] that 'he had not in any great degree the "mens divinior,"[3] the dignity of genius.' Of a couple of what he calls 'decorations' in *Trivia*, which 'may be justly wished away,' he says:[4] 'Horace's rule[5] is broken in both cases; there is no "dignus vindice nodus," no difficulty that required any supernatural interposition.'

In his *Life of Pope* he says at one time[6] that he lived 'among the great,' quoting Pope's own line,[7]

> Envy must own I live among the Great,

which is Pope's imitation of Horace's[8]

> Tamen me
> Cum magnis vixisse invita fatebitur usque
> Invidia.

Of *Eloise and Abelard* he speaks highly:[9] 'Here is particularly observable the "curiosa felicitas,"[10] a fruitful soil and careful cultivation. Here is no crudeness of sense, nor asperity of language.'

Of Ambrose Philips' translations from Pindar he says[11] that 'he found the art of reaching all the obscurity of the Theban bard, however he may fall below his sublimity; he will be allowed, if he has less fire, to have more smoke.' Here Johnson seems to have in mind Horace's line:[12]

> Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem.

1 *E.* 1. 2. 69-70.
2 *Gay* (*Wks.* 8. 70).
3 *S.* 1. 4. 43.
4 *Wks.* 8. 71.
5 *A. P.* 191.
6 *Wks.* 8. 291.
7 *Imitation of the First Satire of the Second Book of Horace* 133.
8 *S.* 2. 1. 75-77.
9 *Wks.* 8. 334.
10 Petronius *S.* 118. 5.
11 *A. Philips* (*Wks.* 8. 395).
12 *A. P.* 143-144.

Of Dyer's poem, *The Fleece*, of which he can 'say little that is likely to recall it to attention,' he says:[1] 'The woolcomber and the poet appear to me such discordant natures, that an attempt to bring them together is to "couple the serpent with the fowl" '—a figure from the *Ars Poetica*:[2]

Non ut
Serpentes avibus geminentur.

Finally,[3] Young's species of satire he places 'between those of Horace and Juvenal; . . . he has the gaiety of Horace without his laxity of numbers,[4] and the morality of Juvenal, with greater variation of images.'

Johnson has given unstinted praise to the translation by Cowley of Horace's line:[5]

Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.

'He has given,' he says in his *Life of Cowley*,[6] 'one example of representative versification, which, perhaps, no other English line can equal:[7]

Begin, be bold, and venture to be wise:
He, who defers this work from day to day,
Does on a river's bank expecting stay
Till the whole stream that stopp'd him shall be gone,
Which runs, and, as it runs, for ever shall run on.'

Thus we have seen how naturally Johnson turns to Horace as a criterion for his critical judgments in his *Lives of the Poets;* and here, if at all in his works, he may be said to have been influenced by Horace.

[1] *Dyer* (*Wks.* 8. 406-407).

[2] *A. P.* 12-13.

[3] *Young* (*Wks.* 8. 459).

[4] As to the question whether Johnson wrote 'laxity of *numbers*,' see note in *Appendix—Johnson*, p. 572.

[5] *E.* 1. 2. 43.

[6] *Wks.* 7. 54.

[7] Cowley's *Essays in Verse and Prose.* 10. *The Danger of Procrastination.*

In his *Preface to the English Dictionary*, he shows how irregular the formation of derivatives is in the English language, and gives an instance of how Milton, 'in zeal for analogy,' tried to wrest a word out of its natural formation into the form it should take by regular development. But he recognizes the impossibility of such a task, and expresses the futility of the attempt in the words of Horace:[1] '"Quid te exempta juvat spinis de pluribus una?" to change all would be too much, and to change one is nothing.' For the motto of his *Dictionary*, he takes those fine lines addressed to the poet in Horace's Epistle to Florus[2]—which, as Sellar says in his *Roman Poets of the Augustan Age*,[3] are 'as admirable practical advice on the cultivation of style as any ever given'—and transfers them to himself, the lexicographer, as indicative of the standard he has tried to maintain in the compiling of the dictionary:

> Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti;
> Audebit, quæcunque parum splendoris habebunt
> Et sine pondere erunt et honore indigna feruntur,
> Verba movere loco, quamvis invita recedant
> Et versentur adhuc intra penetralia Vestæ:
> Obscurata diu populo bonus eruet atque
> Proferet in lucem speciosa vocabula rerum,
> Quæ priscis memorata Catonibus atque Cethegis
> Nunc situs informis premit et deserta vetustas.

Other references to Horace are scattered only sparsely throughout Johnson's miscellaneous writings. These occur chiefly in such literary essays as the *Preface to Shakespeare*,[4] in which, though there is no direct allusion to Horace, there is indication that he is tacitly relying

[1] *Wks.* 5. 25: *E.* 2. 2. 212.

[2] *E.* 2. 2. 110-118.

[3] *Horace and the Elegiac Poets*, Oxford, 1899, p. 110.

[4] *Wks.* 5. 104-105, 106-107, 108: cf. respectively Horace *E.* 2. 1. 39, *A. P.* 240-242, 338.

on his rules for poetry. The same kind of tacit allusion occurs in his *Preface to the Translation of Father Lobo's Voyage to Abyssinia*,[1] and in *A Project for the Employment of Authors*.[2] His *Lives of Eminent Persons* have only such classical references as apply directly to the subject, and in them there is no allusion to Horace. In his tales of the imagination, which include *Rasselas*, the *Vision of Theodore*, the *Hermit of Teneriffe*, and the *Fountains*, there is practically no classical allusion of any kind. So also in his *Parliamentary Debates;* and the few allusions in his political tracts are chiefly to Greek and Latin historians, and to such authors as Cicero. Once in these writings he quotes Horace, in the *Thoughts on the Late Transactions respecting Falkland's Islands:*[3] '"Nil mortalibus arduum est:"[4] there is nothing which human courage will not undertake, and little that human patience will not endure. The garrison lived upon Falkland's island, shrinking from the blast, and shuddering at the billows.'

In what may be called his autobiographical writings, the *Account of the Life of Dr. Samuel Johnson, from his Birth to his Eleventh Year, written by himself*, the *Journey to the Hebrides*, and his *Prayers and Meditations*, there is only one allusion to Horace—in the *Meditations*. In the *Journey to the Hebrides* he is reminded of Homer and of Cæsar; the Highlanders he compares with the Greeks of Thucydides in that they went always armed;[5] and in the island of Raasay he could have fancied himself in Phæacia;[6] but though Boswell tells of his quoting an

[1] *Wks.* 5. 255: *A. P.* 338.
[2] *Ibid.* 5. 358: *E.* 2. 2. 70-76.
[3] *Ibid.* 6. 187.
[4] *O.* 1. 3. 37.
[5] *Wks.* 9. 41.
[6] *Ibid.* 9. 62.

Ode of Horace on a stormy crossing from one island of the Hebrides to another,[1] he himself records in his history of the journey no instance where he was reminded of Horace, who was by nature and training a civilian and frequenter of country resorts, the spirit of whose poetry is in general little akin to the life of toil and hardship of the Hebrides. Among the *Meditations* there is this curious entry, indicating one of those scruples which Johnson has more than once recorded of himself:[2] 'I then dined, and trifled in the parlour and library, and was freed from a scruple about Horace.' What the scruple was he does not intimate.

A general glance backward over the life and conversation and the writings of Johnson makes clear what was said at the beginning of this survey, that he had a strong and undeniable personal affection for Horace; a keen appreciation of the beauty of his Odes—perhaps the exquisite grace of Horace's diction appealed to him more strongly by contrast with his own labored style; a respect for his literary criticisms, upon which he relied in his critical essays, though he did not accept his precepts blindly; and, above all, sympathy with Horace's observations upon the conduct of life, and sympathetic understanding of, though not acquiescence in, his fundamental melancholy.

It is an interesting reflection upon the results of this investigation, though in no way confirming them, that Murphy, in his *Essay on the Life and Genius of Dr. Johnson*,[3] can find no more fitting words to complete his picture of his character than in the following lines from Horace's Third Satire of the First Book:[4]

[1] *Life* 5. 163: *O.* 2. 16.

[2] *Wks.* 9. 284, and *Johnsonian Misc.* 1. 93. For other instances of such scruples, see *Johnsonian Misc.* 1. 38, 41, 46, 113, etc.

[3] *Wks.* 1. lxviii.

[4] *S.* 1. 3. 29-34.

Iracundior est paulo? minus aptus acutis
Naribus horum hominum? rideri possit, eo quod
Rusticius tonso toga defluit, et male laxus
In pede calceus hæret? At est bonus, ut melior vir
Non alius quisquam: at tibi amicus: at ingenium ingens
Inculto latet hoc sub corpore.

THE LETTER-WRITERS: LORD CHESTERFIELD AND HORACE WALPOLE

Lord Chesterfield and Horace Walpole exemplify the letter-writers of the eighteenth century in their use of classical quotation. Both use such quotation liberally as a *façon de parler*, but neither carries it to the extreme which was reached by the lesser wits; both indeed deprecate its use, yet have involuntarily followed the fashion.

Chesterfield gives the following advice to his son on his becoming an attaché to the Embassy at Paris in 1751:[1] 'Carefully avoid all Greek or Latin quotations; and bring no precedents from the *virtuous Spartans, the polite Athenians, and the brave Romans.* Leave all that to futile pedants.' In a letter dated June 24 of this year, he has already described his own first efforts and failure to be a successful man of the world, as a warning to his son:[2] 'At nineteen, I left the University of Cambridge, where I was an absolute pedant; when I talked my best, I quoted Horace; when I aimed at being facetious, I quoted Martial; and when I had a mind to be a fine gentleman, I talked Ovid.' And he writes to Mrs. Eugenia Stanhope in 1769, concerning the education of her two sons:[3] 'I am not of the opinion generally entertained in this country, that man lives by Greek and Latin alone; that is, by knowing a great many words of two dead languages, which nobody living knows perfectly, and which are of no use in the common intercourse of life.'

[1] *Letters of Philip Dormer Stanhope, fourth Earl of Chesterfield*, ed. by John Bradshaw, 1892, 2. 474. See also Feb. 22, 1748 (1. 90).

[2] *Chesterfield's Letters* 1. 460.

[3] *Ibid.* 3. 1389.

Walpole frequently expresses a dread of pedantry. On October 24, 1758, he writes to George Montagu[1] that he is giving up writing, for 'it has dipped me in *erudite* correspondences—I receive letters every week that compliment my learning—now, as there is nothing I hold so cheap as a learned man, except an unlearned one, this title is insupportable to me; if I have not a care, I shall be called learned, till somebody abuses me for *not* being learned, as they, not I, fancied I was.' And on September 22, 1765, he writes to him from Paris,[2] protesting against what he calls the French affectation of philosophy, literature, and freethinking: 'For literature, it is very amusing when one has nothing else to do. I think it rather pedantic in society; tiresome when displayed professedly.' He tries to ward off the dedication of a poem to himself:[3] 'I remonstrated, and advised him to Augustus, the patron supreme; he would not be said nay, and modesty, as it always does when folks are pressing, submitted, but it was to be a homage to my *literary merit*. Oh, that was too much, I downright was rude.' And on another occasion he writes to the same friend, William Mason:[4] 'Mr. Gilpin has sent me his book and dedication. I thank you for the latter being so moderate, yet he talks of my researches, which makes me smile; I know, as Gray would have said, how little I have *researched*, and what slender pretensions are mine to so pompous a term.' And, finally, he writes to the Countess of Upper Ossory:[5] '[The *Morning Post*] talks, too, of my extensive learning, which always makes me laugh—no mortal's reading has been more superficial.'

In the letters of each may be perceived the view that

[1] *The Letters of Horace Walpole*, ed. by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, Oxford, 1903, 4. 210.

[2] *Walpole's Letters* 6. 301.

[3] May 15, 1773 (*Walpole's Letters* 8. 278).

[4] Jan. 27, 1781 (*Walpole's Letters* 11. 376).

[5] Aug. 23, 1780 (*Walpole's Letters* 11. 261).

learning is an essential, but that it must be kept in the background. Lord Chesterfield's early letters to his son, and all his letters to his godson, insist upon a thorough knowledge of classic as well as of modern authors; Walpole's letters for some time after his leaving Cambridge reflect his classical studies, and in a letter to Richard West, November 9, 1735, he makes the suggestion:[1] 'But why mayn't we hold a classical correspondence? I can never forget the many agreeable hours we have passed in reading Horace and Virgil; and I think they are topics will never grow stale.'

In later years Walpole often asserts, and probably honestly, that he has forgotten much of his Latin, and all the little Greek he ever had; Chesterfield is pleased to refresh his memory in company with his young godson. He tells Mr. A. C. Stanhope:[2] 'We now interlard our familiar epistles with scraps of Latin, as he is proud of the Latin he learns, and I am so of not having quite forgot mine.'

Neither is a deep student of any one of the classic authors—unless exception be made for Lord Chesterfield of Cicero's *De Oratore*—and their quotations are frequently like the quotations of Walpole's 'great lawyers retired from business, who,' he writes to the Countess of Upper Ossory, December 10, 1790,[3] 'having taken to reading the classics, have quoted the commonplaces of Horace, which an Etonian of twenty would blush to cite, knowing all his contemporaries were as familiar with them as he.'

Lord Chesterfield's mind is stored with such tags. He had evidently done for himself during a long life what

1 *Walpole's Letters* 1. 9.

2 March 19, 1764 (*Letters of Philip Dormer, fourth Earl of Chesterfield to his Godson and Successor,* Oxford, 1890. *Appendix,* p. 348.)

3 *Walpole's Letters* 14. 335.

he proposes to do for his godson:[1] 'I will cram you full of the most shining thoughts both of the Antients and the Moderns, in hopes that they will be (according to the Vulgar saying) all your own another day.' His quotation of the classics comes into full play in his letters to his son before his coming of age, and in those to his godson. In them he is inculcating his theory that success must have learning as its foundation. Yet even to his French friends, and to such English friends as the Bishop of Waterford and Faulkner, he often uses Latin phrases, and alludes to Latin and Greek authors.

Cicero, he admits, is his favorite author; he had built his own success as a fluent speaker upon a study of Cicero's writings, and proposes that his son, and later his godson, shall form themselves upon the examples of Cicero and Demosthenes.[2]

Horace, however, is the most often quoted author in his letters, though in his *Character of Pope*[3] he has ventured what he calls 'this piece of classical blasphemy, which is, that, however he [Pope] may be supposed to be obliged to Horace, Horace is more obliged to him'; and in a letter to the Baron de Kreuningen, July 7, 1752,[4] he has said much the same thing: 'J'ose même dire, à la face de tous les pédans de l'univers, que les épîtres et les satires de Pope ont tout le bon sens et toute la justesse, avec mille fois plus d'esprit que celles d'Horace.' When he inserts a parenthesis in a letter to Faulkner,[5] that 'Horace you know can never be in the wrong,' the remark sounds like mockery.

With Lord Chesterfield, certain phrases, Latin, Italian,

[1] [May, 1766] (*Chesterfield's Letters to his Godson,* p. 196).

[2] See *Chesterfield's Letters* 1. 20, 28, 118, 278, 290, 313, 353, 426 (espec.), 2. 552 (espec.); and *Chesterfield's Letters to his Godson,* pp. 32, 108 (espec.), 242, 247, 284, 296, 301; besides many other instances.

[3] *Chesterfield's Letters* 3. 1410.

[4] *Ibid.* 3. 1030.

[5] *Ibid.* 3. 1245-1246.

and French, stand for definite and essential accomplishments; and Horatian phrases he uses in this way with more or less frequency.

One of his axioms he embodies in Horace's 'Nil admirari.'[1] And, in passing, it is interesting to notice that 'Nil admirari' was the motto of Lord Bolingbroke, of whom, and of whose writings, Lord Chesterfield was an ardent admirer.[2] To his son he writes:[3] 'Everything is worth seeing once; and the more one sees, the less one either wonders or admires.' And he advises him to read a certain French book,[4] 'for it will both divert and astonish you: and, at the same time, teach you "nil admirari"; a very necessary lesson.' In the education of his godson this acquirement has become a deliberate aim. On April 23, 1763,[5] he tells Philip Stanhope's father that he has sent his son 'under the care of some ladies to see the procession of the Venetian ambassadors,' and adds: 'I shall in the course of this summer treat him with a sight of the Tower, and with Westminster Abbey: for I would willingly teach him early the "Nil admirari."' And in June he writes to him:[6] 'We have great designs in petto: such as, going on board a man of war, seeing Westminster Abbey, the Tower of London, &c.: in which the "Nil admirari" is my aim.' After the man-of-war has been visited, Lord Chesterfield writes to his godson:[7] 'Il faut tout voir pour ne rien admirer trop.' On June 5, 1765, he writes to Philip Stanhope's father:[8] 'Last week I

[1] *E.* 1. 6. 1.

[2] There are frequent expressions of appreciation of Lord Bolingbroke's writings throughout his letters. See also Prior's letter to Lord Bolingbroke, Oct. 10, 1712 (*Correspondence of Lord Bolingbroke* 3. 138), and *Prior Papers*, p. 468, for the motto.

[3] Apr. 15, O. S., 1748 (*Chesterfield's Letters* 1. 103).

[4] Sept. 27, O. S., 1748 (*Chesterfield's Letters* 1. 153).

[5] *Chesterfield's Letters to his Godson*, pp. 333-334.

[6] *Ibid.*, p. 335.

[7] *Ibid.*, p. 72.

[8] *Ibid.*, p. 364.

carried him to breakfast at Ranelagh gardens, and sent him in the evening to Marybone gardens—which turned his head with joy the rest of the day. I would have him see every thing that he may "nil admirari."' And on November 17, 1766, he writes to his godson:[1] 'I am glad you saw my Lord Mayor's show, for I would have you see everything, that you may stare and wonder at nothing.

> Nil admirari prope res est una Numici,
> Solaque quæ possit facere et servare beatum.'

He has suggested the same idea in his use of another line of Horace. He writes to his son:[2] 'It is of much more consequence to know the "Mores multorum hominum" than the "Urbes."' And two years later he writes again concerning his son's proposed visit to Germany:[3] 'Your object should be to see the "mores multorum hominum et urbes"; begin and end it where you please.' In July, 1766, he writes in mock-serious manner to his godson:[4] 'You have lately in your travels, seen so many persons, places, and things, that you put me in mind of that great Man mentioned by Homer, and afterwards by Horace, "qui mores multorum hominum vidit et urbes"; for you have not only seen Cambridge, but also Clare Hall and Hockrel.'

Horace's description of the popular fear of the satiric poet,[5]

> Fænum habet in cornu; longe fuge,

Lord Chesterfield finds convenient for enforcing his repeated warnings against associating with evil company. One of a series of maxims enclosed in a letter to his son is:[6]

[1] *Chesterfield's Letters to his Godson*, p. 227.
[2] Apr. 30, O. S., 1750 (*Chesterfield's Letters* 1. 336): *A. P.* 142.
[3] July 21, O. S., 1752 (*Chesterfield's Letters* 2. 538).
[4] *Chesterfield's Letters to his Godson*, pp. 212-213.
[5] *S.* 1. 4. 34.
[6] Jan. 15, 1753 (*Chesterfield's Letters* 2. 577).

'A grave, dark, reserved, and mysterious air, has "fœnum in cornu." ' He tells his godson:[1] 'Bad company have "fœnum in cornu; longe fuge." ' Again he writes to him:[2] 'When you hear any young man, of what rank soever, swearing, cursing, talking obscenely, and even boasting of the vices he ought to be ashamed of, put him down for a fool; "Longe fuge," for he has "fœnum in Cornu." ' And in what is believed to be the last letter he wrote to his godson, he repeats the warning.[3]

Lord Chesterfield is convinced, with Horace, that anger is a form of madness. Though he never refers to Horace's description,[4]

Ira furor brevis est,

it is plain in his frequent comments on anger that he is thinking of it, and once or twice he gives his own equivalent for it, as when he writes to his godson:[5] 'Un homme en colére est absolument fou pour le tems'; and again:[6] 'Sudden passion is called a short lived madness; it is a madness indeed, but the fitts of it generally return so often in cholerick people that it may well be called a continuall madness.'

Other precepts of Horace he finds useful, to give point to his teaching. He quotes Horace's line,[7]

Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna,

in advising his son to make the book of the world his principal study;[8] and he applies the quotation literally when

[1] Dec. 4, 1765 (*Chesterfield's Letters to his Godson,* p. 175).

[2] Sept. 3, 1768 (*Chesterfield's Letters to his Godson,* pp. 266-267).

[3] June 19 [1770] (*Chesterfield's Letters to his Godson,* p. 308).

[4] *E.* 1. 2. 62.

[5] [1763] (*Chesterfield's Letters to his Godson,* p. 89).

[6] Dec. 12, 1765 (*Chesterfield's Letters to his Godson,* p. 178). For further instances of this conviction, see *Chesterfield's Letters* 1. 213, and his *Letters to his Godson,* pp. 79, 80, 163, 343.

[7] *A. P.* 269.

[8] Apr. 7, O. S., 1751 (*Chesterfield's Letters* 1. 426).

encouraging his godson in his study of Greek.[1] He illustrates diverse pieces of advice to his son with the precept,[2]

Sapere est principium et fons.

He urges upon both the necessity of uniting the 'utile' and the 'dulce';[3] and admonishes both:[4]

Amoto quæramus seria ludo.

One of the best pieces of advice that he has given his godson, he has expressed through the medium of Horace. On September 17, 1766, he writes to him:[5] 'Horace que vous ne connoissez pas encore, mais que vous connoitrez bien avec le tems, place le bonheur dans le "Nihil conscire sibi, nullave pallescere culpa." . . . Ayez toujours cette verité fixée dans votre esprit.' He tells him:[6] '"Nihil conscire sibi nullaque pallescere culpa," is a sure receit for good humour, which in the common intercourse of life is not only usefull but necessary'; and again,[7] that it 'is upon the whole and at long run the easiest state.'

He is fond of the Epistle to Tibullus,[8] and quotes from it frequently in his letters. He writes to his son on December 24, 1749:[9] 'To that main wish I will add those of the good old nurse of Horace, in his Epistle to Tibullus: "Sapere (you have it in a good degree already), et fari ut possit quæ sentiat." Have you that? more, much more, is meant by it than common speech or mere articulation;

[1] June 7, 1770 (*Chesterfield's Letters to his Godson,* p. 305).
[2] *Chesterfield's Letters* 1. 109, 275, 329: *A. P.* 309.
[3] *Ibid.* 1. 338, and his *Letters to his Godson,* p. 135: *A. P.* 343.
[4] *Ibid.* 1. 12, and his *Letters to his Godson,* p. 221: *S.* 1. 1. 27.
[5] *Chesterfield's Letters to his Godson,* p. 219: *E.* 1. 1. 61.
[6] June 28, 1768 (*Chesterfield's Letters to his Godson,* p. 257).
[7] Nov. 24, 1769 (*Chesterfield's Letters to his Godson,* pp. 299-300).
[8] *E.* 1. 4.
[9] *Chesterfield's Letters* 1. 300.

I fear that still remains to be wished for, and I earnestly wish it you. "Gratia" and "fama" will inevitably accompany the above-mentioned qualifications. The "valetudo" is the only one that is not in your own power; Heaven alone can grant it you, and may it do so abundantly! As for the "mundus victus, non deficiente crumena," do you deserve, and I will provide them.' And on August 6, 1750,[1] he closes his letter to him: 'Adieu! "Gratia, Fama, Valetudo contingat abunde."' To Edward Jerningham he writes:[2] 'What am I to suppose that you are now doing in Norfolk?

> Scribere quod Casi Parmensis opuscula vincat,
> An tacitum sylvas inter reptare salubres?'

This question he asks his godson frequently. '"Quid nunc te dicam facere in regione Maryboniana?"[3] Cette lettre vous trouvera t'elle a apprendre, a jouer, ou a ne rien faire?' Again:[4] 'Well then—"Quid nunc te dicam facere regione in Maryboniana?" Are you losing time, or gaining knowledge by your daily study?' When Dr. Dodd has removed his household to Whitton near Twickenham, Lord Chesterfield writes to his godson there:[5] '"Quid nunc te dicam facere in regione Pedana?" that is at Whitton? "Scribere quod Cassi Parmensis opuscula vincat, an tacitum Sylvas inter reptare salubres?" That is, are you going to excell Pope, in your immortal lays, and make Whitton rival Twickenham, lately the seat of Pope and the Muses.' And, apparently a few days later, he writes to him:[6] 'I find that I judged right, when I supposed you to employ your country retirement in the same manner in which Horace supposed his friend Tibullus

[1] *Chesterfield's Letters* 1. 359.
[2] Aug. 12, 1763 (*Chesterfield's Letters* 3. 1294).
[3] [1764] (*Chesterfield's Letters to his Godson*, p. 145).
[4] June 21 [1765] (*Chesterfield's Letters to his Godson*, p. 164).
[5] [1769] (*Chesterfield's Letters to his Godson*, p. 280).
[6] *Chesterfield's Letters to his Godson*, pp. 281-282.

to do; do not forget another line of that same Epistle, "Curantem quicquid dignum Sapiente bonoque est." '

After his son has finished his studies with his tutor and has entered the social world, the tone of Lord Chesterfield's letters to him changes. He urges him[1] to study Marcel, the dancing master at Paris, and the *beau monde*, with great application, but to read Homer and Horace only when he has nothing else to do. A few days later[2] he expresses a fear that his son is too much interested in his serious studies to the detriment of what is now more important, his social education; and he adds: 'But now "non est his locus," ' adapting Horace's line,

Sed nunc non erat his locus.

He tells him[3] he would try a man's knowledge of the world as he would a schoolboy's knowledge of Horace—'not by making him construe "Mæcenas atavis edite regibus," which he could do in the first form, but by examining him as to the delicacy and "curiosa felicitas" of that poet.' In one of his many admonitions to his son to cultivate the graces, he tells him:[4] 'This is the way, and the only way, of having the *du monde;* but, if you have it not, and have still any coarse rusticity about you, may one not apply to you the "rusticus expectat" of Horace?' In the same letter, having instructed him in the manner he shall take leave of his acquaintance upon his departing from Paris, he concludes: 'Say all this, and a great deal more, emphatically and pathetically; for you know "si vis me flere—." ' Years later, when his son has disappointed his expectations of his worldly success, he illustrates some advice to him with a sentence from Horace, which has

[1] May 10, O. S., 1751 (*Chesterfield's Letters* 1. 440).

[2] May 16, O. S., 1751 (*Chesterfield's Letters* 1. 443): *A. P.* 19.

[3] March 16, O. S., 1752 (*Chesterfield's Letters* 2. 507): *O.* 1. 1. 1; Petronius *S.* 118. 5.

[4] Apr. 30, O. S., 1752 (*Chesterfield's Letters* 2. 515): *E.* 1. 2. 42; *A. P.* 102-103.

perhaps unintentional pointedness:[1] 'I am of a very different opinion from you about being in Parliament, as no man can be of consequence in this country, who is not in it; and, though one may not speak like a Lord Mansfield, or a Lord Chatham, one may make a very good figure in a second rank. "Locus est et pluribus umbris." '

There are some pleasing instances of his use of Horace in his letters to his godson; and into these letters no cynical worldliness enters. When Philip Stanhope has made his first attempt at writing poetry, he tells him:[2] 'Pindar, Anacreon, Horace, and all the lyrick tribe, are now no more, since you touch the tunefull lyre.' He writes to him on a similar occasion on October 15, 1769:[3] 'I received your letter with the enclosed translation from Abbé Trublet. It is very well translated except a very few, and immaterial inaccuracys, but like Horace "ubi plura nitent non ego paucis offendar maculis." ' And on November 16, he writes again:[4] 'I have this moment received your letter with the inclosed *Opuscula*. Horace and Trublet are both obliged to you for doing them Justice, and yet without surpassing them; which Authors never forgive.' And he tells his godson[5] that he has 'bespoke of Mr. Russel' a picture of him, 'with the attributes of a man of learning and taste; Anacreon, Horace, and Cicero lye upon your table, and you have a Shakespear in your hand, to suit with your dress.'

Other illustrations from Horace show his earnest desire for the right upbringing of his godson. At one time, when the boy has been in rather serious trouble, he writes to him,[6] 'Whenever you are a little wanting in attentions, let

[1] March 12, 1768 (*Chesterfield's Letters* 3. 1374): *E.* 1. 5. 28.

[2] [1767 or 1768] (*Chesterfield's Letters to his Godson,* p. 252).

[3] *Chesterfield's Letters to his Godson,* p. 293: *A. P.* 351-352.

[4] *Ibid.,* p. 298.

[5] *Ibid.,* p. 283.

[6] [1767 or 1768] *Chesterfield's Letters to his Godson,* p. 255: *A. P.* 11.

it be only to me, for I think you and I are so well together, that we shall reciprocally forgive little inadvertencys. "Hanc Veniam damus petimusque vicissim." ' On September 3, 1768, he writes:[1] 'Ill examples are sometimes useful, to deterr from the Vices that characterise them. Horace tells us that his Father trained him up to virtue, by pointing out to him the turpitude of the vices of several individuals.' And once more:[2] 'Horace says very justly, "Quo semel est imbuta recens servabit odorem Testa diu." Your clay is yet soft and mouldable, but it will not be so long; and whatever shape you or I could wish to give it must be given it within the next two or three years.'

After retiring from the office of Secretary of State, Lord Chesterfield writes to his son of his future plans:[3] 'I have given the description of the life that I propose to lead for the future in this motto, which I have put up in the frize of my library, in my new house:

> Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno, et inertibus horis
> Ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ.'

In his later letters to his son and to his friends, there recur those familiar phrases from Horace that are in accord with the infirmities of old age. In a letter to his son on February 1, 1754, after speaking of a recent illness, he adds:[4] 'I must be careful to take Horace's advice, and consider well, "Quid valeant humeri quid ferre recusent." ' During the same month, referring to some overture to draw him back into public affairs, he writes:[5] 'I retired in time, "uti conviva satur"; or, as Pope says, still better, "Ere tittering youth shall shove you from the stage." ' And to the Bishop of Waterford he had written shortly

[1] *Chesterfield's Letters to his Godson*, p. 266: *S.* 1. 4. 105-131.

[2] Apr. 30, 1770 (*Chesterfield's Letters to his Godson*, pp. 304-305): *E.* 1. 2. 69-70.

[3] Feb. 16, O. S., 1748 (*Chesterfield's Letters* 1. 85): *S.* 2. 6. 61-62.

[4] *Chesterfield's Letters* 2. 599: *A. P.* 39-40.

[5] *Ibid.* 2. 609: *S.* 1. 1. 119.

after his retirement:[1] 'I thank you for your kind letter, by which I am glad to find that you approve of my resignation, and of my resolution to enjoy the comforts of a private life; indeed, I had enough both of the pageantry and hurry of public life, to see their futility, and I withdraw from them, "uti conviva satur."'

On April 25, 1758, he writes to his son:[2] '"Non sum qualis eram"; neither my memory nor my invention are now, what they formerly were'; and on May 17, 1766, to the Bishop of Waterford:[3] 'I am no longer, as I once was, the pen of a ready writer; both my head and my hand seem to decline writing; in short, "Non sum qualis eram."' He closes a letter to his son on March 30, 1759:[4] 'Adieu! I will conclude like a pedant, "Levius fit patientia quicquid corrigere est nefas."' To Dr. Monsey he writes on November 26, 1766:[5] 'But I bear with philosophy these gradual depredations upon myself; and well know, that "levius fit patientia quicquid corrigere est nefas."' And, finally, he writes to the Bishop of Waterford on November 21, 1769:[6] 'My eyes begin to fail me, so that I cannot write nor read as I used to do, which were my only comforts: but "melius fit patientia quicquid corrigere est nefas."'

Horace Walpole, like Lord Chesterfield, had a high admiration for Cicero. On November 1, 1780, he wrote to William Mason, speaking despairingly of the condition of England:[7] 'Tully's last works buoyed up when all his patriot endeavours sunk in the common shore of his country.' The year before he had written to the same

[1] March 1, 1748 (*Chesterfield's Letters* 2. 852-853).
[2] *Chesterfield's Letters* 3. 1215: *O.* 4. 1. 3.
[3] *Ibid.* 3. 1337.
[4] *Ibid.* 3. 1252: *O.* 1. 24. 19-20.
[5] *Ibid.* 3. 1353.
[6] *Ibid.* 3. 1390.
[7] *Walpole's Letters* 11. 308-309.

friend:[1] 'Horace and Virgil could prank away, because they shared in the spoils of their country, yet you might imitate a worthier Roman, and instead of

turning your harp into a harpsichord,

you might, like Tully, write "de finibus bonorum et malorum," if the latter should meet their deserts.' Yet a few years later, in a letter to the Countess of Upper Ossory, he compares Cicero's studied orations unfavorably with those of the rising young orators, Fox, Sheridan, and Pitt.[2] Many years earlier, in a letter to a literary friend, Henry Zouch,[3] he has expressed a curious preference for Lucan to Virgil. His subsequent letters refer frequently to Lucan's *Pharsalia*, which he is printing at Strawberry Hill.

He has, however, expressed genuine appreciation of Horace, and he quotes or alludes to him with steady, though not great, frequency throughout his correspondence. On April 16, 1761,[4] he says of an anacreontic written by Lord Middlesex, which he is sending to George Montagu, that 'it has all the fire, poetry, and simplicity of Horace.' And in a letter to John Pinkerton, June 26, 1785, he writes:[5] 'Horace's odes acquired their fame, no doubt, from the graces of his manner and purity of his style—the chief praise of Tibullus and Propertius, who certainly cannot boast of more meaning than Horace's odes;' and in the same letter he remarks: 'Excepting Horace, how little idea had either Greeks or Romans of wit and humour!'

He is fond of playing upon his own name and that of the Augustan poet. This is in accord with his habit of

[1] Sept. 28, 1779 (*Walpole's Letters* 11. 28).
[2] Dec. 12, 1786 (*Walpole's Letters* 13. 426).
[3] Dec. 9, 1758 (*Walpole's Letters* 4. 220).
[4] *Walpole's Letters* 5. 52.
[5] *Ibid.* 13. 282.

using Roman or classical names for various personages, as Telemachus for the Prince of Wales, Cæsar for the Emperor Joseph II, Semiramis for the Empress of Russia, Orestes and Pylades, and later Castor and Pollux, for himself and Horace Mann.

He writes to Lord Lyttelton about a work of his, and adds:[1] 'I ask this as a reader, not as a printer; not as Elzevir Horace, as Mr. Conway calls me.' And to Lady Mary Coke he writes:[2] 'As, to be sure, Lady Mary, you have read the works of every Horace that ever writ, you may remember that one of us has said something like this:

Cœlum, non podagram mutant, qui trans mare currunt.

The verse, as I quote it, is a little lame, but you must consider it has got the gout; so, alas, have I!' Next year he is writing with somewhat more gallantry to the Duchesse de Choiseul:[3] '. . . pour mourir content il aurait fallu avoir écrit quelque chose qui fût digne de transmettre votre nom à la postérité. Mais, Madame, vous avez mal pris votre temps; les Horace d'aujourd'hui ne sont point donneurs d'immortalité, il faut vous fier à vos vertus.' Upon receiving the gift of a vest from the Countess of Upper Ossory, he likens himself to Æneas and to Paris, and continues:[4] 'To be sure I could have been simple enough to be content with the character of Horatius Flaccus, with which my patronesses had hailed me; but when I ordered Philip to reach me my lyre, that I might pour out a rapturous epode or secular hymn in gratitude, he said, "Lord! Sir, you know Horace's lyre is at Ampthill."' To the Lady Cecilia Johnston he sends an invitation to Strawberry Hill in verse:[5]

[1] Aug. 25, 1757 (*Walpole's Letters* 4. 88).
[2] Oct. 15, 1765 (*Walpole's Letters* 6. 323): *E.* 1. 11. 27.
[3] Oct. 27, 1766 (*Walpole's Letters* 7. 61).
[4] Jan. 1, 1775 (*Walpole's Letters* 9. 119).
[5] Aug. 19, 1777 (*Walpole's Letters* 10. 96): *E.* 1. 4. 16.

Our abdicated monarch, Lear,
And bonny Dame Cadwallader,

. . .

Next Saturn's day, if fair or foul,
On bacon, ham, and chicken-fowl,
Intend with Horace—no great bard,
Nor one of Epicurus' herd—
To dine. Oh, would divine Cecilia deign, etc.

To George Colman, translator of Horace's *Ars Poetica*, he offers a French translation of his own *Essay on Modern Gardening*—'a translation . . . from a very inferior Horace.'[1] At the Princess Amelie's command he writes some verses on the country-seat of Gunnersbury,[2] in which he wishes that Flaccus were now alive, and ends with the stanza:

As warm as his my zeal for you,
Great princess! could I show it:
But though you have a Horace too—
Ah, Madam! he's no poet.

And some of his last verses were written to the Miss Berrys,[3] in which occurs the stanza:

Rome's ancient Horace sweetly chants
Such maids with lyric fire;
Albion's old Horace sings nor paints—
He only can admire.

He frequently quotes Latin mottos in his letters, from various sources, and for use in diverse ways; for instance, he finds a motto for the temple to Shakespeare that Garrick is building:[4]

Quod spiro et placeo, si placeo, tuum est.

[1] Sept. 19, 1785 (*Walpole's Letters* 13. 325).
[2] June 18, 1786 (*Walpole's Letters* 13. 387).
[3] Oct. 19, 1788 (*Walpole's Letters* 14. 93).
[4] *Walpole's Letters* 3. 329; 4. 2: *O.* 4. 3. 24.

His most frequently quoted motto is the Walpole motto from Horace,[1]

Fari quæ sentiat,

'which,' he says in a letter to Horace Mann,[2] 'my father left me, and which I value more than all he left me.'

Like Lord Chesterfield, he has certain pet phrases, some of which have their origin in Horace. On August 31, 1751, he writes to Horace Mann of two beautiful sisters:[3] 'I shall tell you a new story of the Gunnings, who make more noise than any of their predecessors since the days of Helen, though neither of them, nor anything about them, have yet been "teterrima belli causa." ' On May 12, 1752, he tells George Montagu[4] of trouble in Ireland, between the Lord Lieutenant and the Primate on one side, and the Speaker on the other, of which 'the "teterrima belli causa" is not the common one.' He tells Richard Bentley on August 28, 1755,[5] that 'Lord L. and Lord A. have had a dreadful quarrel! "Coquus teterrima belli causa!" ' And on April 26, 1771, recounting to Horace Mann the political situation in Paris, he says:[6] 'Madame du Barri has compensated for Madame Helen, and is "optima pacis causa." '

A favorite expression of his, to denote disbelief in any report, is 'Credat Judæus!'[7]

He sometimes plays upon lines 14 and 27 of the Second Epistle of the First Book:

Quicquid delirant reges plectuntur Achivi.

. . .

Nos numerus sumus et fruges consumere nati.

[1] *E.* 1. 4. 9.
[2] *Walpole's Letters* 4. 119. See also 3. 431; 8. 417; 12. 13; 15. 422.
[3] *Ibid.* 3. 68: *S.* 1. 3. 107-108.
[4] *Ibid.* 3. 91.
[5] *Ibid.* 3. 338.
[6] *Ibid.* 8. 28.
[7] *S.* 1. 5. 100: *Walpole's Letters* 4. 450-451; 9. 66; 14. 326.

To Horace Mann he writes, on March 17, 1778, of the American war, and the threatened war with France:[1] 'However, every one must know that a French war is not exactly a compensation for the loss of America. We, the herd, the "Achivi," must take the beverage our rulers brew for us.' And again, on June 26 of the same year, he writes to William Mason:[2] 'We, the Achivi, are to be the sufferers, and particularly we the Achivi of these islands.' On February 6, 1789, he is speaking to the Countess of Upper Ossory of his own writings and published works:[3] 'How many monuments of my folly will survive me! One comfort is, that half the world seems to be as foolish as I have been, and eyes will not be born in plenty enough to read a thousandth part of what each year produces: "Nos numeri sumus," and *I* shall be no more distinguished than my spare form would be in a living multitude.' On March 20 of the same year he is explaining to Miss Mary and Miss Agnes Berry the impracticability of going through the crowds to see the illumination in honor of the King's recovery, and illustrates with the line:[4]

Quicquid delirant Reges, plectuntur Achivi.

For the rest, Walpole's use of Horace remains just as casual as the instances given have already shown. In his youthful letters there is some pretense at serious interest in the classics. In 1735, for the amusement of Thomas Gray, he pens a tour from London to Cambridge,[5] in the style of Addison's *Remarks on Italy*, in which he quotes Horace. Upon his visit to the Grande Chartreuse in September, 1739, he expresses resentment in a letter to

[1] *Walpole's Letters* 10. 208.
[2] *Ibid.* 10. 268.
[3] *Ibid.* 14. 105.
[4] *Ibid.* 14. 121.
[5] *Ibid.* 1. 6.

Richard West[1] at the 'stupidity and brutality' of two of his countrymen in their use of mottos in the visitors' book. Both these mottos happen to be adaptations of Horace. In a later letter to him in the same year,[2] he points out what he believes to be a resemblance in Virgil's second Georgic to some lines of Horace. But his interest in such matters wanes as he becomes absorbed in social life.

Later in life he is drawn into several literary correspondences, in spite of his protests against a growing reputation for learning, evidently through the establishing of his printing press at Strawberry Hill, and the publication of some of his own writings. Letters to such correspondents as Henry Zouch, John Pinkerton, and especially William Mason, are apt to contain Horatian allusion or quotation. In one of his late letters to John Pinkerton, he, too, though such a spirit is not characteristic of him, echoes the melancholy note so familiar in Horace:[3] 'It is "tempus abire" for me; "lusi satis." '

[1] *Walpole's Letters* 1. 38.

[2] *Ibid.* 1. 46: *Epd.* 2. 39-48.

[3] May 15, 1794 (*Walpole's Letters* 15. 291): *E.* 2. 2. 214-215.

APPENDIX

REFERENCES TO HORACE IN THE WORKS OF THOSE WRITERS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY ALREADY CONSIDERED

NICHOLAS ROWE

The Works of Nicholas Rowe. 3 vols. London, 1720.

The Royal Concert von Nicholas Rowe, 1707. Inaugural-Dissertation von Paul Borgwardt, Rostock, 1909. (Contains a reprint of the Catalogue of the Library of Nicholas Rowe, Esq.)

Eighteenth Century Essays on Shakespeare, ed. D. Nichol Smith, 1903.

Park's Poets, Suppl. Vol. 3-4.

Bell's British Poets, Vol. 29.

Anderson's Poets, Vol. 7.

Chalmers' British Poets, Vol. 9.

Johnson's Poets, Vol. 4.

A. TRANSLATIONS OF HORACE.

Horace, Book 2, Ode 4, imitated. The Lord G[riffin], to the Earl of S[carsdale].

The Reconcilement between Jacob Tonson and Mr. Congreve. In Imitation of Horace, Book 3, Ode 9. This is a parody on Horace's Ode.

Horace, Book 3, Ode 21. Ad Amphoram. An amplified paraphrase of the original Ode.

Horace, Book 4, Ode 1. This is a free translation of the Ode.

Horace, Book 1, Epist. 4. Inscrib'd to R. Thornhill, Esq. A fairly close translation, though with amplification.

B. MOTTOS FROM HORACE.

Motto for the play *Ulysses: E.* 1. 2. 8, 17-18.

For the *Ode for the New Year* 1716: *O.* 4. 15. 17-20.

C. QUOTATION OF, OR REFERENCE TO LINES OF HORACE.

1. *Prose Writings.*

Dedication of Rowe's Dramatic Works to the Earl of Warwick and Holland.

(Vol. 1)[1] If my advice might be taken upon this head, it should be always to submit with patience to the publick judgment, to be contented under condemnation with the thoughts of *Non si male nunc, et olim sic erit.*

O. 2. 10. 17-18.

Dedication of the Royal Convert.

(2. 7) This indeed would be much more properly said to the world and when I have told 'em what men have equally adorn'd it [Poetry], and been adorn'd by it, I might not unfitly apply to 'em, what Horace said to the Piso's;

Ne forte pudori
Sit tibi musa lyræ solers et cantor Apollo.
A. P. 406-407.

Of the Manner of Living with Great Men.

(3. 89) We allow there is a true Reason of State, and a true Religion to be followed; but neither all Priests, nor all States-men have right Notions of them. They would have the World of the same Opinion with the Man in *Horace.*

Nam te
Scire Deos quoniam proprius contingit, oportet.
S. 2. 6. 51-52.[2]

Some Account of the Life &c. of Mr. William Shakespear.

(2-3)[3] Some *Latin* without question he [Shakespeare] did know, and one may see up and down in his Plays how far his reading that way went: In *Love's Labour lost,* the Pedant comes out with a verse of *Mantuan;* and in *Titus Andronicus,* one of the *Gothic* princes, upon reading

Integer vitæ scelerisque purus
Non eget Mauri jaculis nec arcu—
O. 1. 22. 1-2.

[1] The references are to the *Wks. of Nicholas Rowe,* 1720.

[2] [Nam te
Scire Deos quoniam proprius contingis oportet.]

[3] The references are to *Eighteenth Century Essays on Shakespeare,* ed. by D. Nichol Smith, 1903.

says ' 'Tis a verse in *Horace,* but he remembers it out of his *Grammar':* which, I suppose, was the Author's case.

(12) The melancholy of Jaques, in *As you like it,* is as singular and odd as it is diverting. And if what Horace says,

> Difficile est proprie communia dicere,
> *A. P.* 128.

'twill be a hard task for anyone to go beyond him in the description of the several degrees and ages of man's life, tho' the thought be old, and common enough.

(23) As to the character given of him [Shakespeare] by Ben Johnson, there is a good deal true in it: But I believe it may be as well express'd by what Horace says of the first Romans, who wrote Tragedy upon the Greek models (or indeed translated 'em), in his epistle to Augustus.

> Natura sublimis et Acer,
> Nam spirat Tragicum satis et feliciter Audet,
> Sed turpem putat in Chartis metuitque Lituram.
> *E.* 2. 1. 165-167.[1]

D. IMPLICIT ALLUSION TO HORACE.

1. *Plays.*

Tamerlane.

Act 1, Sc. 1. Tamerlane.

> The brave meet every accident
> With equal minds.
> Cf. *O.* 2. 3. 1-2.

Jane Shore.

Act 3, Sc. 1. Hastings.

> Beyond myself I prize my native land:
> On this foundation would I build my fame,
> And emulate the Greek and Roman name;
> Think England's peace bought cheaply with my blood,
> And die with pleasure for my country's good.
> Cf. *O.* 3. 2. (espec. l. 13).

2. *Poetry.*

A Poem on the glorious Successes of her Majesty's Arms.

In this poem there are echoes of Horace's eulogies of Augustus, but no definite allusion to lines of Horace.

[1] [Sed turpem putat inscite metuitque lituram.]

Ode for the New Year 1716.

This poem again echoes Horace's eulogies of Augustus, without any definite allusion to his lines.

Mæcenas, Verses Occasioned by the Honours conferred on the Right Honourable the Earl of Halifax, 1714.

A noble Knight, of ancient Tuscan Race.
Cf. *O.* 3. 29. 1; *S.* 1. 6. 1.

There let thy Julian Star an Emblem shine.
Cf. *O.* 1. 12. 47.

Upon Nicolini and Valentini's first coming to the House in the Hay-Market.

Amphion strikes the vocal lyre,
And ready at his call,
Harmonious brick and stone conspire
To raise the Theban wall.
Cf. *A. P.* 394-396.

Stanzas to Lady Warwick on Mr. Addison's Going to Ireland.

The situation of this poem is that of Horace's Ode 3. 7.

JOSEPH ADDISON

The Works of Joseph Addison, with notes by Richard Hurd, D.D. With large additions, collected and edited by Henry G. Bohn (1856). 1890. (Bohn's Standard Library.)[1]

The Works of Joseph Addison. The whole contents of Bp. Hurd's edition, with letters, &c., edited by George Washington Greene. New York. 1856.

Tatler. Ed. by G. A. Aitken. 1899.

Spectator. Ed. by Henry Morley.

Selections from Contributions to the Spectator. By T. Arnold. 1891.

Addison, Criticisms on Paradise Lost. By Albert S. Cook. Boston, 1892.

Addison, Dissertatio de Insignioribus Romanorum Poetis. Made English by Christopher Hayes. 1718.

Addisoniana. By Sir R. Phillips. 1804.

See also the early editions of the Works of Addison, and the separate editions of the Tatler, Spectator, and Guardian.

Life of Joseph Addison. By Lucy Aikin. 1843.

A. TRANSLATIONS OF HORACE.

Addison has translated the Third Ode of the Third Book of Horace; also the first eight lines of the Thirteenth Ode of the First Book, the Ode to Lydia. This translation of part of the Ode to Lydia appears twice in his works, first, in his *Remarks on Italy, Rome* (*Wks.* 1. 461), and secondly, in the *Spectator* 171 (*Wks.* 3. 26). There are slight variations in the second version of this translation. Besides these he has occasional translations of lines of Horace.

[1] All references are to this edition, unless otherwise indicated.

B. MOTTOS FROM HORACE.

Mottos for the following numbers of the *Tatler:* 42 (*A. P.* 287); 90 (*S.* 1. 1. 27); 103 (*A. P.* 451-452); 120 (*S.* 2. 3. 48-50); 123 (*S.* 2. 3. 77-78); 130[1] (*S.* 2. 1. 75-77); 155 (*S.* 2. 3. 19); 192 (*O.* 3. 9. 24); 216 (*E.* 1. 19. 42); 218 (*E.* 2. 2. 77); 220 (*E.* 1. 6. 15-16); 221[2] (*S.* 1. 9. 1-2); 229 (*O.* 3. 30. 14-15); 254[3] (*O.* 3. 11. 35).

For the following numbers of the *Spectator:* 1 (*A. P.* 143-144); 5 (*A. P.* 5); 7 (*E.* 2. 2. 208-209); 16 (*E.* 1. 1. 11); 18 (*E.* 2. 1. 187-188); 21 (*E.* 1. 5. 28); 26 (*O.* 1. 4. 13-17); 28 (*O.* 2. 10. 19-20); 29 (*S.* 1. 10. 23-24); 39 (*E.* 2. 2. 102-103); 40 (*E.* 2. 1. 208-213); 42 (*E.* 2. 1. 202-207); 44 (*A. P.* 153); 58 (*A. P.* 361); 62 (*A. P.* 309); 63 (*A. P.* 1-8); 70 (*E.* 2. 1. 63); 85 (*A. P.* 319-322); 92 (*E.* 2. 2. 61-63); 93 (*O.* 1. 11. 6); 99 (*S.* 1. 6. 63); 101 (*E.* 2. 1. 5-10); 106 (*O.* 1. 17. 14-16); 111 (*E.* 2. 2. 45); 123 (*O.* 4. 4. 33-36); 135 (*S.* 1. 10. 9); 160 (*S.* 1. 4. 43); 162 (*A. P.* 126-127); 165 (*A. P.* 48, 50-51); 179 (*A. P.* 341-344); 184 (*A. P.* 360); 186 (*O.* 1. 3. 38); 198 (*O.* 4. 4. 50-52); 205 (*A. P.* 25); 221 (*S.* 1. 3. 6-7); 229 (*O.* 4. 9. 10-12); 235 (*A. P.* 81); 245 (*A. P.* 338); 253 (*E.* 2. 1. 76); 255 (*E.* 1. 1. 36-37); 273 (*A. P.* 156); 275 (*A. P.* 300); 279 (*A. P.* 316); 285 (*A. P.* 227-230); 289 (*O.* 1. 4. 15); 291 (*A. P.* 351-353); 297 (*S.* 1. 6. 66-67); 303 (*A. P.* 363-364); 315 (*A. P.* 191-192); 317 (*E.* 1. 3. 27); 321 (*A. P.* 99); 328[4] (*Epd.* 17. 24); 329 (*E.* 1. 6. 27); 335 (*A. P.* 317-318); 357 (*A. P.* 316); 369 (*A. P.* 180-181); 377 (*O.* 2. 13. 13-14); 381 (*O.* 2. 3. 1-4); 387 (*E.* 1. 18. 102); 403 (*A. P.* 142); 414 (*A. P.* 411-412); 417 (*O.* 4. 3. 1-4); 419 (*E.* 2. 2. 140); 420 (*A. P.* 100); 440 (*E.* 2. 2. 213); 441 (*O.* 3. 3. 7-8); 446 (*A. P.* 308); 451 (*E.* 2. 1. 148-150); 453 (*O.* 2. 20. 1-2); 457 (*S.* 2. 3. 9);

[1] Nichols suggests that this paper may be by Addison. See G. A. Aitken's ed. of the *Tatler* 3. 87.

[2] This paper has been attributed to Addison. See G. A. Aitken's ed. of the *Tatler* 4. 133.

[3] This paper is by Addison and Steele.

[4] Steele wrote the original paper No. 328. This one by Addison took its place when the *Spectator* was published in volumes. See Henry Morley's ed. of the *Spectator.*

458 (*E.* 1. 16. 24); 459 (*E.* 1. 4. 5); 464 (*O.* 2. 10. 5-8); 465 (*E.* 1. 18. 97-99); 476 (*A. P.* 41); 477 (*O.* 3. 4. 5-8); 481 (*S.* 1. 7. 19-21); 483 (*A. P.* 191-192); 488 (*S.* 2. 3. 156); 495 (*O.* 4. 4. 57-60); 512 (*A. P.* 344); 529 (*A. P.* 92); 530 (*O.* 1. 33. 10-12); 531 (*O.* 1. 12. 15-18); 535 (*O.* 1. 11. 7); 538 (*S.* 2. 1. 1-2); 547 (*E.* 2. 2. 149); 550 (*A. P.* 138); 558 (*S.* 1. 1. 1-19); 559 (*S.* 1. 1. 20-22); 569 (*A. P.* 434-436); 574 (*O.* 4. 9. 45-49); 592 (*A. P.* 409).

For the following numbers of the *Guardian:* 67 (*A. P.* 406-407); 71 (*O.* 1. 22. 13-16); 99 (*O.* 3. 3. 1-8); 110 (*A. P.* 351-353); 112 (*O.* 3. 2. 23-24); 113 (*A. P.* 21-22); 116 (*S.* 1. 10. 14-15); 119 (*S.* 1. 4. 141-142); 122 (*E.* 2. 1. 248); 123 (*E.* 1. 1. 60); 134 (*S.* 1. 2. 94-95); 135 (*O.* 3. 29. 54-55); 155 (*Epd.* 8. 15-16); 156 (*S.* 1. 1. 33-38); 159 (*O.* 1. 35. 4); 160 (*S.* 2. 2. 86); 165 (*E.* 1. 19. 17).

Motto for the *Lover* 39: *A. P.* 133-134.

Mottos for the following numbers of the *Freeholder:* 17 (*S.* 1. 4. 85); 20 (*O.* 2. 15. 13-14); 29 (*O.* 3. 6. 5-8); 34 (*E.* 2. 1. 148-149); 37 (*E.* 1. 3. 25-29); 40 (*E.* 2. 1. 13-14); 41 (*O.* 3. 5. 14-16); 42 (*S.* 1. 1. 4); 43 (*O.* 3. 6. 19-20); 46 (*O.* 3. 14. 11-16); 50 (*O.* 3. 24. 25-30); 53 (*O.* 2. 13. 34); 54 (*O.* 1. 14. 15-18).

Motto for the *Old Whig* 2: *S.* 1. 1. 18-22.

For the comedy, *The Drummer, or the Haunted House: E.* 2. 1. 212.

C. QUOTATIONS OF, OR REFERENCE TO LINES OF HORACE.

1. *Miscellaneous Prose Writings.*

(1. 265)[1] *Dialogue* 1. These [medals] are buildings which the Goths and Vandals could not demolish, that are infinitely more durable than stone or marble, and will, perhaps, last as long as the earth itself. They are, in short, so many real monuments of brass:

> Quod non imber edax non aquilo impotens
> Possit diruere, aut innumerabilis
> Annorum series, et fuga temporum.
>
> *O.* 3. 30. 3-5.

[1] References are to the Bohn ed. of the *Wks. of Addison*, unless otherwise indicated.

(1. 269) What could have been more proper to show the beauty and friendship of the three Graces, than to represent them naked, and knit together in a kind of dance? It is thus they always appear in ancient sculpture, whether on medals or in marble, as I doubt not but Horace alludes to designs of this nature, when he describes them after the same manner:

Gratia
Junctis nuda sororibus: *O.* 3. 19. 16-17.

——Segnesque nodum solvere Gratiæ.
O. 3. 21. 22.

(1. 276) *Dialogue* 2. You see Abundance or Plenty makes the same figure in medals as in Horace.

Tibi copia
Manabit ad plenum benigno
Ruris honorum opulenta cornu.
O. 1. 17. 14-16.

The compliment on this reverse to Gordianus Pius is expressed in the same manner as that of Horace to Augustus.

Aurea fruges
Italiam pleno diffudit copia cornu.
E. 1. 12. 28-29.

(1. 277) I fancy, says Eugenius, as you have discovered the age of this imaginary lady [Fidelity], from the description that the poets have made of her, you may find, too, the colour of the drapery that she wore in the old Roman paintings, from that verse in Horace,

Te Spes et albo rara Fides colit
Velata panno. *O.* 1. 35. 21-22.

(1. 278) And how properly the epithet of *rara* agrees with her, you may see in the transparency of the next figure. She is here dressed in such a kind of vest as the Latins call a *multicium,* from the fineness of its tissue. Your Roman beaus had their summer *toga* of such a light airy make.

Quem tenues decuere togæ nitidique capilli.
E. 1. 14. 32.

(1. 279-280) As Security is free from all pursuits, she is represented leaning carelessly on a pillar. Horace has drawn a pretty metaphor from this posture.

Nullum me a labore reclinat otium.
Epd. 17. 24.

She rests herself on a pillar, for the same reason as the poets often compare an obstinate resolution, or a great firmness of mind, to a rock that is not to be moved by all the assaults of winds or waves.

> Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
> Non vultus instantis tyranni,
> Mente quatit solida, neque Auster
> Dux inquietæ turbidus Adriæ, etc.
> *O.* 3. 3. 2-5.

I am apt to think it was on devices of this nature that Horace had his eye in his Ode to Fortune. It is certain he alludes to a pillar that figured out Security, or something very like it; and, till anybody finds out another that will stand better in its place, I think we may content ourselves with this before us.

> Te Dacus asper, te profugi Scythæ
> Urbesque gentesque et Latium ferox,
> Regumque matres barbarorum, et
> Purpurei metuunt tyranni:
> Injurioso ne pede proruas
> Stantem columnam; neu populus frequens
> Ad arma cessantes, ad arma
> Concitet, imperiumque frangat.
> *O.* 1. 35. 9-16.

(1. 281) She [Chastity] is represented in the habit of a Roman matron.

> Matronæ præter faciem nil cernere possis,
> Cætera, ni Catia est, demissa veste tegentis.
> *S.* 1. 2. 94-95.

That, *ni Catia est,* says Cynthio, is a beauty unknown to most of our English satirists. Horace knew how to stab with address, and to give a thrust where he was least expected. Boileau has nicely imitated him in this, as well as his other beauties. But our English libellers are for hewing a man downright, and for letting him see at a distance that he is to look for no mercy. I own to you, says Eugenius, I have often admired this piece of art in the two satirists you mention, and have been surprised to meet with a man in a satire that I never in the least expected to find there. They have a particular way of hiding their ill-nature, and introduce a criminal rather to illustrate a precept or passage, than out of any seeming design to abuse him.

(1. 289) Horace, whether in imitation of Catullus or not, has applied the same thought [as Catullus has applied to the sun] to the moon; and that too in the plural number.

Damna tamen celeres reparant cælestia lunæ:
Nos ubi decidimus
Quo pius Æneas, quo Tullus dives, et Ancus,
Pulvis et umbra sumus.

O. 4. 7. 13-16.[1]

(1. 291) The last of our imaginary beings is Liberty. In her left hand she carries the wand that the Latins call the Rudis or Vindicta, and in her right the cap of liberty. The poets use the same kinds of metaphors to express liberty. I shall quote Horace for the first.

Donatum jam rude quæris
Mecænas iterum antiquo me includere ludo.

E. 1. 1. 2-3.

(1. 293) We will now, for our diversion, entertain ourselves with a set of riddles, and see if we can find a key to them among the ancient poets. The first of them, says Cynthio, is a ship under sail, I suppose it has at least a metaphor or moral precept for its cargo. This, says Philander, is an emblem of Happiness, as you may see by the inscription it carries in its sails. We find the same device to express the same thought in several of the poets: as in Horace, when he speaks of the moderation to be used in a flowing fortune. . . .

Rebus angustis animosus atque
Fortis appare: sapienter idem
Contrahes vento nimium secundo
Turgida vela.

O. 2. 10. 21-24.

(1. 296) You will think, perhaps, I carry my conjectures too far, if I tell you that I fancy they are these kind of gods [guardian deities of ships] that Horace mentions in his allegorical vessel, which was so broken and shattered to pieces; for I am apt to think that *integra* relates to the gods as well as the *lintea*.

Non tibi sunt integra lintea,
Non dii, quos iterum pressa voces malo.

O. 1. 14. 9-10.

(1. 299) The two horns that you see on the next medal are emblems of plenty.

Apparetque beata pleno
Copia cornu.

C. S. 59-60.

[1] [Quo pater Æneas, quo dives Tullus et Ancus.]

(1. 302)[1] One may see in this medal, as well as in any antique statues, that the old Romans had their necks and arms bare, and as much exposed to view as our hands and faces are at present. Before I had made this remark, I have sometimes wondered to see the Roman poets, in their descriptions of a beautiful man, so often mentioning the turn of his neck and arms, that in our modern dresses lie out of sight, and are covered under part of the clothing. . . . Horace speaks of both these parts of the body in the beginning of an ode, that in my opinion may be reckoned among the finest of his books, for the naturalness of the thought, and the beauty of the expression.

Dum tu Lydia Telephi
Cervicem roseam, et cerea Telephi
Laudas brachia, væ meum
Fervens difficili bile tumet jecur.

O. 1. 13. 1-4.[2]

(1. 308) I believe, says Cynthio, there is scarce a great man he [the sun] ever shone upon that has not been compared to him. . . . Horace has turned this comparison into ridicule seventeen hundred years ago.

Laudat Brutum, laudatque cohortem,
Solem Asiæ Brutum appelat.

S. 1. 7. 23-24.

(1. 316) Horace represents at length the commonwealth of Rome under the figure of a ship, in the allegory that you meet with in the fourteenth ode of his first book.

O Navis, referent in mare te novi
Fluctus.

O. 1. 14. 1-2.

(1. 317-318) We will close up this series of medals with one that was stamped under Tiberius to the memory of Augustus. Over his head you see the star that his father Julius Cæsar was supposed to have been changed into. . . .

Micat inter omnes
Julium sidus, velut inter ignes
Luna minores.

O. 1. 12. 46-48.

(1. 322) This part of the world [Africa] has always on medals something to denote her wonderful fruitfulness, as it was, indeed, the great granary of Italy. . . .

[1] See *Remarks on Italy. Rome* (*Wks.* 1. 461).

[2] [Cervicem roseam, cerea Telephi.]

Frumenti quantum metit Africa.
S. 2. 3. 87.

. . .

The lion on the second medal marks her [Africa] out for the

Leonum
Arida nutrix.
O. 1. 22. 15-16.

(1. 326) France, you see, has a sheep by her, not only as a sacrifice, but to show that the riches of the country consisted chiefly in flocks and pasturage. Thus Horace, mentioning the commodities of different countries,

Quanquam nec Calabræ mella ferunt apes,
Nec Læstrigonia Bacchus in amphora
Languescit mihi, nec pinguia Gallicis
Crescunt vellera pascuis.
O. 3. 16. 33-36.

(1. 326-327) She [France] is drawn in a posture of sacrificing for the safe arrival of the emperor, as we may learn from the inscription. We find in the several medals that were struck on Adrian's progress through the empire, that, at his arrival, they offered a sacrifice to the gods for the reception of so great a blessing. Horace mentions this custom.

Tum meæ (si quid loquar audiendum)
Vocis accedet bona pars; et O sol
Pulcher, o laudande, canam, recepto
Cæsare felix.
O. 4. 2. 45-48.

Te decem tauri, totidemque vaccæ;
Me tener solvet vitulus.
O. 4. 2. 53-54.

(1. 330) One reason why they chose parsley for a garland, was doubtless because it always preserves its verdure, as Horace opposes it to the short-lived lily.

Neu vivax apium, nec breve lilium.
O. 1. 36. 16.

(*Ibid.*) She [Achaia] presents herself to the emperor [Adrian] in the same posture that the Germans and English still salute the imperial and royal family.

Jus imperiumque Phraates
Cæsaris accepit genibus minor.
E. 1. 12. 27-28.

(1. 334) On the left arm of Smyrna, is the Pelta or buckler of the Amazons, as the long weapon by her is the *bipennis* or *securis*. . . .

Videre Rhæti bella sub Alpibus
Drusum gerentem, et Vindelici; quibus
Mos unde deductus per omne
Tempus Amazonia securi
Dextras obarmet quærere distuli.
O. 4. 4. 17-21.

Dialogue 3.

(1. 351) —The whole medal, in my opinion, tends not so much to the honour of the French as of the English.

Quos opimus
Fallere et effugere est triumphus.
O. 4. 4. 51-52.

Remarks on Italy.

Monaco, Genoa, etc.

(1. 360) We sailed from hence [St. Remo] directly for Genoa, and had a fair wind that carried us into the middle of the Gulf, which is very remarkable for tempests and scarcity of fish. It is probable one may be the cause of the other, whether it be that the fishermen cannot employ their art with so much success in so troubled a sea, or that the fish do not care for inhabiting such stormy waters.

Atrum
Defendens pisces hyemat mare.
S. 2. 2. 16-17.

From Rome to Naples.

(1. 421-422) It is worth while to have an eye on Horace's voyage to Brundisi, when one passes this way; for by comparing his several stages, and the road he took, with those that are observed at present, we may have some idea of the changes that have been made in the face of this country since his time. If we may guess at the common travelling of persons of quality, among the ancient Romans, from this poet's description of his voyage, we may conclude they seldom went above fourteen miles a day over the Appian Way, which was more used by the noble Romans than any other in Italy, as it led to Naples, Baiæ, and the most delightful parts of the nation. It is, indeed, very disagreeable to be carried in haste over this pavement.

Minus est gravis Appia tardis.
S. 1. 5. 6.

Lucan has described the very road from Anxur to Rome, that Horace took from Rome to Anxur. It is not, indeed, the ordinary way at present, nor is it marked out by the same places in both poets.

(1. 422) In my way to Naples I crossed the two most considerable rivers of the Campania Felice, that were formerly called the Liris and Vulturnus, and are at present the Garigliano and Vulturno. The first of these rivers has been deservedly celebrated by the Latin poets for the gentleness of its course, as the other for its rapidity and noise.

> Rura quæ Liris quieta
> Mordet aqua, taciturnus amnis.
> *O.* 1. 31. 7-8.

(1. 423) The ruins of Anxur and old Capua mark out the pleasant situation in which those towns formerly stood. The first of them was planted on the mountain, where we now see Terracina, and by reason of the breezes that came off the sea, and the height of its situation, was one of the summer retirements of the ancient Romans. . . .

> Impositum saxis late candentibus Anxur.
> *S.* 1. 5. 26.

Naples.

(1. 424-425) To grace the parade, they exposed, at the same time, the blood of St. Januarius, which liquefied at the approach of the saint's head, though, as they say, it was hard congealed before. I had twice an opportunity of seeing the operation of this pretended miracle. . . . The modern Neapolitans seem to have copied it out from one, which was shown in a town of the kingdom of Naples, as long ago as in Horace's time.

> Dehinc Gnatia lymphis
> Iratis extructa dedit risusque jocosque,
> Dum flamma sine thura liquescere limine sacro
> Persuadere cupit: credat Judæus Apella,
> Non ego.
> *S.* 1. 5. 97-101.

(1. 430) The inhabitants of Naples have been always very notorious for leading a life of laziness and pleasure. . . . We find they were formerly as famous for it as they are at present. This was perhaps the reason that the ancients tell us one of

the Sirens was buried in this city, which thence received the name of Parthenope.

Improba Siren
Desidia

S. 2. 3. 14-15.

. . .

Otiosa Neapolis.
Epd. 5. 43.

The Antiquities near Naples.

(1. 433) It would have been very difficult to have made such a mole as this of Puteoli, in a place where they had not so natural a commodity as the earth of Puzzuola, which immediately hardens in the water, and after a little lying in it, looks rather like stone than mortar. It was this that gave the ancient Romans an opportunity of making so many encroachments on the sea, and of laying the foundations of their villas and palaces within the very borders of it, as Horace has elegantly described it more than once.

O. 2. 18; 3. 1; 3. 24; *E.* 1. 1.

From Naples to Rome, by Sea.

(1. 449) As in my journey from Rome to Naples I had Horace for my guide, so I had the pleasure of seeing my voyage, from Naples to Rome, described by Virgil. It is, indeed, much easier to trace out the way Æneas took, than that of Horace, because Virgil has marked it out by capes, islands, and other parts of nature, which are not so subject to change or decay as are towns, cities, and the works of art.

S. 1. 5.

(1. 456) Antium was formerly famous for the Temple of Fortune that stood in it. All agree there were two Fortunes worshipped here, which Suetonius calls the Fortunæ Antiates, and Martial the Sorores Antii. Some are of opinion, that by these two goddesses were meant the two Nemeses, one of which rewarded good men, as the other punished the wicked. Fabretti and others are apt to believe, that by the two Fortunes were only meant in general the goddess who sent prosperity, or she who sent afflictions to mankind, and produce in their behalf an ancient monument found in this very place, and superscribed *Fortunæ Felici*, which, indeed, may favour one opinion as well as the other, and shows, at least, they are not mistaken in the general sense of their division. I do not know whether anybody has taken notice, that this double function of the goddess gives a considerable light and beauty to the ode which Horace has addressed to her. The whole

poem is a prayer to Fortune, that she would prosper Cæsar's arms, and confound his enemies, so that each of the goddesses has her task assigned in the poet's prayer; and we may observe the invocation is divided between the two deities, the first line relating indifferently to either. That which I have marked speaks to the goddess of Prosperity, or, if you please, to the Nemesis of the good, and the other to the goddess of Adversity, or to the Nemesis of the wicked.

> O Diva gratum quæ regis Antium,
> *Præsens vel imo tollere de gradu*
> *Mortale corpus,* vel superbos
> Vertere funeribus triumphos, etc.
> *O.* 1. 35. 1 f.

If we take the first interpretation of the two Fortunes for the double Nemesis, the compliment to Cæsar is the greater, and the fifth stanza clearer than the commentators usually make it, for the *clavi trabales, cunei, uncus, liquidumquæ plumbum,* were actually used in the punishment of criminals.

Rome.

(1. 461) I cannot forbear observing here, that the turn of the neck and arms is often commended in the Latin poets among the beauties of a man, as in Horace, we find both put together, in that beautiful description of jealousy.

> Dum tu Lydia Telephi
> Cervicem roseam, et cerea Telephi[1]
> Laudas brachia, væ meum
> Fervens difficili bile tumet jecur:
> Tunc nec mens mihi, nec color
> Certa sede manent: humor et in genas
> Furtim labitur, arguens
> Quam lentis penitus macerer ignibus.
> *O.* 1. 13. 1-8.

This we should be at a loss to account for, did we not observe in the old Roman statues,[2] that these two parts were always bare, and exposed to view, as much as our hands and face are at present.

(1. 464) On other occasions he [Mars] is drawn, as Horace has described him,

> Tunica cinctum adamantina.
> *O.* 1. 6. 13.[3]

[1] [Cervicem roseam, cerea Telephi.]

[2] See *Dialogues on Medals* (*Wks.* 1. 302).

[3] [Tunica tectum adamantina.]

Towns near Rome.

(1. 483) Tivoli is seen at a distance lying along the brow of a hill. Its situation has given Horace occasion to call it Tibur Supinum, as Virgil, perhaps for the same reason, entitles it Superbum.

O. 3. 4. 23.

(1. 483-484) But the most enlivening part of all, is the river Teverone, which you see at about a quarter of a mile's distance, throwing itself down a precipice, and falling by several cascades from one rock to another, till it gains the bottom of the valley, where the sight of it would be quite lost, did not it sometimes discover itself through the breaks and openings of the woods that grow about it. The Roman painters often work upon this landscape, and I am apt to believe that Horace had his eye upon it in those two or three beautiful touches which he has given us of these seats. The Teverone was formerly called the Anio.

Me nec tam patiens Lacadæmon,
Nec tam Larissæ percussit campus opimæ
Quam domus Albuneæ resonantis,
Et præceps Anio, et Tiburni lacus, et uda
Mobilibus pomaria rivis.

O. 1. 7. 10-14.

I remember Monsieur Dacier explains *mobilibus* by *ductilibus*, and believes that the word relates to the conduits, pipes, and canals, that were made to distribute the waters up and down, according to the pleasure of the owner. But any one who sees the Teverone must be of another opinion, and conclude it to be one of the most moveable rivers in the world, that has its stream broken by such a multitude of cascades, and is so often shifted out of one channel into another.

(1. 485) Palæstrina stands very high, like most other towns in Italy, for the advantage of the cool breezes, for which reason Virgil calls it *Altum,* and Horace, *Frigidum Præneste.*

O. 3. 4. 22-23.

(*Ibid.*) In our return from Jensano to Albano, we passed through La Riccia, the Aricia of the ancients, Horace's first stage from Rome to Brundisi.

S. 1. 5. 1-2.

2. *Periodicals.*

Tatler.

(2. 165) No. 220. The point of doctrine which I would propagate . . . is the same which was long ago advanced by

that able teacher Horace, out of whom I have taken my text for this discourse: we should be careful not to overshoot ourselves in the pursuits even of virtue. Whether zeal or moderation be the point we aim at, let us keep fire out of the one, and frost out of the other.

E. 1. 6. 15-16.

No. 222.[1] I have endeavoured to search into the original of this impertinent way of making love [by serenading], which, according to some authors, is of great antiquity. If we may believe Monsieur Dacier and other critics, Horace's tenth ode of the third book was originally a serenade. And if I was disposed to show my learning, I could produce a line of him in another place, which seems to have been the burthen of an old heathen serenade.

Audis minus et minus iam:
'Me tuo longas pereunte noctes,
Lydia, dormis?'

O. 1. 25. 6-8.

(2. 178) No. 240. The very foundation of poetry is good sense, if we may allow Horace to be a judge of the art.

Scribendi recte sapere est, et principium, et fons.

A. P. 309.

(2. 214) No. 260.[2] —I must . . . desire the critics . . . to refrain from the lecture of this curious tract. . . . It is not . . . for this generation of men that I write the present transaction.

Minus aptus acutis
Naribus horum hominum.

S. 1. 3. 29-30.

Spectator.

(2. 306) No. 39. There is a fine observation in Aristotle to this purpose, which I have never seen quoted. 'The expression (says he) ought to be very much laboured in the unactive parts of the fable, as in descriptions, similitudes, narrations, and the like; in which the opinions, manners, and passions of men are not represented; for these (namely, the opinions, manners, and passions) are apt to be obscured by pompous phrases, and elaborate expressions.' Horace, who

[1] This paper is attributed to Addison by Nichols. It is not included in the Bohn ed. of the *Wks. of Addison.* See G. A. Aitken's ed. of the *Tatler* 4. 139.

[2] Steele helped with this paper.

copied most of his criticisms after Aristotle, seems to have had his eye on the foregoing rule, in the following verses;

> Et tragicus plerumque dolet sermone pedestri.
> Telephus et Peleus, cum pauper et exul uterque,
> Projicit ampullas et sesquipedalia verba,
> Si curat cor spectantis tetigisse querela.
>
> *A. P.* 95-98.

(2. 313) No. 42. It is impossible for the reader's imagination to multiply twenty men into such prodigious multitudes, or to fancy that two or three hundred thousand soldiers are fighting in a room of forty or fifty yards in compass. Incidents of such nature should be told, not represented.

> Non tamen intus
> Digna geri promes in scenam: multaque tolles
> Ex oculis, quæ mox narret facundia præsens.
>
> *A. P.* 182-184.

(2. 317-318) No. 44. By this means the poet observes that decency which Horace afterwards established by a rule, of forbearing to commit parricides or unnatural murthers before the audience.

> Nec coram populo natos Medea trucidet.
>
> *A. P.* 185.[1]

The French have therefore refined too much upon Horace's rule, who never designed to banish all kinds of death from the stage; but only such as had too much horror in them, and which would have a better effect upon the audience when transacted behind the scenes. I would therefore recommend to my countrymen the practice of the ancient poets, who were very sparing of their public executions, and rather chose to perform them behind the scenes, if it could be done with as great an effect upon the audience. At the same time I must observe, that though the devoted persons of the tragedy were seldom slain before the audience, which has generally something ridiculous in it, their bodies were often produced after their death, which has always in it something melancholy or terrifying; so that the killing on the stage does not seem to have been avoided only as an indecency, but also as an improbability.

> Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet;
> Aut humana palam coquat exta nefarius Atreus;
> Aut in avem Progne vertatur, Cadmus in anguem.
> Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.
>
> *A. P.* 185-188.

[1] [Ne pueros coram populo Medea trucidet.]

(2. 369) No. 68. We may observe in this and several other precepts in this author Ecclus. [*The Wisdom of the Son of Sirach*], those little familiar instances and illustrations which are so much admired in the moral writings of Horace and Epictetus. There are very beautiful instances of this nature in the following passages, which are likewise written upon the same subject: 'Whoso discovereth secrets, loseth his credit, and shall never find a friend to his mind. Love thy friend and be faithful unto him; but if thou bewrayest his secrets, follow no more after him: for as a man hath destroyed his enemy, so hast thou lost the love of thy friend; etc.'

S. 1. 4. 81-85.

(2. 385) No. 74.

To drive the deer with hound and horn
Earl Piercy took his way:
The child may rue that is unborn
The hunting of that day!

This way of considering [in the *Ballad of Chevy Chase*] the misfortunes which this battle would bring upon posterity, not only on those who were born immediately after the battle, and lost their fathers in it, but on those also who perished in future battles which took their rise from this quarrel of the two earls, is wonderfully beautiful, and conformable to the way of thinking among the ancient poets.

Audiet pugnas vitio parentum
Rara juventus.

O. 1. 2. 23-24.

(2. 397) No. 85. As for the circumstance of the Robin-red-breast [in the *Ballad of the Two Children in the Wood*], it is indeed a little poetical ornament; and to show the genius of the author amidst all his simplicity, it is just the same kind of fiction which one of the greatest of the Latin poets has made use of upon a parallel occasion; I mean that passage in Horace, where he describes himself when he was a child, fallen asleep in a desert wood, and covered with leaves by the turtles that took pity on him.

Me fabulosæ Vulture in Appulo
Altricis extra limen Apuliæ,
Ludo fatigatumque somno
Fronde nova puerum palumbes
Texere—

O. 3. 4. 9-13.

(2. 444) No. 111. A man, considered in his present state, seems only sent into the world to propagate his kind. He provides himself with a successor, and immediately quits his post to make room for him.

Hæres
Hæredem alterius, velut unda supervenit undam.
E. 2. 2. 175-176.

(2. 505) No. 160. I cannot quit this head, without observing that Pindar was a great genius of the first class, who was hurried on by a natural fire and impetuosity to vast conceptions of things, and noble sallies of imagination. At the same time, can anything be more ridiculous than for men of a sober and moderate fancy, to imitate this poet's way of writing in those monstrous compositions which go among us under the name of Pindarics? When I see people copying works, which, as Horace has represented them, are singular in their kind and inimitable; when I see, etc.
O. 4. 2. 1-24, and *E.* 1. 3. 10-11.

(3. 3) No. 162. As this mutability of temper and inconsistency with ourselves is the greatest weakness of human nature, so it makes the person who is remarkable for it in a very particular manner, more ridiculous than any other infirmity whatsoever, as it sets him in a greater variety of foolish lights, and distinguishes him from himself by an opposition of party-coloured characters. The most humorous character in Horace is founded upon this unevenness of temper and irregularity of conduct.

Addison here quotes the description of Tigellius in *S.* 1. 3. 3-19, and adds:

Instead of translating this passage in Horace, I shall entertain my English reader with the description of a parallel character, that is wonderfully well finished, by Mr. Dryden, and raised upon the same foundation.

(3. 26) No. 171. Jealousy is admirably described in this view by Horace in his Ode to Lydia.

Addison here adds the lines of the Ode 1. 13. 1-8, and gives his own translation of them.

(3. 88-89) No. 211. Having lately translated the fragment of an old poet [Simonides; see No. 209], which describes womankind under several characters, and supposes them to have drawn their different manners and dispositions from those animals and elements out of which he tells us they were compounded; I had some thoughts of giving the sex their

revenge, by laying together in another paper the many vicious characters which prevail in the male world, and showing the different ingredients that go to the making up of such different humours and constitutions. Horace has a thought which is something akin to this, when, in order to excuse himself to his mistress, for an invective which he had written against her, and to account for that unreasonable fury with which the heart of man is often transported, he tells us, that when Prometheus made his man of clay, in the kneading up of the heart he seasoned it with some furious particles of the lion.

O. 1. 16. 13-16.

(3. 148) No. 249. Venus . . . is represented by Horace as the goddess who delights in laughter.

O. 1. 2. 33-34.

(3. 173) No. 262. —I would always be understood to write my papers of criticism in the spirit which Horace has expressed in those two famous lines;

Si quid novisti rectius istis,
Candidus imperti; si non, his utere mecum.

E. 1. 6. 67-68.

(3. 177) No. 267. Homer, to preserve the unity of his action, hastens into the midst of things, as Horace has observed: had he gone up to Leda's egg, or begun much later, even at the rape of Helen, or the investing of Troy, it is manifest that the story of the poem would have been a series of several actions.

A. P. 147-149.

(3. 190) No. 285. Such little blemishes as these, when the thought is great and natural, we should, with Horace, impute to a pardonable inadvertency, or to the weakness of human nature, which cannot attend to each minute particular, and give the last finishing to every circumstance in so long a work.

A. P. 351-353, 360.

(3. 204) No. 303. [Speaking of the opening lines of *Paradise Lost:*] These lines are perhaps as plain, simple, and unadorned, as any of the whole poem, in which particular the author has conformed himself to the example of Homer, and the precept of Horace.

A. P. 136-142.

(3. 217) No. 315. Horace advises a poet to consider thoroughly the nature and force of his genius.

A. P. 38-41.

(3. 404) No. 414. —We always find the poet in love with a country life, where nature appears in the greatest perfection, and furnishes out all those scenes that are most apt to delight the imagination.

Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus, et fugit urbes.
E. 2. 2. 77.

(3. 422) No. 419. There is a very odd turn of thought required for this sort of writing, and it is impossible for a poet to succeed in it, who has not a particular cast of fancy, an imagination naturally fruitful and superstitious. Besides this, he ought to be very well versed in legends and fables, antiquated romances, and the traditions of nurses and old women, that he may fall in with our natural prejudices, and humour those notions which we have imbibed in our infancy. For, otherwise, he will be apt to make his fairies talk like people of his own species, and not like other sets of beings, who converse with different objects, and think in a different manner from that of mankind;

Sylvis deducti caveant, me judice, Fauni
Ne velut innati triviis as pæne forenses
Aut nimium teneris juvenentur versibus.
A. P. 244-246.

(4. 55-56) No. 535. It is a precept several times inculcated by Horace, that we should not entertain a hope of anything in life, which lies at a great distance from us. The shortness and uncertainty of our time here makes such a kind of hope unreasonable and absurd.

O. 1. 4. 15; 11. 7 (the motto for this paper);
E. 1. 18. 110.

(4. 77) No. 549. Horace describes an old usurer as so charmed with the pleasures of a country life, that in order to make a purchase he called in all his money; but what was the event of it? why, in a very few days after, he put it out again.

Epd. 2.

(4. 84) No. 556. In a word, I am quite another man to what I was.

Nil fuit unquam
Tam dispar sibi.
S. 1. 3. 18-19.

(4. 89) No. 558. It is a celebrated thought of Socrates, that if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public

stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy, would prefer the share they are already possessed of, before that which would fall to them by such a division. Horace has carried this thought a great deal further in the motto of my paper, which implies that the hardships or misfortunes we lie under are more easy to us, than those of any other person would be, in case we could change conditions with him.

S. 1. 1. 1-19.

Guardian.

(4. 207) No. 110. The candour which Horace shows in the motto of my paper, is that which distinguishes a critic from a caviller. He declares that he is not offended with those little faults in a poetical composition which may be imputed to inadvertency, or to the imperfection of human nature.

A. P. 351-353.

Lover.

(4. 336-337) No. 39. The gentleman . . . has followed the rule which Horace has laid down for translators, by preserving everywhere the life and spirit of his author, without servilely copying after him word for word.

A. P. 133-134.

Whig-Examiner.

(4. 375) No. 1. —Mr. Bickerstaff, whom the author everywhere endeavours to imitate and abuse. But I shall refer the Examiner to the frog's advice to her little one, that was blowing itself up to the size of an ox:

Non si te ruperis, inquit,
Par eris.

S. 2. 3. 319-320.

(4. 377) No. 2. —He adds, in opposition to them [the Whigs], 'For the queen and the whole body of the British nation,—

Nos numerus sumus.'
In English,
We are cyphers.

How properly the Tories may be called the whole body of the British nation, I leave to any one's judging; and wonder how an author can be so disrespectful to her Majesty, as to separate her, in so saucy a manner, from that part of her people, who, according to the Examiner himself, 'have engrossed the riches of the nation;' and all this to join her, with so much impu-

dence, under the common denomination of *We;* that is, '*We* queen and Tories are cyphers.' *Nos numerus sumus,* is a scrap of Latin, more impudent than Cardinal Woolsey's *Ego et Rex meus.*

E. 1. 2. 27.

3. *Letters.*

(5. 345)[1] To Mr. Wyche. Sept., 1703. —[I] have been engaged in so much noise and company, that it was impossible for me to think of rhyming in it, unless I had been possessed with such a muse as Dr. Blackmore's, that could make a couple of heroic poems in a hackney-coach and a coffee-house. I have been for some time at Amsterdam, where I have had great opportunities of informing myself in the price of nutmegs and pepper, for since the coming in of the East India fleet our conversation here runs altogether on spice.

I nunc et versus tecum meditare canoros!
E. 2. 2. 76; and cf. the whole passage 65-86.

(5. 403) To Mr. Wortley. Oct. 13, 1711. I hope you will not think of staying in the country so long as you mention. Sure it will be worth your while to hear the peace treated in the House of Commons, and as you have seen *mores hominum multorum et urbes,* I think you cannot have a better opportunity to show yourself.

A. P. 142.

D. DIRECT MENTION OF HORACE.

1. *Poetry.*

To Mr. Dryden.

(1. 1) Thou mak'st the beauties of the Romans known,
And England boasts of riches not her own;
Thy lines have heighten'd Virgil's majesty,
And Horace wonders at himself in thee.

2. *Miscellaneous Prose Writings.*

Notes on Ovid's Metamorphoses. Fab. 5 of the Third Book.

(1. 151) I should not have dwelt so long on this instance, had it not been so frequent in Ovid, who is the greatest admirer of this mixed wit of all the ancients. . . . Homer,

[1] Bohn gives only an analysis of this letter. For the letter in full, with the quotation from Horace, see G. W. Greene's ed. of the *Wks. of Addison* 2. 493-494; also *Life of Addison,* by Lucy Aikin, 1843, 1. 161.

Virgil, Horace, and the greatest poets scorned it, as indeed it is only fit for epigram and little copies of verses.[1]

A Discourse on Ancient and Modern Learning.

(5. 225) Virgil, and Horace in his Odes, have run between these two extremes, and made their expressions very sublime, but at the same time very natural. This consideration, therefore, least affects them, for, though you take their verse to pieces, and dispose of their words as you please, you will find such glorious metaphors, figures, and epithets, as give it too great a majesty for prose, and look something like the ruin of a noble pile, where you see broken pillars, scattered obelisks, maimed statues, and a magnificence in confusion.[2]

(6. 596 f.) Addison has written a Latin dissertation upon the most celebrated Roman Poets, with the title *Dissertatio de Insignioribus Romanorum Poetis.* In it he places the poets in groups: the heroic poets, the satirists, the dramatic poets, the epigrammatists, and others whom he calls 'cæterum poetarum vulgus.' The satirists are Horace and Juvenal. What he says of these two poets I quote in full, as it expresses his estimate of Horace as a satirist, though not as a lyric poet.

Dissertatio de Insignioribus Romanorum Poetis.[3]

De satyricis restat dicendum; quorum omnium Juvenalis et Horatius palmam dubiam quidem fecerunt: inter literatos enim multum discrepat, utrum mordax illa ingenii acerbitas, qua suam armavit paginam Juvenalis, an potius Horatii festivæ irrisiones, magis satyræ conveniant: Ut vero de utroque rectius statuatur, pauca prius sunt advertenda. Ob infamem vitæ suæ lasciviam, etiam nunc temporis, male audit Horatius; virtutem tamen semper rigide coluit Juvenalis. Ille in absolutissima Augusti aula versatus est, hic in pessima Domitiani tempora incidisset: proinde ut ad sua et sæculi utriusque ingenia opera accommodarent poetæ, Horatius totus in ludicro exercetur argumento, nec morum licentiam, sed indecoras quasdam aulicorum Ineptias plerunque insectatur; non ideo abfuisset quin irridetur, si, aliqua styli severitate, ad leviuscula hujusmodi castiganda se accinxisset; gravissima tamen in temporibus suis reprehendit Juvenalis, et de vitiis ubique

[1] Cf. *Spectator* 62 (*Wks.* 2. 359).

[2] See also under *Implicit Allusion.*

[3] This dissertation was translated by Christopher Hayes and published in 1718.

queritur, quæ vel pudeat recitare, et isti sane materiæ, summa mentis indignatio, orationis ardor, et ingenii acrimonia, rectissime aptari videantur. Quamvis ubi ad jocularia animum demittit, non raro satyris festivitatem fundit Horatianam. Uterque ideo (modo diversum consulas argumentum) suo quidem genere perfectissimus emicuit; in illo ridiculum acri melius, in hoc acre ridiculo. Reliqua certe Horatii opera, admiratione potius sunt digna quam encomiis, nec majora solum vituperatione, sed etiam laude.

3. *Periodicals.*

Tatler.

(2. 132) No. 158. He [Tom Folio] is an universal scholar, so far as the title-page of all authors, knows the manuscripts in which they were discovered, the editions through which they have passed, with the praises or censures which they have received from the several members of the learned world. He has a greater esteem for Aldus and Elzevir, than for Virgil and Horace.

(2. 146-147) No. 163. 'Dear Mr. Bickerstaffe, (says he [Ned Softly] shaking me by the hand,) every body knows you to be a judge of these things; and to tell you truly, I read over Roscommon's translation of Horace's Art of Poetry three several times, before I sat down to write the sonnet which I have shown you.'

(2. 149) No. 165. He [the pedant-critic] hath formed his judgment upon Homer, Horace, and Virgil, not from their own works, but from those of Rapin and Bossu.

(2. 174) No. 239. It is ridiculous for any man to criticise on the works of another, who has not distinguished himself by his own performances. A judge would make but an indifferent figure who had never been known at the bar. Cicero was reputed the greatest orator of his age and country before he wrote a book *De Oratore;* and Horace the greatest poet before he published his Art of Poetry. The observation arises naturally in any one who casts his eye upon this last mentioned author, where he will find the criticisms placed in the latter end of his book, that is, after the finest odes and satires in the Latin tongue.

(2. 174-175) *Ibid.* A modern, whose name I shall not mention, because I would not make a silly paper sell, was born a critic and an examiner, and, like one of the race of the serpent's teeth, came into the world with a sword in his hand. . . . This author, in the last of his crudities, has amassed together a heap of quotations, to prove that Horace and Virgil were both of them modester men than myself.

(2. 176) *Ibid.* I think myself as much honoured by being joined in this part of his paper with the gentleman [Dr. Garth] whom he here calls my brother, as I am in the beginning of it, by being mentioned with Horace and Virgil.

Spectator.

(2. 295) No. 34. He [the Templar] then showed, by the examples of Horace, Juvenal, Boileau, and the best writers of every age, that the follies of the stage and court had never been accounted too sacred for ridicule, how great soever the persons might be that patronized them.

(2. 359) No. 62. If we look into the Latin writers, we find none of this mixt wit in Virgil, Lucretius, or Catullus; very little in Horace; but a great deal of it in Ovid; and scarce anything else in Martial.[1]

(2. 369) No. 68. We may observe in this and several other precepts in this author [Ecclus. *The Wisdom of the Son of Sirach*], those little familiar instances and illustrations which are so much admired in the moral writings of Horace and Epictetus.

(3. 45) No. 183. As fables took their birth in the very infancy of learning, they never flourished more than when learning was at its greatest height. To justify this assertion, I shall put my reader in mind of Horace, the greatest wit and critic in the Augustan age.

(3. 46) *Ibid.* As for the *Odyssey,* I think it is plain that Horace considered it as one of these allegorical fables, by the moral which he has given us of several parts of it.

(3. 127) No. 235. And to the end that this place [as critic of plays] should be always disposed of according to merit, I would have none preferred to it, who has not given convincing proofs both of a sound judgment and a strong arm, and who could not, upon occasion, either knock down an ox, or write a comment upon Horace's Art of Poetry.

(3. 153) No. 253. The greatest wits that ever were produced in one age, lived together in so good an understanding, and celebrated one another with so much generosity, that each of them receives an additional lustre from his contemporaries, and is more famous for having lived with men of so extraordinary a genius, than if he had himself been the sole wonder of his age. I need not tell my reader, that I here point at the reign of Augustus, and I believe he will be of my opinion, that neither Virgil nor Horace would have gained so great a reputation in the world, had they not been the

[1] Cf. *Notes on Ovid's Metamorphoses,* Fab. 5 of the Third Book (*Wks.* 1. 151).

friends and admirers of each other. Indeed all the great writers of that age, for whom singly we have so great an esteem, stand up together as vouchers for one another's reputation. But at the same time that Virgil was celebrated by Gallus, Propertius, Horace, Varius, Tucca, and Ovid, we know that Bavius and Mævius were his declared foes and calumniators.

(3. 154) *Ibid.* The observations [in Pope's *Essay on Criticism*] follow one another like those in Horace's Art of Poetry, without that methodical regularity which would have been requisite in a prose author. . . . And here give me leave to mention what Monsieur Boileau has so very well enlarged upon in the preface to his works, that wit and fine writing doth not consist so much in advancing things that are new, as in giving things that are known an agreeable turn. It is impossible for us, who live in the latter ages of the world, to make observations in criticism, morality, or in any art or science, which have not been touched upon by others. We have little else left us, but to represent the common sense of mankind in more strong, more beautiful, or more uncommon lights. If a reader examines Horace's Art of Poetry, he will find but very few precepts in it, which he may not meet with in Aristotle, and which were not commonly known by all the poets of the Augustan age. His way of expressing and applying them, not his invention of them, is what we are chiefly to admire. . . . If the reader would see how the best of the Latin critics writ, he may find their manner very beautifully described in the characters of Horace, Petronius, Quintilian, and Longinus, as they are drawn in the essay of which I am now speaking.

(3. 192) No. 285. Another way of raising the language, and giving it a poetical turn, is to make use of the idioms of other tongues. Virgil is full of the Greek forms of speech, which the critics call Hellenisms, as Horace in his Odes, abounds with them, much more than Virgil.

(3. 223) No. 321. Those who know how many volumes have been written on the poems of Horace and Virgil, will easily pardon the length of my discourse upon Milton.

(3. 383-384) No. 405. If any one would judge of the beauties of poetry that are to be met with in the Divine writings, and examine how kindly the Hebrew manners of speech mix and incorporate with the English language; after having perused the Book of Psalms, let him read a literal translation of Horace or Pindar. He will find in these two last such an absurdity and confusion of style, with such a com-

parative poverty of imagination, as will make him very sensible of what I have been here advancing.

(3. 417) No. 417. In a word, Homer fills his readers with sublime ideas, and, I believe, has raised the imagination of all the good poets that have come after him. I shall only instance Horace, who immediately takes fire at the first hint of any passage in the *Iliad* or *Odyssey*, and always rises above himself when he has Homer in his view.

(4. 79) No. 549. I remember an excellent saying that I learned at school, *finis coronat opus*. You know best whether it be in Virgil or in Horace, it is my business to apply it.[1]

(4. 137) No. 583. Many of the old philosophers passed away the greatest parts of their lives among their gardens. . . . Every reader who is acquainted with Homer, Virgil, and Horace, the greatest geniuses of all antiquity, knows very well with how much rapture they have spoken on the subject.

(4. 148) No. 592. I have a great esteem for a true critic, such as Aristotle and Longinus among the Greeks, Horace and Quintilian among the Romans, Boileau and Dacier among the French.

Guardian.

(4. 160) No. 67. Tom [D'Urfey] observed to me, that after having written more odes than Horace, and about four times as many comedies as Terence, he was reduced to great difficulties, etc.

(4. 203) No. 108. Besides, I would have Mr. Distich consider, that if Horace was a short man, Musæus, who makes such a noble figure in Virgil's sixth *Æneid*, was taller by the head and shoulders than all the people of Elizium.

(4. 259-260) No. 137. Horace, Juvenal, Boileau, and indeed the greatest writers in almost every age, have exposed, with all the strength of wit and good sense, the vanity of a man's valuing himself upon his ancestors, and endeavoured to show that true nobility consists in virtue, not in birth.

4. *Letters.*

(5. 337)[2] To Chamberlain Dashwood. July, 1702. From whence I conclude that wit and tobacco are not inseparable,

[1] Addison is here speaking neither in his own person nor in that of the Spectator; Andrew Freeport is writing a letter to the Spectator. King, in his *Classical and Foreign Quotations*, can give no authority for this Latin proverb, nor do I find its source elsewhere.

[2] Bohn gives only an analysis of this letter. For the letter in full, with mention of Horace, see G. W. Greene's ed. of the *Wks. of Addison* 2. 482; also L. Aikin's *Life of Addison* 1. 123.

or to make a pun of it, though a man may be master of a snuff-box,

Non cuicunque datum est habere Nasum.
Mart. 1. 42. 18.

I should be afraid of being thought a pedant for my quotation, did I not know that the gentleman I am writing to always carries a Horace in his pocket.

(5. 380) To Ambrose Philips. March 10, [1710?] By a letter that I received from you about a week ago, I find that one I left for you at Harwich to be put into the packet did not come to your hands. I told you in it that your two *Pastorals,* with the translation of an Ode out of Horace by myself, did not come soon enough to be inserted in Tonson's last *Miscellany.*

E. IMPLICIT ALLUSION TO HORACE.

1. *Poetry.*

An Account of the Greatest English Poets.

(1. 24) What muse but thine [Cowley] can equal hints inspire,
And fit the deep-mouthed Pindar to thy lyre.
Cf. *O.* 4. 2. 7-8.

A Letter from Italy.

(1. 37) But I've already troubled you too long,
Nor dare attempt a more adventurous song.
My humble verse demands a softer theme,
A painted meadow, or a purling stream;
Unfit for heroes; whom immortal lays,
And lines like Virgil's, or like yours, should praise.

Greene[1] thinks these lines were suggested by the closing stanza of Horace's Ode 2. 1. 37-40. It is possible, however, that Addison had no definite lines of Horace in his thoughts, but ended his *Letter* in the same deprecatory manner with which Horace often turns from attempting higher themes.

Cato.

(1. 218) Act 4, Sc. 4.

—— what pity is it
That we can die but once to serve our country!

These lines may have been suggested by the line in Horace, *O.* 3. 2. 13.

[1] See G. W. Greene's ed. of the *Wks. of Addison* 1. 169.

Pax Gulielmi Auspiciis Europæ reddita, 1697.

(1. 236) Terga premit turmæ, et falsis terroribus implet.
Cf. *E.* 2. 1. 212.

(1. 237) Seu turgida malit olenti
Tendere vela noto.
Cf. *O.* 2. 10. 23-24.

Prælium inter Pygmæos et Grues commissum.

(1. 243) Sunt certi denique fines
Quos ultra transire nefas.
Cf. *S.* 1. 1. 106-107.

Ad insignissimum Virum, D. Tho. Burnettum.

(1. 251) Non usitatum carminis alitem,
Burnette, poscis, non humiles modos.
Cf. *O.* 2. 20. 1-3.

Inauguratio Regis Gulielmi.

(6. 547) Sed qualis stellas micat inter luna minores,
Talis, cum cincta est sociis, regina videtur.
Cf. *O.* 1. 12. 46-48.

2. *Miscellaneous Prose Writings.*

Remarks on Italy.

Monaco, Genoa, etc.

(1. 363) But we find in most of the states of Europe, that the people show the greatest marks of poverty, where the governors live in the greatest magnificence.

Greene[1] draws attention to a similar thought of Horace, expressed reversely: *O.* 2. 15. 13-14; though Addison himself either was unconscious of it, or else thought fit to make no remark upon it.

Discourse on Ancient and Modern Learning.

(5. 224-225) To consider the Latin poets in this light, Ovid, in his *Metamorphoses,* and Lucan, in several parts of him, are not a little beholden to antiquity, for the privilege I have here mentioned, who would appear but very plain men without it; as we may the better find, if we take them out of their numbers, and see how naturally they fall into low prose. Claudian and Statius, on the contrary, whilst they endeavour

[1] See G. W. Greene's ed. of the *Wks. of Addison* 2. 145.

too much to deviate from common, and vulgar phrases, clog their verse with unnecessary epithets, and swell their style with forced, unnatural expressions, till they have blown it up into bombast; so that their sense has much ado to struggle through their words. Virgil, and Horace, in his Odes, have run between these two extremes, and made their expressions very sublime, but at the same time very natural. This consideration, therefore least affects them, for, though you take their verse to pieces, and dispose of their words as you please, you still find such glorious metaphors, figures, and epithets, as give it too great a majesty for prose, and look something like the ruin of a noble pile, where you see broken pillars, scattered obelisks, maimed statues, and a magnificence in confusion.

The whole passage is apparently based on Horace's test for true poetry: *S.* 1. 4. 56-62.

3. *Periodicals.*

Tatler.

(2. 16) No. 81. —Augustus appeared [in the Temple of Fame] looking round him with a serene and affable countenance upon all the writers of his age, who strove among themselves which of them should show him the greatest marks of gratitude and respect.

(2. 36) No. 101. —which would very handsomely maintain me and my little family, who are so happy or so wise as to want only necessaries.

Cf. *S.* 2. 2. 110-111, and *E.* 1. 10.

(2. 48-49) No. 108. —I entered the theatre the other day, and placed myself in a corner of it, very convenient for seeing, without being myself observed. I found the audience hushed in a very deep attention, and did not question but some noble tragedy was just then in its crisis, or that an incident was to be unravelled which would determine the fate of a hero. While I was in this suspense, expecting every moment to see my friend Mr. Betterton appear in all the majesty of distress, to my unspeakable amazement there came up a monster with a face between his feet; and as I was looking on, he raised himself on one leg in such a perpendicular posture, that the other grew in a direct line above his head. It afterwards twisted itself into the motions and wreathings of several different animals, and after great variety of shapes and transformations, went off the stage in the figure of an human creature. The admiration, the applause, the

satisfaction of the audience, during this strange entertainment, is not to be expressed. I was very much out of countenance for my dear countrymen, and looked about with some apprehension for fear any foreigner should be present. Is it possible (thought I) that human nature can rejoice in its disgrace, and take pleasure in seeing its own figure turned to ridicule, and distorted into forms that raise horror and aversion? There is something disingenuous and immoral in the being able to bear such a sight. Men of elegant and noble minds are shocked at seeing the characters of persons who deserve esteem for their virtue, knowledge, or services to their country, placed in wrong lights, and by misrepresentation made the subject of buffoonery. Such a nice abhorrence is not indeed to be found among the vulgar; but, methinks it is wonderful, that these who have nothing but the outward figure to distinguish them as men, should delight in seeing it abused, vilified, and disgraced.

There is a direct parallel to this passage in Horace, *E.* 2. 1. 182-200: the same protest against the use of the stage for low forms of amusement.

(2. 100) No. 146. Theron places all his happiness in a running horse, Suffenus in a gilded chariot, Fulvius in a blue string, and Florio in a tulip root.

Cf. *O.* 1. 1.

(2. 106) No. 148. In this number of the *Tatler* Addison inspects the diet of the city of London, and holds up to ridicule the false taste of many of his contemporaries. His attack upon the forced and unnatural dishes of his own time bears a close resemblance to similar attacks made by Horace in the Fourth Satire of the Second Book, which is a satire upon the art of dining, and in the Eighth Satire of the Second Book, where the elaborate table of a *parvenu* is described and satirized.

Spectator.

(2. 305) No. 39. For my own part, I prefer a noble sentiment that is depressed with homely language, infinitely before a vulgar one that is blown up with all the sound and energy of expression.

Cf. *A. P.* 319-322.

(2. 306) *Ibid.* But I believe it might rectify the conduct both of the one and of the other, if the writer laid down the whole contexture of his dialogue in plain English, before he turned it into blank verse; and if the reader, after the perusal of a scene, would consider the naked thought of every speech in it, when divested of all its tragic ornaments; by this means, without being imposed upon by words, we may judge impartially of the thought, and consider whether it be natural or great enough for the person that utters it, whether it deserves to shine in such a blaze of eloquence, or shew itself in such a variety of lights as are generally made use of by the writers of our English tragedy.

This method has already been devised by Horace: *S.* 1. 4. 56-62.

(2. 462) No. 121. We do not find the fury of a lion in so weak and defenceless an animal as a lamb, nor the meekness of a lamb in a creature so armed for battle and assault as the lion.

Cf. *S.* 2. 1. 55.[1]

Ibid. Nor must we here omit that great variety of arms with which nature has differently fortified the bodies of several kinds of animals, such as claws, hoofs, and horns, teeth and tusks, a tail, a sting, a trunk, or a proboscis. It is likewise observed by naturalists, that it must be some hidden principle, distinct from what we call reason, which instructs animals in the use of these their arms, and teaches them to manage them to the best advantage; because they naturally defend themselves with that part in which their strength lies, before the weapon be formed in it; as is remarkable in lambs, which, though they are bred within-doors, and never saw the actions of their own species, push at those who approach them with their foreheads, before the first budding of a horn appears.

Cf. *S.* 2. 1. 50-53.

(2. 472) No. 124. —Nay, authors have established it as a kind of rule, that a man ought to be dull sometimes; as the most severe reader makes allowances for many rests and nodding-places in a voluminous writer.

Cf. *A. P.* 359-360.

(3. 85) No. 209. Among the writers of antiquity, there are none who instruct us more openly in the manners of their respective times in which they lived, than those who have

[1] This resemblance has been pointed out by Dr. Arnold in his *Selections from Addison's Papers contributed to the Spectator.*

employed themselves in satire, under what dress soever it may appear.

This paragraph forms part of a sort of introduction to Simonides' satire on women, which Addison quotes in this number. Though he does not here mention Horace, he refers to him on resuming the subject in No. 211; and both Horace and Juvenal, whom he mentions in this paper, were evidently in his mind when he wrote the above passage.

(3. 133) No. 241. In this paper, an amusing essay on the sorrows and expedients of absent lovers, Addison introduces a letter from 'Asteria,' who has 'parted with the best of husbands, who is abroad in the service of his country.' Though he nowhere mentions Horace, both the use of the name 'Asteria' and the content of the paper intimate that he is not unmindful of Horace's description of the sorrows of lovers in absence from each other in Ode 3. 7.

(3. 178-179) No. 267. The second qualification required in the action of an epic poem is, that it should be an entire action: an action is entire when it is complete in all its parts; or, as Aristotle describes it, when it consists of a beginning, a middle, and an end. Nothing should go before it, be intermixed with it, or follow after it, that is not related to it; as, on the contrary, no single step should be omitted in that just and regular process which it must be supposed to take from its original to its consummation. . . . Thus . . . the parts of it [*Paradise Lost*] are told in the most distinct manner, and grow out of one another in the most natural order.

Cf. *A. P.* 126-127; 152.

(3. 291) No. 275. We could not but take notice [in the dissection of a beau's brain] in particular of that small muscle, which is not often discovered in dissections, and draws the nose upwards, when it expresses the contempt which the owner of it has, upon seeing anything he does not like, or hearing anything he does not understand. I need not tell my learned reader, this is that muscle which performs the motion so often mentioned by the Latin poets, when they talk of a man's cocking his nose, or playing the rhinoceros.

Cf., among these Latin poets, Horace, *S.* 1. 6. 5-6; 2. 8. 64.

(3. 185) No. 279. This essay (one of the series of papers on *Paradise Lost*) deals chiefly with the principle that every-

thing in an epic poem must be just and natural. And yet 'Milton's characters, most of them, lie out of nature, and were to be formed purely by his own invention.' It is possible that Addison, in justifying Milton, had in mind the lines of Horace, *A. P.* 151-152, as well as the motto for this paper, *A. P.* 316.

(3. 193) No. 285. The same reason recommended to him several old words, which also makes his poem appear the more venerable, and gives it a greater air of antiquity.

I must likewise take notice, that there are in Milton several words of his own coining, as *Cerberean, miscreated, hell-doom'd, embryon* atoms, and many others. If the reader is offended at this liberty in our English poet, I would recommend him to a discourse in Plutarch, which shows us how frequently Homer has made use of the same liberty.

Milton, by the above-mentioned helps, and by the choice of the noblest words and phrases which our tongue would afford him, has carried our language to a greater height than any of the English poets have ever done before or after him, and made the sublimity of his style equal to that of his sentiments.

Cf. this passage with a similar passage in *A. P.* 46-72.

(3. 195) No. 291. This is an essay upon the duty of a true critic, with some remarks upon the lack of wisdom in false critics. Professor Albert S. Cook, in his edition of these critical essays,[1] compares one of the paragraphs of this paper with the thought contained in the line,

> Scribendi recte sapere est et principium et fons.
> *A. P.* 309.

This line, with the motto of the paper, *A. P.* 351-353, embodies the idea of the essay.

(3. 211) No. 309. This paper is a consideration of the consistency of Milton's characters, and in reading it, Horace's lines,

> Servetur ad imum
> Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constet,
> *A. P.* 127-128.

rise involuntarily to the mind.

[1] *Addison's Criticisms on Paradise Lost.*

(3. 217) No. 315. The argument of this paper is based upon Aristotle's rule that 'the fable in an epic poem should abound in circumstances that are both credible and astonishing.' Horace's similar rule,

> Ficta voluptatis causa sint proxima veris,
> Ne quodcumque velit poscat sibi fabula credi,
> *A. P.* 338-339.

may also be applied, though Addison does not mention it, probably because it was not adequate to his purpose.

(3. 224) No. 321. I must further add, that though the drawings of gardens, rivers, rainbows, and the like dead pieces of nature, are justly censured in an heroic poem, when they run out into an unnecessary length; the description of Paradise would have been faulty, had not the poet been very particular in it, etc.

The censure is Horace's:[1] *A. P.* 14-18.

(3. 368) No. 391. But yonder, says he [Jupiter], is a special youth for you; he desires me to take his father, who keeps a great estate from him, out of the miseries of human life.

Horace is particularly fond of this subject of heirs: *O.* 2. 3. 20; 14. 25; 4. 7. 19; *S.* 2. 3. 122; 151; *E.* 1. 5. 13; 2. 2. 191-192.

(3. 374) No. 397. Those who have laid down rules for rhetoric or poetry, advise the writer to work himself up, if possible, to the pitch of sorrow which he endeavours to produce in others.

Cf. *A. P.* 102-103.

(3. 386) No. 407. They [proper gestures and vehement exertions of the voice] keep the audience awake, and fix their attention to what is delivered to them, at the same time that they show the speaker is in earnest, and affected himself with what he so passionately recommends to others.

Cf. *A. P.* 102-103.

(3. 392) No. 409. —Men of great genius in the same way of writing seldom rise up singly, but at certain periods of time appear together, and in a body; as they did at Rome in the reign of Augustus.

[1] *Addison's Criticisms on Paradise Lost,* note on p. 70. 30.

(3. 423) No. 419. —Nay, many are prepossest with such false opinions, as dispose them to believe these particular delusions; at least, we have all heard so many pleasing relations in favour of them, that we do not care for seeing through the falsehood, and willingly give ourselves up to so agreeable an imposture.

Here Addison is playing upon the motto of this paper, *E.* 2. 2. 140.

(3. 428) No. 421. This paper, on the *Pleasures of the Imagination,* contains a possible allusion in the clause, '—for though whatever is new or uncommon is apt to delight the imagination,—' to Horace's

Grata novitate.
A. P. 223.

(3. 450) No. 446. This essay is a protest against the degeneracy of the stage of that period. Addison turns to the Greek and Roman theatre for an example of what it is the duty of the stage to perform. 'It is to be hoped,' he says, 'that some time or other we may be at leisure to restrain the licentiousness of the theatre.' And here he is probably thinking of Horace's description of how the licentiousness of the Fescennine verse had to be restrained.

E. 2. 1. 145-155.

(3. 470) No. 458. Addison shows in this paper how the zeal of the Puritans led men 'into the other extreme' upon the restoration, and 'every appearance of devotion was looked upon as puritanical.' He continues: 'Hypocrisy cannot indeed be too much detested, but at the same time it is to be preferred to open impiety. They are both equally destructive to the person who is possessed with them. . . . The due mean to be observed is to be sincerely virtuous, and at the same time to let the world see we are so.' The whole discussion seems to be based on Aristotle's *Nicomachean Ethics* 2. 6, and Horace's *S.* 1. 2. 24, and *E.* 1. 18. 9.

(3. 482) No. 465. This is an essay upon the means of strengthening and confirming faith in the mind of man. Addison's final method 'for the giving life to man's faith, is frequent retirement from the world.' Much of what he says

in this part of his essay is an echo of that part of Horace's Epistle from which he has taken his motto, *E.* 1. 18. 97-99. In contrast to the noise of court and city, he pictures the

> Secretum iter et fallentis semita vitæ.
> *E.* 1. 18. 103.

(3. 502) No. 477. It [a garden] is naturally apt to fill the mind with calmness and tranquillity, and to lay all its turbulent passions at rest.

This is a possible allusion to Horace's lines, *E.* 1. 18. 102-103.

(4. 76-77) No. 549. I believe most people begin the world with a resolution to withdraw from it into a serious kind of solitude or retirement, when they have made themselves easy in it. Our unhappiness is, that we find out some excuse or other for deferring such our good resolutions till our intended retreat is cut off by death. But among all kinds of people, there are none who are so hard to part with the world, as those who are grown old in the heaping up of riches. Their minds are so warped with their constant attention to gain, that it is very difficult for them to give their souls another bent, and convert them towards those objects, which, though they are proper for every stage of life, are so more especially for the last.

Addison is clearly thinking of Horace during this whole passage. Horace has developed the same thought in *S.* 1. 1. 28-32, and 38-40.

(4. 84) No. 556. That this last allusion may not give my reader a wrong idea of my design in this paper, I must here inform him, that the author of it is of no faction, that he is a friend to no interests but those of truth and virtue, nor a foe to any but those of vice and folly.

Addison seems to be thinking of Horace's defense of himself, and of his satiric method of reforming the manners of Roman society, set forth in his dialogue with Trebatius. The thought of the above sentence has a close parallel in a line of that Satire:

> Scilicet uni æquus virtuti atque eius amicis.
> *S.* 2. 1. 70.

(4. 148) No. 592. —as though the first precept in poetry were not to please.

Cf. *A. P.* 333.

(4. 149) *Ibid.* The ancient critics are full of the praises of their contemporaries; they discover beauties which escaped the observation of the vulgar, and very often find out reasons for palliating and excusing such little slips and oversights as were committed in the writings of eminent authors.

Cf. *A. P.* 351-353, and 359-360.

Ibid. —Momus is said to be the son of Nox and Somnus, of Darkness and Sleep. . . . Many of our sons of Momus, who dignify themselves by the name of critics, are the genuine descendants of those two illustrious ancestors. They are often led into those numerous absurdities, in which they daily instruct the people, by not considering, that, First, There is sometimes a greater judgment shown in deviating from the rules of art, than in adhering to them; and, Secondly, That there is more beauty in the works of a great genius who is ignorant of all the rules of art, than in the works of a little genius, who not only knows, but scrupulously observes them.

This passage reflects upon and amplifies the motto of the paper, *A. P.* 409.

Guardian.

(4. 172) No. 98. However it be, I cannot but observe with some secret pride, that this way of writing diurnal papers has not succeeded for any space of time in the hands of any persons who are not of our line. I believe I speak within compass, when I affirm that above a hundred different authors have endeavoured after our family-way of writing: some of which have been writers in other kinds of the greatest eminence in the kingdom; but I do not know how it has happened, they have none of them hit upon the art.

This passage, Hurd remarks, 'is in the old style of

Quæsitam meritis sume superbiam;
O. 3. 30. 14-15.

but the boast is so true, that it stands uncontradicted to our days.' Addison has used this line as the motto for No. 229 of the *Tatler,* in which paper he satirizes the swarm of his imitators.

Freeholder.

(4. 468) No. 19. In this paper Addison justifies and, indeed, extols the political pamphleteer, but censures the tendency toward personal libel in writings of this kind. He

takes his stand as a political writer who makes a general attack, and who does not stoop to personal invective. 'The conduct of this work,' he writes, 'has hitherto been regulated by different views, and shall continue to be so; unless the party it has to deal with, draw upon themselves another kind of treatment.' His spirit is akin to that of Horace, and the kinship is felt throughout these political papers. It is such a spirit as spoke in the Satires 1. 3, 1. 4, and 2. 1:

> Si quis
> Opprobriis dignum latraverit, integer ipse?
> *S.* 2. 1. 84-85.

SIR RICHARD STEELE

The Life of Richard Steele. By G. A. Aitken. 1889. With complete Bibliography.

Tatler. Ed. by G. A. Aitken. 1898. (Compared with the edition by J. Nichols. 1786.)

Spectator. Ed. by J. Morley. (Compared with other editions.)

Guardian. Ed. by Alexander Chalmers. Vols. 16, 17, 18 of British Essayists. 1802. (Compared with other editions.)

The British Essayists. Ed. by L. T. Berguer. 1823. (Tatler, Spectator, Guardian.)

Englishman. 1714.

The Lover, To which is added the Reader. 1715.

Town-Talk, &c. 1790.

Theatre, &c. Ed. by J. Nichols. 1791.

Political Writings of Sir Richard Steele. 1715.

The Christian Hero. Worcester, Mass. 1802.

Epistolary Correspondence. Ed. by J. Nichols. 1809.

Dramatic Works. Ed. by G. A. Aitken. 1894. (Mermaid Series.)

Poetical Miscellanies. Published by Mr. Steele. 1714.

The writings of Steele which I have not seen are: Poem, *To a Young Lady who had Married an Old Man,* in *Muses Mercury* for January, 1707.—*Mr. Steele's Speech upon the Proposal of Sir Thomas Hanmer for Speaker of the House of Commons,* 1714.—*Englishman,* 2d series, 1715.—*The British Subject's Answer to the Pretender's Declaration,* 1716.—*Chit-Chat,* 1716.—*Tea-Table,* 1716.—*Sir Richard Steele's Speech for repealing of the Triennial Act and his reasons for the Triennial Bill,* 1716.—*The Antidote,* 1719.[1]

[1] See G. A. Aitken's Bibliography in his *Life of Richard Steele,* Vol. 2, Appendix V.

These writings, with the exception of the second series of the *Englishman,* from their nature would not be likely to contain Horatian references.

A. TRANSLATIONS OF HORACE.

Steele translated, or imitated, the Sixth Ode of the First Book of Horace, giving it the title, *An Imitation of Horace's Sixth Ode, apply'd to the Duke of Marlborough.* He also translated the Ninth Epistle of the First Book, in prose, and inserted it in No. 493 of the *Spectator.*

B. MOTTOS FROM HORACE.

1. *Periodicals.*

For the following numbers of the *Tatler:* 43 (*E.* 1. 6. 38); 48 (*E.* 1. 6. 31-32); 64 (*O.* 2. 1. 36); 69 (*S.* 1. 6. 17-18); 79 (*O.* 1. 13. 17-20); 90[1] (*S.* 1. 1. 27); 92 (*E.* 1. 16. 39-40); 99 (*E.* 2. 1. 166); 103[2] (*A. P.* 451-452); 104 (*S.* 2. 6. 77-78); 106 (*S.* 1. 4. 62); 107 (*O.* 1. 27. 17-20); 109 (*S.* 2. 6. 59); 118 (*E.* 2. 2. 213-214); 125 (*S.* 2. 3. 43-46); 127 (*S.* 2. 3. 120-121); 130[3] (*S.* 2. 1. 75-77); 136[3] (*S.* 1. 2. 134); 140 (*S.* 2. 6. 33-34); 164 (*S.* 1. 6. 34-37); 166 (*E.* 1. 7. 72); 167 (*A. P.* 180-181); 169 (*S.* 2. 6. 60-62); 170 (*O.* 3. 29. 49-52); 171 (*E.* 1. 18. 15-16); 172 (*O.* 2. 13. 13-14); 173 (*E.* 1. 1. 41-42); 174 (*S.* 2. 3. 43-45); 177 (*S.* 2. 1. 20); 180 (*E.* 1. 18. 29); 182 (*E.* 2. 1. 197); 183 (*A. P.* 396-397); 184 (*O.* 3. 11. 33-34); 189 (*O.* 4. 4. 30); 193 (*A. P.* 312-313, 316); 196 (*E.* 1. 18. 86-87); 202 (*E.* 1. 11. 29-30); 203 (*E.* 1. 8. 17); 204 (*S.* 2. 5. 32-33); 206 (*E.* 1. 7. 98); 219[4] (*S.* 1. 4. 82-83, 85); 225 (*E.* 1. 6.

[1] Part of this essay is by Addison; but as the beginning and end of it were written by Steele, the motto is probably his also.

[2] Tickell assigns this number to Addison and Steele jointly.

[3] Nos. 130 and 136 may be by Addison.

[4] This number has been attributed to Addison. The fact that the motto is *adapted* from Horace makes it likely that the motto at least is Steele's.

67-68); 228 (*S.* 1. 4. 141-142); 233 (*E.* 1. 1. 36-37); 235[1] (*E.* 2. 2. 187); 244 (*E.* 1. 4. 8-9); 246 (*S.* 1. 3. 68-69); 251 (*S.* 2. 7. 83-88); 252 (*O.* 3. 21. 11-12); 254[2] (*O.* 3. 11. 35); 264 (*O.* 3. 1. 2); 266 (*E.* 2. 2. 216); 268 (*S.* 1. 9. 11-13); 269 (*A. P.* 451-452); 270 (*E.* 1. 18. 33).

For the following numbers of the *Spectator:* 4 (*S.* 2. 6. 58); 19 (*S.* 1. 4. 17-18); 22 (*A. P.* 188); 24 (*S.* 1. 9. 3-4); 27 (*E.* 1. 1. 20-26); 30 (*E.* 1. 6. 65-66); 32 (*S.* 1. 5. 64); 33 (*O.* 1. 30. 5-8); 51 (*E.* 2. 1. 127); 53 (*A. P.* 359); 54 (*E.* 1. 11. 28); 65 (*S.* 1. 10. 90-91); 66 (*O.* 3. 6. 21-24); 75 (*E.* 1. 17. 23); 76 (*E.* 1. 8. 17); 79 (*E.* 1. 16. 52); 80 (*E.* 1. 11. 27); 96 (*S.* 2. 7. 2-3); 100 (*S.* 1. 5. 44); 103 (*A. P.* 240-242); 109 (*S.* 2. 2. 3); 114 (*E.* 1. 18. 24); 133 (*O.* 1. 24. 1-2); 136 (*E.* 2. 1. 112); 141 (*E.* 2. 1. 187); 142 (*O.* 1. 13. 18); 145 (*E.* 1. 18. 29); 148 (*E.* 2. 2. 212); 155 (*A. P.* 451-452); 156 (*O.* 2. 8. 5-7); 157 (*E.* 2. 2. 187-189); 167 (*E.* 2. 2. 128-140); 168 (*E.* 2. 1. 128); 178 (*E.* 2. 2. 133); 180 (*E.* 1. 2. 14); 187 (*O.* 1. 5. 12-13); 190 (*O.* 2. 8. 18); 194 (*O.* 1. 13. 4); 196 (*E.* 1. 11. 30); 202 (*E.* 1. 18. 25); 204 (*O.* 1. 19. 7-8); 206 (*O.* 3. 16. 21-22); 208[3] (*E.* 2. 1. 197); 212 (*S.* 2. 7. 91-92); 214[4] (*E.* 1. 18. 86-87); 218 (*E.* 1. 18. 68); 220[5] (*S.* 2. 6. 33-34); 222 (*E.* 2. 2. 183-184); 226[6] (*A. P.* 361); 228 (*E.* 1. 18. 69); 234[7] (*S.* 1. 3. 41); 236 (*A. P.* 398); 242 (*E.* 2. 1. 168-169); 244 (*S.* 2. 7. 101); 250[8] (*E.* 1. 17. 3-5); 260 (*E.* 2. 2. 55); 264 (*E.* 1. 18. 103); 268 (*S.* 1. 3. 29-30); 270 (*E.* 2. 1. 262-263); 274 (*S.* 1. 2. 37-38); 276 (*S.* 1. 3. 42); 278 (*E.* 2. 1. 250-251); 280

[1] Nichols thinks this paper may be by Addison. Aitken's opinion seems to be that it is Steele's.

[2] This number is by Steele and Addison jointly.

[3] Original motto of this number. See Morley's ed.

[4] Morley gives this as the original motto of the number. The present motto is from Juvenal.

[5] Morley gives this as the original motto; the present motto is from Virgil.

[6] The motto seems to have been made up from this line of the *Ars Poetica.*

[7] Morley supplies the original motto: *O.* 3. 11. 35.

[8] Golding, who contributed a letter to this number, may also be responsible for the motto.

(*E.* 1. 17. 35); 284[1] (*E.* 1. 11. 28); 288 (*E.* 1. 6. 10); 290[2] (*A. P.* 97); 296 (*E.* 1. 19. 42); 300 (*E.* 1. 18. 5); 308 (*O.* 2. 5. 15); 314 (*O.* 1. 23. 11-12); 318[3] (*E.* 2. 2. 216); 322 (*A. P.* 110); 326 (*O.* 3. 16. 1-5); 332 (*S.* 1. 3. 29); 336 (*E.* 2. 1. 80-85); 338[4] (*S.* 1. 3. 18-19); 348 (*S.* 2. 3. 13); 358 (*O.* 4. 12. 28); 360 (*E.* 1. 17. 43-44); 362 (*E.* 1. 19. 6); 364 (*E.* 1. 11. 28-29); 366 (*O.* 1. 22. 17-18, 23-24); 398 (*S.* 2. 3. 271); 402 (*A. P.* 181-182); 423 (*O.* 3. 26. 1); 424 (*E.* 1. 11. 30); 428 (*A. P.* 417); 429 (*O.* 2. 2. 19-21); 430 (*E.* 1. 17. 62); 438 (*E.* 1. 2. 62-63); 442 (*E.* 2. 1. 117); 443 (*O.* 3. 24. 32); 444[5] (*A. P.* 139); 450 (*E.* 1. 1. 53-54); 455 (*O.* 4. 2. 27-30); 460[6] (*A. P.* 25); 462 (*S.* 1. 5. 44); 473 (*E.* 1. 19. 12-14); 474 (*E.* 1. 18. 6); 478 (*A. P.* 72); 479 (*A. P.* 398); 480 (*S.* 2. 7. 85-86); 486 (*S.* 1. 2. 37-38); 490 (*O.* 2. 14. 21-22); 493 (*E.* 1. 18. 76-77); 532 (*A. P.* 304-305); 552 (*E.* 2. 1. 13-14).

For the following numbers of the *Guardian:* 5 (*O.* 4. 5. 23); 8 (*E.* 1. 2. 62); 12 (*E.* 2. 1. 83-84); 15 (*A. P.* 240-242); 16 (*A. P.* 406-407); 19 (*E.* 1. 18. 98-99); 28 (*O.* 3. 6. 46-48); 33 (*E.* 1. 4. 5); 34 (*A. P.* 142); 38 (*E.* 1. 1. 32); 42 (*A. P.* 476); 43 (*A. P.* 231-232); 50 (*S.* 2. 6. 60); 59 (*A. P.* 400-401); 65 (*E.* 1. 11. 14); 72 (*A. P.* 282-283); 75 (*E.* 1. 17. 39); 76 (*E.* 1. 15. 45-46); 79 (*E.* 1. 8. 3-4); 82 (*S.* 1. 1. 119); 84 (*A. P.* 476); 86 (*S.* 1. 4. 43-44); 90 (*A. P.* 304); 94 (*E.* 2. 2. 81-84); 95 (*S.* 2. 6. 33); 145 (*A. P.* 122); 168 (*E.* 2. 1. 223).

For the following numbers of the *Englishman:* 11 (*E.* 1. 6.

[1] The motto of the original paper in folio; the present motto is from Virgil.

[2] The original motto of this paper was *E.* 2. 1. 166.

[3] The motto of the original paper in folio; the present motto is from Virgil.

[4] The original motto was *A. P.* 126-127. The authorship of the paper is doubtful: Morley leaves it unappropriated; Berguer assigns it to Steele; other editions either leave it unassigned, or say that its author is unknown.

[5] The original motto of this paper was *A. P.* 138.

[6] The part of this paper to which the motto applies was written by Parnell. Steele, however, probably supplied the motto; upon which question, see his own remarks in No. 360.

3-4); 13 (*Epd.* 6. 11-12); 15 (*E.* 2. 1. 149-150); 17 (*O.* 1. 5. 5); 20 (*S.* 1. 3. 96-97); 23 (*E.* 1. 2. 14); 24 (*E.* 1. 17. 62); 29 (*E.* 1. 14. 44); 30 (*O.* 1. 22. 16); 31 (*S.* 2. 3. 211); 33 (*S.* 2. 6. 61-62); 37 (*S.* 2. 3. 218); 46 (*S.* 2. 7. 84); 47 (*S.* 2. 6. 33); 55 (*O.* 4. 5. 6-8); 57 (*A. P.* 126-127).

For the following numbers of the *Lover:* 1 (*O.* 3. 1. 4); 2 (*E.* 2. 2. 140); 8 (*O.* 2. 14. 21-22); 9 (*O.* 1. 27. 19); 11 (*O.* 1. 1. 1); 22 (*E.* 1. 18. 103); 26 (*O.* 1. 24. 19-20); 29 (*O.* 1. 24. 1-2); 31 (*O.* 2. 8. 13-16); 36 (*A. P.* 398).

For the *Reader,* No. 2: *O.* 3. 2. 17-18.

The motto for the collected numbers of the *Plebeian,* as published in *Town-Talk,* etc., is from Horace (*S.* 2. 1. 60); as also the motto of the first number (*S.* 1. 8. 10).

For the single number of the *Spinster: S.* 1. 2. 95.

For the following numbers of the *Theatre:* 4 (*E.* 1. 6. 15); 5[1] (*A. P.* 25); 11 (*S.* 2. 2. 126-127); 12 (*E.* 1. 19. 19-20); 16 (*S.* 2. 7. 85-86); 18 (*A. P.* 325-326); 19 (*E.* 1. 2. 62-63); 24 (*E.* 1. 6. 38); 28 (*E.* 1. 1. 10).

For the two numbers written by Steele for *Pasquin:* 46 (*E.* 1. 16. 62); 51 (*S.* 1. 1. 106-107).

2. *Political Pamphlets.*

The motto for Steele's *Apology for Himself and his Writings*[2] is from Horace, *Epd.* 11. 8; as also the motto for the *Crisis of Property:*[3] *S.* 2. 3. 19-20.

3. *Plays.*

To one of his comedies, the *Funeral; or Grief-à-la-Mode,* Steele gives a motto from Horace, *A. P.* 431-433.

[1] The motto for this number is attributed to Virgil in the original edition. Nichols comments upon it: 'These words will not easily be found in Virgil; and were perhaps put together by Steele at random, to suit a story to which they are a motto.' Steele seems to have taken the first two words of the motto, *Decipimur specie armorum,* from Horace's sentence in *A. P.* 25: *Decipimur specie recti.* This, judging by his manner of printing the motto—the first two words in italics—Nichols suspected.

[2] In the *Political Writings of Sir Richard Steele,* 1715.

[3] In Nichols' ed. of the *Theatre,* etc., 1791.

C. QUOTATION OF, OR REFERENCE TO LINES OF HORACE.

1. *Periodicals.*

Tatler.

(1. 93)[1] No. 10. By Mrs. Jenny Distaff, half-sister to Mr. Bickerstaff. It is so natural for women to talk of themselves, that it is to be hoped all my own sex, at least, will pardon me, that I could fall into no other discourse. If we have their favour, we give ourselves very little anxiety for the rest of our readers. I believe I see a sentence of Latin in my brother's day-book of wit, which seems applicable on this occasion, and in contempt of the critics.

> Tristitiam et metus
> Tradam protectis in mare Criticum
> Portare ventis.
>
> *O.* 1. 26. 1-3.[2]

(2. 71) No. 59. I own this is clean, and Mr. Greenhat has convinced me that I have writ nonsense; yet am I not at all offended at him.

> Scimus, et hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim.
>
> *A. P.* 11.

This is the true art of raillery, when a man turns another into ridicule, and shows at the same time he is in good humour, and not urged by malice against the person he rallies.[3]

(2. 93-94) No. 62. You see in no place of conversation the perfection of speech so much as in an accomplished woman. . . . My Lady Courtly is an instance of this: she was talking the other day of dress. . . . She avoided the terms of art in it, and described an unaffected garb and manner in so proper terms, that she came up to that of Horace's *simplex munditiis;* which, whoever can translate in two words, has as much eloquence as Lady Courtly. I took the liberty to tell her, that all she had said with so much good grace, was spoken in two words in Horace, but would not undertake to translate them; upon which she smiled, and told me, she believed me a very great scholar, and I took my leave.

O. 1. 5. 5.

[1] The reference is to G. A. Aitken's ed. of the *Tatler.*

[2] [Tradam protervis in mare Creticum].
The joke consists in Mrs. Jenny Distaff mistaking Horace's 'Creticum' for 'Criticum,' and so misapplying the passage.—Aitken.

[3] This part of No. 59 may be by Swift or Addison, though it is not included in the works of either.

(2. 125) No. 66. This is a thought of Mr. Greenhat's, who designs very soon to publish a sumptuary discourse upon the subject of equipage, wherein he will give us rules on that subject, and assign the proper duties and qualifications of masters and servants, as well as that of husbands and wives; with a treatise of economy without doors, or the complete art of appearing in the world. This will be very useful to all who are suddenly rich, or are ashamed of being poor.

—Sunt certa piacula, quæ te
Ter pure lecto poterunt recreare libello.
E. 1. 1. 36-37.

(2. 141) No. 68. It is said indeed by Horace, 'If you would have me weep, you must first weep yourself.' This is not literally true, for it would have been as rightly said, if we observe nature, that I shall certainly weep if you do not; but what is intended by that expression is, that it is not possible to give passion except you show that you suffer yourself.
A. P. 102-103.

(2. 241) No. 83. —But my friend Horace has very well said, 'Every year takes something from us;' and instructed me to form my pursuits and desires according to the stage of my life.
E. 2. 2. 55.

(3. 61) No. 125. There is a sect of ancient philosophers, who, I think, have left more volumes behind them, and those better written, than any other of the fraternities in philosophy. It was a maxim of this sect, that all those who do not live up to the principles of reason and virtue, are madmen. Everyone, who governs himself by these rules, is allowed the title of wise, and reputed to be in his senses; and everyone in proportion, as he deviates from them, is pronounced frantic and distracted.

This is a paraphrase of the motto of this number: *S.* 2. 3. 43-46.

I find by several hints in ancient authors, that when the Romans were in the height of power and luxury, they assigned out of their vast dominions, an island called Anticyra, as an habitation for madmen. This was the Bedlam of the Roman Empire, whither all persons who had left their wits used to resort from all parts of the world in quest of them. . . . I could quote Horace, and Seneca, and some other ancient authors of good repute, upon the same occasion, and make out by their testimony, that our streets are filled with dis-

tracted persons; that our shops and taverns, private and public houses, swarm with them; and that it is very hard to make up a tolerable assembly without a majority of them.

In all these remarks, Steele is reflecting what Horace has said in the Third Satire of the Second Book.[1]

(3. 160) No. 143. [Having recommended Mr. Joshua Barnes's edition of Homer's *Works,* Steele adds:]—We, Homer's oldest acquaintance now living, know best his ways; and can inform the world, that they are often mistaken when they think he is in lethargic fits, which we know he was never subject to; and shall make appear to be rank scandal and envy that of the Latin poet:

Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus.
A. P. 359.[2]

(3. 198) No. 151.[3] This discourse puts me in mind of a humorist mentioned by Horace,* called Eutrapelus, who, when he designed to do a man a mischief, made him a present of a gay suit; and brings to my memory another passage of the same author, when he describes the most ornamental dress that a woman can appear in with two words, *simplex munditiis,* which I have quoted for the benefit of my female readers.

**E.* 1. 18. 31. *O.* 1. 5. 5.

(3. 309-310) No. 173. A good mother of our neighbourhood made me a visit with her son and heir, a lad somewhat above five foot, and wants but little of the height and strength of a good musketeer in any regiment in the service. Her business was to desire I would examine him, for he was far gone in a book, the first letters of which she often saw in my papers. The youth produced it, and I found it was my friend Horace. It was very easy to turn to the place the boy was learning in, which was the fifth Ode of the first Book, to Pyrrha. I read it over aloud, as well because I am always delighted when I turn to the beautiful parts of that author, as also to gain time for considering a little how to keep up the mother's pleasure in her child, which I thought barbarity to interrupt. In the first place I asked him, who this same Pyrrha was? He answered very readily, she was the wife of Pyrrhus, one of Alexander's captains. I lifted up my hands. The mother curtsies. 'Nay,' says she, 'I knew you would

[1] See also under *Implicit Allusion.*

[2] [Indignor quandoque bonus, etc.]

[3] This paper was written by Steele and Addison jointly.

stand in admiration.' 'I assure you,' continued she, 'for all he looks so tall, he is but very young. Pray ask him some more, never spare him.' With that I took the liberty to ask him, what was the character of this gentlewoman? He read the three first verses:

> Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa
> Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus,
> Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?

and very gravely told me, she lived at the sign of the Rose in a cellar.[1]

(3. 311-312) *Ibid.* I have hardly ever since suffered so much by the charms of any beauty, as I did before I had a sense of passion, for not apprehending that the smile of Lalage was what pleased Horace*; and I verily believe, the stripes I suffered about *digito male pertinaci* has given that irreconcilable aversion, which I shall carry to my grave, against coquettes.[2]

*O. 1. 22. 23. O. 1. 9. 24.

(4. 92-93) No. 212. 'Mr Bickerstaff,

'Reading over a volume of yours, I find the words *simplex munditiis* mentioned as a description of a very well-dressed woman. I beg of you, for the sake of the sex, to explain these terms. I cannot comprehend what my brother means, when he tells me they signify my own name, which is,

Sir,
Your humble Servant,
Plain English.'

I think the lady's brother has given us a very good idea of that elegant expression, it being the greatest beauty of speech to be close and intelligible. To this end nothing is to be more carefully consulted than plainness.

O. 1. 5. 5.

(4. 139) No. 222.[3] I have endeavoured to search into the original of this impertinent way of making love [by serenading], which, according to some authors, is of great antiquity. If we may believe Monsieur Dacier and other critics, Horace's tenth ode of the third book was originally a serenade. And if I was disposed to show my learning, I

[1] See also under *Direct Mention.*

[2] *Ibid.*

[3] Nichols ascribed this paper to Addison.

could produce a line of him in another place, which seems to have been the burthen of an old heathen serenade.

Audis minus et minus iam:
'Me tuo longas pereunte noctes,
Lydia, dormis?'
O. 1. 25. 6-8.

(4. 321) No. 260.[1] I must . . . desire the critics . . . to refrain from the lecture of this curious tract. . . . It is not . . . for this generation of men that I write the present transaction.

Minus aptus acutis
Naribus horum hominum.
S. 1. 3. 29-30.

(4. 364) No. 268. Since I am engaged unawares in quotations, I must not omit the satire which Horace has written against this impertinent talkative companion, and which, I think, is fuller of humour than any other satire he has written. This great author, who had the nicest taste of conversation, and was himself a most agreeable companion, had so strong an antipathy to a great talker, that he was afraid some time or other it would be mortal to him, as he has very humorously described it in his conversation with an impertinent fellow who had liked to have been the death of him.

Steele then quotes the lines, *S.* 1. 9. 26-34, and adds Oldham's translation of them.

Spectator.

No. 54. The elder proficients [of the Loungers] employ themselves in inspecting *mores hominum multorum,* in getting acquainted with all the signs and windows in the town.
E. 1. 2. 19-20.[2]

No. 114. That state of life which bears the face of poverty with Mr. Cowley's great vulgar,* is admirably described: and it is no small satisfaction to those of the same turn of desire, that he produces the authority of the wisest men of the best age of the world, to strengthen his opinion of the ordinary pursuits of mankind.

*Hence, ye profane, I hate ye all,
Both the great vulgar and the small.
Cowley's *Paraphr. of Horace,* 3 od. 1.

[1] This paper is by Addison and Steele jointly.
[2] [Multorum . . . mores hominum *inspexit*].

No. 222. Horace reflects upon this inconsistency very agreeably in the character of Tigellius, whom he makes a mighty pretender to economy, and tells you, you might one day hear him speak the most philosophic things imaginable concerning being contented with a little, and his contempt of everything but mere necessaries; and in half a week after spend a thousand pounds. When he says this of him with relation to expense, he describes him as unequal to himself in every other circumstance of life.

The passages to which Steele here refers are Satire 1. 3. 9, and 11-17. In Satire 1. 2 Horace has already touched upon the generosity of Tigellius, which made his death mourned by street-players, beggars, and such riff-raff. This inconsistency upon which Steele is discoursing was a favorite topic with Horace.

No. 258. You know, Sir, it is allowed, that the business of the stage is, as the Latin has it, *jucunda et idonea dicere vitæ*.
A. P. 334.

No. 280. The author of the sentence at the head of this paper, was an excellent judge of human life, and passed his own in company the most agreeable that ever was in the world.

Ibid. Horace, in the discourse from whence I take the hint of the present speculation, lays down excellent rules for conduct in conversation with men of power; but he speaks with an air of one who had no need of such an application for anything which related to himself. It shews he understood what it was to be a skilful courtier, by just admonitions against importunity, and shewing how forcible it was to speak modestly of your own wants.

Both the passages above quoted refer to the motto of the paper, *E.* 1. 17. 35, and to the Epistle from which it is taken.

No. 312. There is a pretty sober liveliness in the ode of Horace to Delius, where he tells him, loud mirth, or immoderate sorrow, inequality of behaviour either in adversity or prosperity, are alike ungraceful in man that is born to die.
O. 2. 3. 1-4.

No. 484. Now, . . . great part of the business of this profession [the law] might be dispatched by one that perhaps

Abest virtute diserti
Messalæ, nec scit quantum Cascellius Aulus.
A. P. 370-371.

No. 493. I shall end this discourse with a letter of recommendation from Horace to Claudius Nero. You will see in that letter a slowness to ask a favour, a strong reason for being unable to deny his good word any longer, and that it is a service to the person to whom he recommends, to comply with what is asked: all which are necessary circumstances, both in justice and good-breeding, if a man would ask so as to have reason to complain of a denial; and indeed a man should not in strictness ask otherwise. In hopes the authority of Horace, who perfectly understood how to live with great men, may have a good effect towards amending this facility in people of condition, and the confidence of those who apply to them without merit, I have translated the epistle.

Steele then gives his translation of the Ninth Epistle of the First Book.

No. 532. The only part of this paper by Steele is the introduction to Pope's letter and Tickell's poem. In it he intimates that he has acted as whetstone to Addison—that he had 'prefixed a motto that assigned to himself only the part of whetstone to the wit of others.' The motto of the number is *A. P.* 304-305.

No. 540.[1] His [Spenser's] old words are all true English, and numbers exquisite; and since of words there is the *multa renascentur,* since they are all proper, such a poem should not . . . consist all of it of common ordinary words.

A. P. 70.

Guardian.

No. 16. A song should be conducted like an epigram; and the only difference between them is, that one does not require the lyric numbers, and is usually employed upon satirical occasions; whereas the business of the other, for the most part, is to express (as my lord Roscommon translates it from Horace)

> Love's pleasing cares, and the free joys of wine.[2]
>
> *A. P.* 83, 85.

No. 54. In an essay on the dissatisfaction of men with their lot, Nestor Ironside tells a tale of a man who kept a cadaverous looking servant, 'as a lean hungry-looked rascal was the delight of his eyes.' But

[1] Berguer assigns this paper to Hughes.

[2] Roscommon's *Horace: Of the Art of Poetry* l. 105.

the fellow, by a little too much indulgence, began to look gay and plump upon his master, who, according to Horace,

> Invidus alterius macrescit rebus opimis;
> *E.* 1. 2. 57.
>
> Sickens thro' envy at another's good:

and as he took him only for being in a consumption, by the same way of thinking, he found it absolutely necessary to dismiss him, for not being in one.

No. 151. If you are truly, what your title imports, a Guardian, pray, sir, be pleased to consider what a noble generation must in all probability ensue from the lives which the town-bred gentlemen too often lead. A friend of mine not long ago, as we were complaining of the times, repeated two stanzas out of my lord Roscommon, which I think may here be applicable.

> 'Twas not the spawn of such as these,
> That dy'd with Punic blood the conquer'd seas,
> And quash'd the stern Æacides:
> Made the proud Asian monarch feel,
> How weak his gold was against Europe's steel;
> Forc'd e'en dire Hannibal to yield;
> And won the long disputed world at Zama's fatal field.
> But soldiers of a rustic mould,
> Rough, hardy, season'd, manly, bold,
> Either they dug the stubborn ground,
> Or thro' hewn woods their weighty strokes did sound:
> And after the declining sun
> Had changed the shadows, and their task was done;
> Home with their weary team, they took their way,
> And drown'd in friendly bowls the labours of the day.[1]
> *O.* 3. 6. 33-44.

Englishman.

No. 57. Upon the whole, the nice proportion and harmony of each [Church and State], is the finishing stroke of both:

> Alterius sic
> Altera poscit opem res, et conjurat amice.
> *A. P.* 410-411.

Reader.

No. 2. The title of my paper may sufficiently explain the design of it, which is chiefly to disabuse those readers who are imposed upon by the licentious writers of this degenerate age. . . . Now I name the word resolution, I must say some-

[1] See *Ode* 6. *To the Romans,* 1672, in Francis' *Horace,* Appendix.

thing proper for the theme at top of my paper, which ornament is become a great fashion. I will go on secure of a reward, as needing none; for virtue (says my author) will shine with unblemish'd honour, in spite of all the repulses it can meet with.

The motto—'title,' or 'theme'—of this paper is *O.* 3. 2. 17-18.

Town-Talk.

No. 4. A gentleman in the company . . . happened to say, . . . 'Fortune being the common distinction amongst men, they who have the largest share of it take a secret offence against those who will set up a distinction superior to it; and, consequently, set up a greatness in despising that which only the generality of the world call greatness. For this reason, men of wealth and power usually contemn and suppress men of low fortunes, who have qualities that would better befit the condition of their superiors. Horace observes very prettily upon this littleness of spirit in mankind; and says, that he who gives himself airs of being anxious for the commonwealth, or the building of churches, puts every man upon the enquiry of what family were his father and mother.'

S. 1. 6. 34-37.

Ibid. A third young man . . . having a mind to shine in his turn on this subject, interrupted. . . . 'Horace,' says he, 'whom I think,' he adds, pointing to the first speaker, 'this gentleman named just now,

Metiri se quemque suo modulo ac pede, verum est.'

E. 1. 7. 98.

Ibid. Mr. Arthur reassumed the discourse; . . . and proceeded to inform us, that he ended the evening of the last Birth-day at an entertainment in York-buildings, where the Patentee of the Royal Company of Comedians celebrated the festival at an expence not often to be repeated by a man of the greatest fortune. . . . But I mention it now in pursuance of what my learned friend there said from Horace, 'That every man should take care to avoid expences above their character and circumstances.'

Plebeian.

No. 3. To shew with how much candour he [the Plebeian] proceeds in this dispute, he will not decline publishing in this paper a Speech made in a kind of a private-public Company, for the Bill. . . . The form in which it was sent to the Plebeian is as follows:

A Speech in the Long Room at the Comptroller's.

Optat Ephippia Bos.

E. 1. 14. 43.

No. 4. But as to what that Plebeian calls upon him [the Old Whig] for, . . . he does not say one word about it. Indeed in his Motto he hints at it. [Then Steele turns Addison's Motto for No. 2 of the *Old Whig* (*S.* 1. 1. 18-22) to his own account] . . . As to the rest of his Motto, *Nil ultra quæro Plebeius.*

S. 2. 3. 188.

Theatre.

No. 19. 'Govern your temper, for if you do not, your temper will govern you,' may pass for a translation of the Latin words at the head of this paper.

The motto for this number is *E.* 1. 2. 62-63.

No. 27. In this paper Steele presents a number of calculations of the value of South Sea Stock. He ends with the following quotation and translation:

Occupet extremum scabies.

Murrain take the hindmost.

A. P. 417.

Pasquin.

No. 51. *To the True Briton.* You should have learnt to distinguish things a little before you commenced writer; for it is not the countryman that is fit for these things. *Rusticus abnormis sapiens* will never be able to talk of Ministers and their designs.

S. 2. 2. 3.

2. *Political Pamphlets.*

A Letter to a Member, Concerning the Condemned Lords.[1]

Though it is finely said by a great master, that 'if you would have me weep, you must yourself be in grief'—that will not do of other passions, and particularly it would be unfortunate to be angry, to make others fight for you.

A. P. 102-103.

3. *Miscellaneous Prose.*

The Christian Hero.

Ch. 3. [Steele is describing the imprisonment and miraculous freeing of Paul and Silas at Philippi:] The keeper re-

[1] In *Town-Talk*, etc.

ceiving very strict orders for their safe custody, put them in irons in the dungeon; the abused innocents had now no way left for their redress, but applying to their God, who when all human arts and forces fail, is ready for our relief, nor did St. Paul on less occasions implore præternatural assistance;

> Nec Deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus
> Inciderit.
>
> *A. P.* 191-192.

> Let not a God approach the scene,
> In cases for a God too mean.

We must, to men of wit and gallantry, quote out of their own scriptures.

Ibid. [Having quoted Seneca, and shown how weak is his philosophy in comparison with the teaching of St. Paul, Steele exclaims:] But this is bombast got into the very soul, fustian in thinking!

> Quanto rectius hic qui nil molitur inepte.
>
> *A. P.* 140.

How much better he? [St. Paul, whom he then quotes].

Letter to Joseph Keally. Oct. 7, 1708.[1] I take my employment [the office of Gazetteer] in its very nature to be what is the object of censure, since so many interests are concerned in the matters that I am to relate twice a week: but I am armed *cap-a-pée* with old sentences; among which I prefer that of Horace with 300 *l. per annum* salary—

> Populus me sibilat; at mihi plaudo
> Ipse domi; simul ac nummos contemplor, etc.
>
> *S.* 1. 1. 66-67.

4. *Plays.*

The Funeral; or, Grief-à-la-Mode. Preface.

Nor could there be a reward high enough assigned for a great genius, if such may be found, who has capacity sufficient to glance through the false colours that are put upon us, and propose to the English world a method of making justice flow in an uninterrupted stream; there is so clear a mind in being, whom we will name in words that of all men breathing can be only said of him: 'tis he that is excellent.

> Seu linguam causis acuit, seu civica jura,
> Responsare parat, seu condit amabile carmen.

Altered slightly from Horace's lines, *E.* 1. 3. 23-24.

[1] *Steele's Epistolary Corresp.* 1. 158.

D. DIRECT MENTION OF HORACE.

1. *Periodicals.*

Tatler.

(1. 77) No. 8. After the lassitude of a day spent in the strolling manner, which is usual with men of pleasure in this town, . . . I came to my lodging, and hastened to bed. My *valet-de-chambre* knows my University trick of reading there; and he being a good scholar for a gentleman, ran over the names of Horace, Tibullus, Ovid, and others, to know which I would have. 'Bring Virgil,' said I.

(3. 309) No. 173. Whatever children are designed for, and whatever prospects the fortune or interest of their parents may give them in their future lives, they are all promiscuously instructed the same way; and Horace and Virgil must be thrummed by a boy as well before he goes to an apprenticeship as to the University.[1]

(3. 311-312) *Ibid.* As for the elegant writer of whom I am talking, his excellencies are to be observed as they relate to the different concerns of his life; and he is always to be looked upon as a lover, a courtier, or a man of wit. His admirable odes have numberless instances of his merit in each of these characters. His epistles and satires are full of proper notices for the conduct of life in a Court; and what we call good breeding, most agreeably intermixed with his morality. His addresses to the persons who favour him are so inimitably engaging, that Augustus complained of him for so seldom writing to him, and asked him, whether he was afraid posterity should read their names together? Now for the generality of men to spend much time in such writings, is as pleasant a folly as any he ridicules. Whatever the crowd of scholars may pretend, if their way of life, or their own imaginations, do not lead them to a taste of him, they may read, nay write, fifty volumes upon him, and be just as they were when they began.[2]

(4. 235-236) No. 242. The ordinary subjects for satire are such as incite the greatest indignation in the best tempers, and consequently men of such a make are the best qualified for speaking of the offences in human life. . . .

The men of the greatest character in this kind were Horace and Juvenal. There is not, that I remember, one ill-natured expression in all their writings, not one sentence of severity which does not apparently proceed from the contrary disposition. Whoever reads them, will, I believe, be of this

[1] See also under *Quotation or Reference.*

[2] *Ibid.*

mind; and if they were read with this view, it may possibly persuade our young fellows, that they may be very witty men without speaking ill of any but those who deserve it: but in the perusal of these writers it may not be unnecessary to consider, that they lived in very different times. Horace was intimate with a prince of the greatest goodness and humanity imaginable, and his court was formed after his example; therefore the faults that poet falls upon were little inconsistencies in behaviour, false pretences to politeness, or impertinent affectations of what men were not fit for. Vices of a coarser sort could not come under his consideration, or enter the palace of Augustus. Juvenal, on the other hand, lived under Domitian, in whose reign everything that was great and noble was banished the habitations of the men in power. Therefore he attacks vice as it passes by in triumph, not as it breaks into conversation. The fall of empire, contempt of glory, and a general degeneracy of manners, are before his eyes in all his writings. In the days of Augustus, to have talked like Juvenal had been madness, or in those of Domitian like Horace. Morality and virtue are everywhere recommended in Horace, as became a man in a polite court, from the beauty, the propriety, the convenience, of pursuing them. Vice and corruption are attacked by Juvenal in a style which denotes, he fears he shall not be heard without he calls to them in their own language, with a bare-faced mention of the villanies and obscenities of his contemporaries.

Spectator.

No. 286.[1] [A letter from a Cambridge student to the Spectator begs his opinion in a matter of dispute between himself and a fellow-student as to the relative merits of fair and dark maidens. His mistress is 'a lovely brown':] I know very well that I have . . . Bond's Horace on my side.[2]

No. 330. [James Discipulus tells the Spectator of his grievances: he is willing to learn, but his father, who 'though very rich, yet is mighty near,' discourages him.] I asked him for Horace t'other day, and he told me in a passion he did not believe I was fit for it, but only my master had a mind to make him think I had got a great way in my learning. . . . All the boys in the school, but I, have the classic authors *in usum Delphini*, gilt and lettered on the back.

No. 509. My present correspondent, I believe, was never

[1] Morley ascribes this paper to Steele. Other editions leave it unassigned.

[2] John Bond, *Commentaries on Horace and Persius.* Morley's note.

in print before; but what he says well deserves a general attention, though delivered in his own homely maxims, and a kind of proverbial simplicity; which sort of learning has raised more estates, than ever were, or will be, from attention to Virgil, Horace, Tully, Seneca, Plutarch, or any of the rest, whom, I dare say, this worthy citizen would hold to be indeed ingenious, but unprofitable writers.

No. 514. The two summits of the mountain [Parnassus] rose on each side, and formed in the midst a most delicious vale, the habitation of the Muses, and of such as had composed works worthy of immortality. . . . I saw Pindar walking all alone, no one daring to accost him, until Cowley joined himself to him; but growing weary of one who almost walked him out of breath, he left him for Horace and Anacreon, with whom he seemed infinitely delighted.

Guardian.

No. 14. . . . better skilled how to hold the reins, and drive a coach, than to translate a verse in Virgil or Horace.

No. 16. Since you may have recourse to the French and English translations, you will not accuse me of pedantry, when I tell you that Sappho, Anacreon, and Horace in some of his shorter lyrics, are the completest models for little odes or sonnets.

No. 21. Old as I am, I promise myself to see the day when it shall be as much in fashion among men of politeness to admire a rapture of St. Paul, as any fine expression in Virgil or Horace; and to see a well-dressed young man produce an evangelist out of his pocket, and be no more out of countenance than if it were a classic printed by Elzevir.

Englishman.

No. 34. [Upon re-visiting Christ's Church College, Oxford.] The libraries, quadrangles, and grove, all renewed in my mind, an hundred little pleasant stories and innocent amusements, though in the last place I could not help observing with some regret the loss of a tree, under whose shade I had often improved my acquaintance with Horace.

Reader.

No. 8. 'There is no manner of doubt but that Spain, Italy, and Greece have produced as great wits as any nation in Europe; and is this owing to French claret? Did Homer, Aristophanes, Horace, Virgil, and Miguel de Cervantes drink French claret?'

Theatre.

No. 3. ['Sir John Edgar' is planning his 'Auditors of the Drama':]—I have very good friends, . . . who will also take upon them to say, that for the dignity and safety of Arcadia, a comic or tragic poet should have three hundred pounds a year; and an epic poet cannot be truly such except he have six hundred a year. From which worthy gentlemen I must beg leave to differ; and I take the liberty to say, that there is no such accomplishment mentioned by Aristotle, Horace, or any other critick, ancient or modern.

E. IMPLICIT ALLUSION TO HORACE.

1. *Periodicals.*

Tatler.

(1. 180) No. 21. This number contains a letter from Ephraim Bedstaff to Isaac Bickerstaff, which is a satire on the fear of witches, and is reminiscent of Horace's pictures of the witches' antics in the Eighth Satire of the First Book, and especially in the Fifth Epode.

(2. 118) No. 66. —But when you are to talk on a set subject, the more you are moved yourself, the more you will move others. Cf. *A. P.* 102-103.

(2. 129) No. 67. [Steele (or Swift?) has devised three tables of fame, of which he says:] No person who has not been dead an hundred years must be offered to a place at any of these tables. Cf. *E.* 2. 1. 36-41.

(2. 301) No. 93. Men may change their climate, but they cannot their nature.

Cf. *E.* 1. 11. 27. Other authors, as Æschylus, Lucretius, Cicero, have uttered the same thought; but Steele was particularly fond of this passage from Horace, so that it is undoubtedly Horace of whom he is thinking here, if he is conscious of his source.

(2. 359) No. 103. I finished my session with great content of mind, reflecting upon the good I had done; for however slightly men may regard these particularities and little follies in dress and behaviour, they lead to greater evils.

Steele is reflecting on the motto he has chosen for this paper: *A. P.* 451-452.

(3. 61) No. 125. Much of this essay is an echo of Horace's Third Satire of the Second Book.[1]

(3. 290) No. 169. —But the truth is, there is no man who can be said to be proprietor of an estate, but he who knows how to enjoy it.

Cf. *E.* 1. 12. 1-4, and *E.* 2. 2. 160.

(3. 358) No. 183. In this paper, which is in praise of public service, Steele relates the story of Regulus as an instance of a great patriot; in his description of the return of Regulus into captivity he is plainly following Horace's account in *O.* 3. 5. 41 to the end:

He took his leave of his country and his weeping friends to go to certain death, with that cheerful composure, as a man, after the fatigue of business in a Court or a city, retires to the next village for the air.

(4. 44) No. 202. The seat of solid honour is in a man's own bosom, and no one can want support who is in possession of an honest conscience, but he who would suffer the reproaches of it for other greatness.

Steele is paraphrasing the motto of this paper: *E.* 1. 11. 29-30.

(4. 64) No. 206. There is a class which every man is in by his post in nature, from which it is impossible for him to withdraw to another and become it.

Steele is reflecting upon his motto: *E.* 1. 7. 98.

(4. 242) No. 244. To have good sense, and ability to express it, are the most essential and necessary qualities in companions.

Steele's re-expression of the motto: *E.* 1. 4. 8-9.

Spectator.

No. 24. This number consists of several modern adaptations, in letter form, of Horace's Ninth Satire of the First Book, from which Satire Steele has taken his motto.

No. 27. It is therefore a fantastical way of thinking, when we promise ourselves an alteration in our conduct from change of place, and difference of circumstances; the same passions will attend us wherever we are, till they are conquered.

Cf. *E.* 1. 11. 27.

[1] See under *Quotation or Reference.*

No. 30. It is very ordinary in the assembly [of the Amorous Club] for one of a sudden to rise and make a discourse concerning his passion in general, and describe the temper of his mind in such a manner, as that the whole company shall join in the description, and feel the force of it.

Steele is satirizing Horace's lines, *A. P.* 102-103.

No. 260. [In a letter from a lover to his mistress:] —But still you say it will be time enough, though I and you too grow older while we are yet talking.

Cf. *O.* 1. 11. 7-8. The Horatian motto of this number, *E.* 2. 2. 55, is upon the same theme.

No. 264. But I am running from my intended purpose, which was to celebrate a certain particular manner of passing away life, in contradiction to no man, but with a resolution to contract none of the exorbitant desires by which others are enslaved. . . . After a man has preserved his innocence, and performed all duties incumbent upon him, his time spent in his own way is what makes his life differ from that of a slave.

Throughout this essay Steele has apparently in mind the discourse between Horace and his slave, Davus, in the Seventh Satire of the Second Book, especially the lines beginning *Quisnam igitur liber?* (ll. 83 f.).

No. 314. Now, Mr. Spectator, if you think us ripe for economy, persuade the dear creature, that to pine away into barrenness and deformity under a mother's shade, is not so honourable, nor does she appear so amiable, as she would in full bloom.

A paraphrase of the motto of the paper, *O.* 1. 23. 11-12.

No. 358. Viewing this work [some Mosaic], made my fancy run over the many gay expressions I have read in ancient authors, which contained invitations to lay aside care and anxiety, and give a loose to that pleasing forgetfulness wherein men put off their characters of business, and enjoy their very selves.

Horace is certainly in Steele's mind as one of these 'ancient authors.' His motto for this paper is taken from the Twelfth Ode of the Fourth Book, which is an invitation to Vergilius to celebrate the coming of spring. The Eighth Ode of the

Third Book is an invitation to Mæcenas to lay aside the cares of state and celebrate with the poet the anniversary of his escape from the falling tree. When Steele speaks of 'that pleasing forgetfulness wherein men put off their characters of business, and enjoy their very selves,' he cannot be unmindful of Horace's picture of Scipio and Lælius in the First Satire of the Second Book. Cf. also *O.* 1. 9; *O.* 1. 17; *O.* 1. 20; *O.* 2. 11; *O.* 3. 19, etc.

No. 432. These copiers of men, like those of authors or painters, run into affectations of some oddness, which perhaps was not disagreeable in the original, but sits ungracefully on the narrow-souled transcriber.

Cf. *E.* 1. 19. 10-20.

No. 473. —These above-mentioned [follies] arise from affecting an equality with men of greater talents, from having the same faults.

Cf. *E.* 1. 19. 10-20. The motto for this paper is *E.* 1. 19. 12-14.

Guardian.

Original Dedication to Vol. 2.

The greatest honour of human life, is to live well with men of merit; and I hope you will pardon me the vanity of publishing, by this means, my happiness in being able to name you among my friends.

Cf. *S.* 2. 1. 76.

No. 15. I will suppose an author to be really possessed with the passion which he writes upon, and then we shall see how he would acquit himself.

Steele dilates upon this suggestion, which evidently originates in Horace's lines, *A. P.* 102-103.

No. 80. [The Guardian is writing a letter of protest against the *Examiner:*] But I am too well acquainted with his writings not to see he is past correction; nor does anything in his paper surprise me, merely because it is false; for to use his own words, not a day passes with him, but 'it brings forth a mouse or a monster, some ridiculous lie, some vile calumny or forgery.'

Cf. *A. P.* 139.

Englishman.

No. 7 contains a discourse upon the Criticism of Poetry. Though Horace is nowhere mentioned, it is plain that he, as well as Aristotle, and other classic writers, were in Steele's mind while he was writing the paper.

No. 21. [In a letter to the *Englishman,* Edward Easy, in extolling the pleasures incident to the possession of a chaise, makes the following remark:] But since excellence naturally attracts envy, it is no wonder that this convenient moveable is persecuted, like the flying squadron, by both parties [the great, as well as the inferior order of men], whilst it steers its course in the golden mediocrity.

Cf. *O.* 2. 10. 5.

Lover.

No. 1. [contains the plan of these papers and addresses its readers in the following words, which are a paraphrase of the motto:] All you, therefore, who are in the dawn of life, as to conversation with a faithless and artful world, attend to one who has passed through almost all the mazes of it, and is familiarly acquainted with whatever can befal you in the pursuit of love.

Cf. *O.* 3. 1. 4.

2. *Plays.*

The Lying Lover: or, The Ladies' Friendship.

(128)[1] Act 2, Sc. 1. Penelope. [speaking of her lover's passion of jealousy] Cooling herbs, well steeped—a good anodyne at night, made of the juice of hellebore, with very thin diet, may be of use in these cases.

Cf. *S.* 2. 3. 82, and *E.* 2. 2. 137.

(171) Act 5, Sc. 1. Young Bookwit. Oh, whither shall I run to avoid myself?

Cf. *O.* 2. 16. 19, and *E.* 1. 14. 13.

(180) Sc. 3. Young Bookwit.

> Ages and generations pass away,
> And with resistless force, like waves o'er waves,
> Roll down the irrevocable stream of time
> Into the insatiate ocean for ever—Thus we are gone.

Cf. *E.* 2. 2. 175-176.

[1] The references are to Aitken's ed. of Steele's *Dramatic Wks.*

(184) *Ibid.* Old Bookwit.

> But neither wit nor beauty, wealth nor courage,
> Implicitly deserve the world's esteem;
> They're only in their application good.
>
> Cf. *O.* 4. 9. 45-48.

The Tender Husband: or, The Accomplished Fools.

(224) Act 2, Sc. 1. Clerimont. —For the astrologer said, at my nativity: Nor fire, nor sword, nor pike, nor musquet shall destroy this child; let him but avoid fair eyes.

Cf. the similar prophecy made concerning Horace by the Sabellian sibyl in Satire 1. 9. 29-34.

3. *Poetry.*

To Mr. Congreve, Occasion'd by his Comedy, call'd, The Way of the World.[1]

> When pleasure's falling to the low delight,
> In the vain joys of the uncertain sight,
> No sense of wit when rude spectators know,
> But in distorted gesture, farce and show;
> How could, great author, your aspiring mind
> Dare to write only to the few refin'd!
>
> Cf. *S.* 1. 10. 76-77, and *E.* 2. 1. 182-200.

[1] *Poetical Misc.*, p. 162.

MATTHEW PRIOR

The Writings of Matthew Prior. Ed. by A. R. Waller, in 2 vols. 1905 and 1907 (Cambridge English Classics). Vol. 1. Poems on Several Occasions. Vol. 2. Dialogues of the Dead and Other Works in Prose and Verse.

Selected Poems of Matthew Prior. With an Introduction and Notes by Austin Dobson. 1889.

The History of His Own Time. Compiled from the Original MSS. of Matthew Prior . . . and copied fair for the Press by Adrian Drift. Ed. by J. Bancks. 1740.

Prior Papers. Vol. 3 of the MSS. of the Marquis of Bath preserved at Longleat. (Historical MSS. Commission, 1908.)

Letters and Correspondence of Lord Bolingbroke. Ed. by Gilbert Parke. 1798.

Correspondence of Swift. Ed. by F. Elrington Ball. 1910-1914.

Life of Matthew Prior. By Francis Bickley. 1914. (Contains some unpublished letters from the Longleat MSS.)

(It has seemed wiser, for the sake of easy reference, to retain the order of Prior's writings which Waller has adopted in his edition, so that I have not separated the poetical from the few prose writings, but have given them according to Waller's arrangement, under the general title of his two volumes, designating the *Poems on Several Occasions* as Vol. 1, the *Dialogues of the Dead and Other Works in Prose and Verse* as Vol. 2.)

A. TRANSLATIONS OF HORACE.

(1. 121) *An Ode. Inscribed to the Memory of the Hon. George Villiers,* 1703. *In Imitation of Horace, Ode* 28, *Lib.* 1.

(1. 159) *An Ode to the Queen,* 1706. *In Imitation of the Fourth Ode of the Fourth Book of Horace.* In this poem Prior imitates Spenser as well as Horace, and follows Horace only remotely.

(1. 172) *Cantata.* This is an 'arrangement' of the First

Ode of the Fourth Book, and is in spirit Horatian, though it can scarcely be called an imitation.

(1. 185) *Horace Lib.* 1. *Epist.* 9. *To Mr. Harley.* This is Prior's most faithful translation of Horace.

(2. 6) *The Hind and the Panther Transvers'd to the Story of the Country and the City-Mouse.* 1687. A parody of Dryden's poem, following only the bare outline of Horace's fable in the Sixth Satire of the Second Book. It was written by Prior in collaboration with Charles Montagu.

(2. 36) *An Ode, In Imitation of the Second Ode of the Third Book of Horace,* 1692. It has little resemblance to Horace's Ode, and was omitted by Prior from the 1722 edition of his poems, ostensibly because he had 'made Use of that Piece in the Composing his *Carmen Seculare.*'[1]

B. MOTTOS FROM HORACE.

Several of Prior's poems have mottos from Horace:

(1. 35) *An Ode, Presented to the King, on his Majesty's Arrival in Holland, after the Queen's Death,* 1695 (*O.* 1. 24. 1-3).

(1. 47) *An English Ballad, On the Taking of Namur,* 1695 (*O.* 4. 12. 28).

(1. 53) *Presented to the King, at his Arrival in Holland, after the Discovery of the Conspiracy,* 1696 (*O.* 1. 2. 45-48).

(1. 125) *A Letter to Monsieur Boileau Despreaux; Occasion'd by the Victory at Blenheim,* 1704 (*S.* 2. 1. 12-14).

(1. 159) *An Ode to the Queen,* 1706 (*O.* 4. 14. 49-52).

(1. 186) *To Mr. Harley,* 1711 (*O.* 4. 4. 59-60).

(2. 47) *A Satire on the Modern Translators* (*E.* 1. 19. 19).

(2. 80) *Colin's Mistakes* (*O.* 3. 4. 5-6).

(2. 289) *Advice to the Painter, Upon the defeat of the Rebels in the West, and the Execution of the late D. of Monmouth* (*A. P.* 9-10).

Bickley, in his *Life of Prior* (pp. 37-38), quotes a letter written by James Vernon to Prior on April 19, [1694-5,] which intimates that Prior had designed a medal, with a motto from Horace, to commemorate the death of Queen Mary.

[1] See *Writings* 2. 389.

C. QUOTATION OF, OR REFERENCE TO LINES OF HORACE.

1. *Writings of Prior.*

Postscript to the Preface.

(1. xxiv) *Odes* once printed cannot well be altered, when the Author has already said, that He expects His Work should Live for Ever. And it had been very foolish in my Friend Horace, if some Years after His *Exegi Monumentum,* He should have desired to see his Building taken down again.

O. 3. 30. 1.

A Better Answer to Cloe Jealous.

(1. 78) Stanza 7.

Then finish, Dear Cloe, this Pastoral War;
And let us like Horace and Lydia agree:
For Thou art a Girl as much brighter than Her,
As He was a Poet sublimer than Me.

O. 3. 9.

An English Padlock.

(1. 81) Miss Danae, when Fair and Young
(As Horace has divinely sung)
Could not be kept from Jove's Embrace
By Doors of Steel, and Walls of Brass.

O. 3. 16. 1-7.

Carmen Seculare.

(1. 104 f.) This Pindaric ode of Prior's owes little more than its name to Horace, the only resemblance to the Latin *Carmen Sæculare* being that Horace celebrates Rome and the lineage of Augustus, while Prior celebrates England and William III.

Quid sit futurum Cras fuge quærere.

(1. 137) For what To-morrow shall disclose,
May spoil what You To-night propose:
England may change; or Cloe stray:
Love and Life are for To-day.

O. 1. 9. 13.

Alma.

(1. 219) Canto 1.
Horace his Phrase is *torret Jecur;*
And happy was that curious Speaker.

O. 4. 1. 12.

And cf. Petronius' description of Horace's genius: *Curiosa felicitas, S.* 118. 5.

(1. 220) Your Horace owns, He various writ,
As wild, or sober Maggots bit:
And, where too much the Poet ranted,
The Sage Philosopher recanted.
His grave Epistles may disprove
The wanton Odes He made to Love.
S. 2. 1.

(1. 221) Nor e'er can Latin Poets prove,
Where lies the real Seat of Love.
Jecur they burn, and *Cor* they pierce,
As either best supplies their Verse:
And, if Folks ask the Reason for't,
Say, one was long, and t'other short.

Cf. the above quotation, *O.* 4. 1. 12. *Cor* is quoted from a previous quotation from Lucretius.

Solomon—Preface.

(1. 257) The Difficulty lies in drawing, and disposing; or (as the Painters term it) in *grouping* such a Multitude of different Objects, preserving still the Justice and Conformity of Style and Coloring, the *Simplex duntaxat et unum,* which Horace prescribes, as requisite to make the whole Picture beautiful and perfect. *A. P.* 23.

(1. 258-259) [In a sketch of the poem:] With These the Sacred History mention Him to have conversed; as likewise with the Angel brought down in the Third Book, to help Him out of His Difficulties, or at least to teach Him how to overcome them.

Nec Deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus.
A. P. 191-192.

I presume this Poetical Liberty may be very justly allowed Me on so solemn an Occasion.

(1. 260) And now, as to the publishing of this Piece, though I have in a literal Sense observed Horace's *Nonum prematur in Annum;* yet have I by no means obeyed our Poetical Lawgiver, according to the Spirit of the Precept. The Poem has indeed been written and laid aside much longer than the Term prescribed; but in the mean time I had little Leisure, and less Inclination to revise or print it.
A. P. 388.

The Mice.

(2. 98) That mice have travell'd in old times.
Horace and Prior tell in rhymes,
Those two great wonders of their ages,
Superior far to all the sages.

S. 2. 6.

An Essay upon Opinion.

(2. 190) I dont pretend to Examine the Nature and Essence of this Mind of Ours, This *Divinæ particula auræ* as a Divine or a Philosopher.

S. 2. 2. 79.

(2. 191) But certain it is that the same Man at different times alters his Opinion of the same Things.

He that in the Opening of Manhood Delights in Dogs and Horses, Hunting and Exercises (as Horace finely describes it) in the middle of Life turns his Thoughts to the Acquisition of Wealth and search of Honor, and towards the end of it, he insures his Ease, counts his Riches, and Prattles over the Scenes of his Youth to Younger People, who all the while are weary of hearing him.

A. P. 161-174.

(2. 202) [Of the Party Man.] The Lye of the Day is the Rule of his life, and as his Judgment depends upon that of other Men, he must justify every thing that his Party Acts with the greatest Injustice, till from the Degrees of Warm and Violent, he comes up to Furious and Wicked. *Fœnum habet in cornu,* and every body is obliged to yield or run from him.

S. 1. 4. 34.

(2. 203) The Bounds of Virtue and Vice

Quos ultra citraque nequit consistere rectum

are in many cases pretty difficult to find; how nicely must one Distinguish between Patience and Pusillanimity, between Courage and foolhardiness, and so of the rest.

S. 1. 1. 107.

Dialogues of the Dead.

A Dialogue between Charles the Emperour and Clenard the Grammarian.

(2. 211) Clenard. But what does his [Prior's] Master Horace say, and no body can say it better?

Est modus in rebus, sunt certi denique fines
Quos ultra . . . nequit consistere rectum.

For once I'l translate it for you, because possibly you have forgot your little Latin you had.

> One equal bound there is, one stated line,
> Which shou'd the Justice of our Act confine:
> There right resides, what goes beyond is wrong;
> Grows idly vast, and trails absurdly long.

Now you Heroes never mind this Rule, you always over shoot the mark, or to express it more properly, you do not see the object you Aim at.

S. 1. 1. 106-107.

A Dialogue between The Vicar of Bray and Sir Thomas Moor.

(2. 255-256) Moor. Does not Horace tell You that neither the Fury of ill Men in Power, nor the frown of a Tyrant can alter the Resolution, or bend the Mind of a Man strictly just and Honest.

O. 3. 3. 1-4.

(2. 404) The following fragment from the Longleat Prior MSS. is inserted by Waller in his notes:

I read Horace & Virgil above Forty Years, but I never understood two passages of them till I saw Down.

Horace. O rus! quando ego Te aspiciam quandoq; Licebit
Ducere Sollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ.

S. 2. 6. 60 and 62.

Virgil. Oh! qui Me gelidis, etc.

2. *Letters.*

Prior Papers.

To [Charles] Montagu. Jan. 25—Feb. 4, 1694-5. [On the death of Queen Mary]. *Pallida mors æquo*—has struck us all here more than an earthquake. I suppose it has had the same effect on your side, but my dear master has read the philosophers from Epictetus to Lucian, so we are not so much to deplore our loss as to strive to make the best on't.

O. 1. 4. 13.

(94) To Sir William Trumbull. Nov. 17-27, 1696. Whilst one of the French ministers is chicaning here, and puts an absolute stop by it to the preliminaries, the other two are hastening away to be ready to begin the treaty.—

> Quo teneam [vultus] mutantem Protea nodo?

E. 1. 1. 90.

Possibly this list may expound the riddle, and they may design another descent, as I hear they have sent their villains before.

(202) To Dr. [William] Aglionby. March 24, 169[7-]8. Your application of the passage in Horace is so pretty that one would almost die for it, yet I am so dull but to think your *occidit* a damn'd verb, and am, I think, like to live a good deal longer, notwithstanding all the fine things you can say of me in a winding-sheet.

The passage referred to is *O.* 1. 24. 9-10.

(204) To Charles Montague. April 10, 1698. *Hac arte Pollux et vagus Hercules.*—I have a good mind to translate an ode to you of Virtue, Fame and Demigods, for I will swear you carry it very high.

O. 3. 3. 9.

(216) To Charles Montagu [May 21, 1698]. I am not such a philosopher but that I am extremely afflicted at it [the death of Mr. Heneage Montagu], but what shall we say? We were born: nature and necessity are too strong for us: *et levius fit patientia Quicquid corrigere est nefas.*

O. 1. 24. 19-20.

(279) To the Earl of Pembroke. Oct. 20, 1698. In his private audiences he [the Earl of Jersey, ambassador of William III. at Paris] has been received with all kindness and distinction by the Grand Monarch: how can any man of sense reconcile this man's way of acting in the meantime in relation to King James?

Quo teneam toties mutantem Protea nodo?

E. 1. 1. 90.

(288) To the Earl of Galway. Nov. 13, 1698. Tout ira bien, Milord, on n'en doute point,

Teucro duce et auspice Teucro.

O. 1. 7. 27.

(314) To [Charles Montagu]. Feb. 11, 169[8-]9. Our friends at St. Germains are so delighted with what the Parliament is doing in England that they publicly drink their healths: there is no doubt but that France will give them a helping hand whenever there is a bare possibility of succeeding, but

Prudens futuri temporis exitum
Caliginosa nocte premit Deus.

O. 3. 29. 29-30.

(460) To Lord Harley. Sept. 30 [—Oct. 11], 1718. I am at the last sheet of *Solomon,* and consequently very near the coach towards Royston. I have just told Earl of Oxford so; he says he will take me with him to Wimpole in few days, to which my answer may be seen, if you please to turn over *Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis.*

E. 1. 2. 42.

(468) To Lord Harley. Aug. 22 [—Sept. 2, 1719]. *Nil affirmo nihilque nego* is Descartes' motto, and *nil admirari,* you know, was the device of another great man [Lord Bolingbroke].

E. 1. 6. 1.

(491) To the Earl of Oxford [1720]. I have absolutely given up my free will to Lord Harley, and am to take my progresses with him, like Horace's friend.

Nil habeo quod agam, et non sum piger, usque sequar te.

S. 1. 9. 19.

(504) To Lord Harley. June 8[-19], 1721. Your *O rus! quando te aspiciam?* is admirable before you had been two days in the Town; you may laugh at my solitude as much as you please, but I like it infinitely; . . . Down in itself considered I love more than Tully did his Tusculum, or Horace his Sabine field.

S. 2. 6. 60.

(505) To Lord Harley. June 14 [-25], 1721. I would stay here at Down a little longer, as well for the *utile* as the *dulce.*

A. P. 343.

Correspondence of Lord Bolingbroke.

(3. 60) To Lord Bolingbroke. Sept. 12, 1712. [An addition at the end of this letter has the heading, 'Private,' followed by the lines:]

Hæc cum dixisset
Quærit calendis ponere.

Epd. 2. 67 and 70.[1]

(3. 138) To Lord Bolingbroke. Oct. 10, 1712. [Postscript marked 'Private.'] *Nil admirari* is your motto; I would own to any man else, my astonishment in that I have not a word of any kind from England.

E. 1. 6. 1.

[1] [Hæc ubi locutus . . .
Quærit Kalendis ponere.]

(3. 358) To Lord Bolingbroke. Feb. 4, 1713. I will not insist upon my own astonishment, that we have no courier; *nil admirari.*

E. 1. 6. 1.

(4. 108) To Lord Bolingbroke. May 2-13, 1713. [Speaking of a recent illness:] *Tu ne quæsieris scire, nefas, quem mihi quem tibi finem dii dederint.* At present, at least, I am better that I have been a great while.

O. 1. 11. 1-2.

(4. 263) To Lord Bolingbroke. Sept. 5, 1713. —It is now a year complete, since you returned to England— *Sed defluit ætas?*

This remark brings forth the response from Lord Bolingbroke, September 8, 1713:

(4. 273) There is another passage which some part of your letter puts me in mind of; it is either in an epistle or satire of Horace:

> Rusticus expectat num defluit amnis,[1] at ille
> Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.
>
> *E.* 1. 2. 42-43.

(4. 548) Mem. to Lord Bolingbroke. May 12-23, 1714. If I gave a letter from you to Monsieur Desmaretz, *novi hominis mores.*

This seems an adaptation of Horace's translation of the first lines of the *Odyssey: A. P.* 142, or *E.* 1. 2. 20; though Plautus has a similar phrase.

Correspondence of Swift.

(2. 60) To Swift. Aug. 16, 1713. What we are doing, or what is to become of us, I know not:

> Prudens futuri temporis exitum
> Caliginosa nocte premit Deus,
> Ridetque—
>
> *O.* 3. 29. 29-31.

This is all the Latin and writing I can at present spare you.

(3. 39) To Swift. Dec. 8, 1719. Our friends are all well; so am I, *nisi cum pituita molesta est,* which is at this present writing, and will continue so all the winter.

E. 1. 1. 108.

[1] [dum defluat amnis].

(3. 73-74) To Swift. Feb. 28, 1720-21. Age, I find, comes on; and the cough does not diminish:

> Non sum qualis eram bonæ
> Sub regno Cinaræ.

Pass for that. *O.* 4. 1. 3-4.

Life of Prior, by Francis Bickley.

(38) Bickley quotes part of a letter from Prior to Lord Bolingbroke, which he found in the *Poetical Works,* ed. Mitford, 1. XXIV n., in regard to a medal which was to be struck in celebration of the Peace of Utrecht: 'I dislike your medal with the motto *Compositis venerantur armis*—I will have one of my own design, etc. *O.* 4. 14. 52.

D. DIRECT MENTION OF HORACE.

1. *Writings of Prior.*

Dedication To the Right Honorable Lionel, Earl of Dorset and Middle-sex.

(1. XVI) [Speaking of Lord Dorset's (the father of the present Earl) satire:] Yet even here, That Character may justly be Applied to Him, which Persius gives of the best Writer in this Kind, that ever lived:

> Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
> Tangit, et admissus circum præcordia ludit.

The Taking of Namur.

(1. 52) Waller, in his note to this poem (p. 350), adds the following French verse as given in the 1695 edition:

> Pour moy, que Phebus anime
> De ses transports les plus doux,
> Rempli de ce Dieu sublime,
> Je vais, plus hardi que vous,
> Montrer que sur le Parnasse,
> Des bois frequentés d'Horace
> Ma Muse dans son declin,
> Scait encor les avenues
> Et des sources inconnues
> A l'Auteur du Saint Paulin.

A Satire on Modern Translators.

(2. 51) Some Fop in Preface may those Thefts excuse,
That Virgil was the Draught of Homer's Muse:

That Horace's by Pindar's Lyre was strung,
By the great Image of whose voice he sung.
They found the Mass, 't is true, but in their Mould
They purg'd the drossy Oar to current Gold:
Mending their Pattern, they escap'd the Curse;
Yet had they not writ better, they'd writ worse.

A Satire upon the Poets, in Imitation of the Seventh Satire of Juvenal.

(2. 54) [On the merits of a patron:]

Thus from a Patron he becomes a Friend,
Forgetting to reward, learns to commend;
. . .
Applauds your Writings, and repeats his own,
Whilst thou in Complaisance oblig'd, must sit
T'extol his Judgment and admire his Wit;
And wrapt with his *Essay on Poetry*
Swear Horace writ not half so strong as He,
But that we're partial to Antiquity.

The Secretary.

(2. 96) While with labour assid'ous due pleasure I mix,
And in one day atone for the bus'ness of six,
In a little Dutch-chaise on a Saturday night,
On my left hand my Horace, a Nymph on my right.

An Essay upon Opinion.

(2. 194) The various Estimate we make as to the Value of Things cannot be better Illustrated then by the wants we find in the pursuit of our Studies, every Man adding to his heap, and desirous to compleat his Collection. . . . Perhaps . . . an Oyleman on Fish Street Hill did actually wrap up his Anchovies in the first Horace that was ever Printed, whilst Frazer has with useless Pains been looking for the Book this Two and Twenty Years. How many better Editions has been since Published, or why the worst is the most Valuable I refer to another Opportunity.

Dialogues of the Dead.

A Dialogue between Mr. John Lock and Seigneur de Montaigne.

(2. 239) Lock. Montaigne has noble Ideas, but they are taken from Plato; fine Stories, but from Plutarch; great Expression, but from Tully and Seneca; and right Quotation,

but from Horace and Virgil. Now, do any of these Excellencies any more belong to You than the Harness to your Horse, . . . and would it not follow, that if Plato, Plutarch, Cicero, Seneca, Horace and Virgil should each reclaim his own, Montaigne hath writ no Book?

2. *Letters.*

Prior Papers.

(87) To [Charles] Montagu. [Sept. 1696.] If you can get me any ready money, it would be more charity than to give an alms to the poorest dog that ever gave you a petition; if not, patience is a virtue, and a scrap or two of Horace must be my consolation.

(216) To Charles Montagu. [May 21, 1698.] Dear Horace! I have a sentence of him upon most occasions, but I find nothing in him applicable to staying at Paris upon 40s. a day.

(306) To Lord Buckhurst. Dec. 27, 1698. I will own myself to be as bad a correspondent as you can imagine, if you will allow me to be as faithful a friend as any you have in the world; which I am so confident you do, that I desire little Horace enclosed may be the third in our amity. As you like him, I will endeavour to get you the other authors in the same bigness.

(343) To Mr. Talbot. May 20, [1699]. [Among the conditions of exchange for the Greek types of the Louvre, 'only disposed of by the King of France's own order,' which Prior was negotiating, was:] . . . that we shall give them the way of making that ink in which the essays upon Horace and Virgil which you sent me are printed.

History of his Own Times.

The following letters refer to the exchange, referred to in the above letter to Mr. Talbot, which Prior had successfully negotiated for the University of Cambridge.

(168) To the Earl of Manchester. Apr. 1, 1700. O. S. For above these two Months past, I have not had an Opportunity of sending over a *Horace,* which we printed at Cambridge, and which my Lord Duke of Somerset, our Chancellor, presents to the King of France's Library, with a Letter which his Grace writes on that Subject to the Abbé de Louvois: But I have at last sent them by a Footman, etc.

(173) To the Earl of Manchester. Apr. 18, 1700. O. S. I must . . . beg your Excellency (if you have not done it

already) to give the *Horace,* and the Duke of Somerset's Letter, to Abbé de Louvois, making the Archbishop of Rheims acquainted with the Duke's Present, and the Desire we have to correspond with the Learned at Paris. I have written to Mr. Clermont what the University desires, as to the procuring us some Greek Types.

(175) The Duke of Manchester to Mr. Prior. May 5, 1700. I shall do all I can to serve the University, and shall take care about the Horace, when I have it. Mr. Stanyan will acquaint you how that Matter stands, and how this Book is seized at Diepe.

Correspondence of Lord Bolingbroke.

(4. 263) To Lord Bolingbroke. Sept. 5, 1713. The design of this letter should be to tell my Lord Bolingbroke, how glad I am that he is become my provincial; but I will vow that it is amongst the *enarrabilia,* and as our friend Horace has it, *quod nequeo monstrare ac sentio tantum.*

For once Prior mistakes his 'friend Horace,' for this quotation is from Juvenal, *S.* 75. 6. Bolingbroke detects the mistake, but himself blunders further:

(4. 273) Bolingbroke to Prior. Sept. 8, 1713. You are so taken up with modern ladies, that you forget old authors. It is our friend Tully, and not our friend Horace, who speaks of things which he says *exprimere* (not *monstrare*) *nequeo, et sentio tantum.*

Prior's *monstrare* is correct, though Bolingbroke is correct in so far as that *exprimere* is Ciceronian; and the idea contained in the quotation has been considered by Cicero, and by many of the ancient writers. Juvenal's line is

Hunc qualem nequeo monstrare et sentio tantum.

E. IMPLICIT ALLUSION TO HORACE.

1. *Writings of Prior.*

To the Countess of Exeter, Playing on the Lute.

(1. 6) Thine, like Amphion's Hand, had wak'd the Stone.
Cf. *A. P.* 394.

An Epistle to Fleetwood Shephard.

(1. 14) For me, whom wand'ring Fortune threw
From what I lov'd, the Town and You;

Let me just tell You how my Time is
Past in a Country-Life.—*Imprimis,*
As soon as Phœbus' Rays inspect us,
First, Sir, I read; and then I Breakfast;
So on, 'till foresaid God does set,
I sometimes Study, sometimes Eat.
Cf. *S.* 1. 6. 122-129.

Hymn to the Sun.

(1. 22) There is a suggestion in this Pindaric ode of the *Carmen Sæculare.* Prior evidently used it as a model. The address to the sun is like Horace's address to Apollo, and stanza 3 may have been suggested by lines 49-52.

The Lady's Looking-Glass.

(1. 25) In using the metaphor of the serenely smiling sea changed to the angry storm, Prior had in mind *O.* 1. 5.[1]

Written at Paris, 1700. In the Beginning of Robe's Geography.

(1. 98) Horatian in tone, rather than having any explicit allusion to Horace. Cf. Odes 1. 16 and 18; *E.* 1. 17. 10.

Written in the Beginning of Mezeray's History of France.

(1. 99) This, like the foregoing poem, is Horatian in tone, its last stanza echoing distinctly the last lines of *S.* 1. 1. (117-119) and *E.* 2. 2. (214-216).

Carmen Seculare.

(1. 113) Stanza 23.

lost in trackless Fields of shining Day,
Unable to discern the Way
Which Nassaw's Virtue only could explore,
Untouch'd, unknown, to any Muse before.
Cf. *O.* 3. 2. 21-24.

(1. 118-119) Stanzas 38 to 40 exalt William for bringing order to control lawlessness in the same way in which Horace exalted Augustus, in *O.* 3. 4. 37 f., by comparing his triumph

[1] Waller's note on this poem is as follows: Published in Dryden's *Miscellany Poems,* Part 5, 1703-4, where its sub-title is 'in Imitation of a Greek Idyllium.'

to the victory of Jupiter and the gods over the Titans, which brought order out of chaos. Cf. particularly stanza 40:

Through the large Convex of the Azure Sky
(For thither Nature casts our common Eye)
Fierce Meteors shoot their arbitrary Light;
And Comets march with lawless Horror bright:
These hear no Rule, no righteous Order own;
Their Influence dreaded, as their Ways unknown:
Thro' threaten'd Lands They wild Destruction throw;
'Till ardent Prayer averts the Public Woe:
But the bright Orb that blesses all above,
The sacred Fire, the real Son of Jove,
Rules not His Actions by Capricious Will;
Nor by ungovern'd Power declines to Ill:
Fix'd by just Laws He goes for ever right:
Man knows His Course, and thence adores His Light.

A Letter to Monsieur Boileau Despreaux, 1704.

(1. 130) Just now I said,
I ne'er was Master of the tuneful Trade.

Prior is referring to the motto that he has given this poem, *S.* 2. 1. 12-14.

To Mr. Harley, 1711.

(1. 186) This poem, written in adulation of Mr. Harley, when he had been wounded by Guiscard, takes its tone from its motto, *O.* 4. 4. 59-60.

Written in Montaigne's Essays.

(1. 207) Dictate, O mighty Judge, what Thou hast seen
Of Cities, and of Courts, of Books, and Men.

Cf. Horace's paraphrase of the beginning of Homer's *Odyssey, E.* 1. 2. 19-20, or perhaps rather *A. P.* 142.

Alma.

Canto 3.

(1. 247) Where mind ('tis for the Author's Fame)
That Matthew call'd, and Hermes came.
In Danger Heroes, and in Doubt
Poets find Gods to help 'em out.

Cf. *S.* 1. 9. 78, and *A. P.* 191-192.

(1. 249-250) L'Avare not using Half his Store, etc.

Prior's description of the miser is reminiscent of Horace's miser in Satire 2. 3. 82 f.

(1. 250) His description of the craze for collecting, in a following paragraph:

> What Toil did honest Curio take?
> What strict Enquiries did He make, etc.

is probably also based on the same Satire (20-23). It fact, all this part of Canto 3 is modeled on the dialogue between Horace and Damasippus.

Solomon.

Book 1.

(1. 267) Their Station changing with th' inverted Year.

Cf. *S.* 1. 1. 36. Prior, however, probably took the expression at second hand from Dryden's *Aurengzebe,* Act 2, Sc. 1.

Book 2.

(1. 288) To my new Courts sad Thought did still repair
And round my gilded Roofs hung hov'ring Care.
In vain on silken Beds I sought Repose;
And restless oft' from purple Couches rose:
Vexatious Thought still found my flying Mind
Nor bound by Limits, nor to Place confin'd;
Haunted my Nights, and terrify'd my Days;
Stalk'd thro' my Gardens, and pursu'd my Ways,
Nor shut from artful Bow'r, nor lost in winding Maze.

Prior's familiarity with Horace, and his fondness for him, make it more than probable that the source of these lines is one, or several, of those passages in which Horace has expressed the same idea. Cf. especially *O.* 2. 16. 9-12, and *O.* 2. 18.

(1. 290) The Word obscene,
Or harsh, which once elanc'd must ever fly Irrevocable.

Cf. *A. P.* 390.

Book 3.

(1. 322) But hence, Ye Worldly, and Prophane, retire:
For I adapt my Voice, and raise my Lyre
To Notions not by Vulgar Ear receiv'd:

This is an imitation of the opening lines of Cowley's translation of Horace's Ode 3. 1:

Hence ye profane, I hate ye all,
Both the great vulgar and the small.

The rest of Prior's verse is written in the same strain as Horace's Ode, though with a greater pessimism.

Application of the Turtle and Sparrow.

(2. 69) O Dearest daughter of two dearest friends.
Cf. *O.* 1. 16. 1.

For My own Monument.

(2. 130) Nor to business a drudge, nor to faction a slave,
He strove to make int'rest and freedom agree,
In public employments industrious and grave,
And alone with his friends, Lord how merry was he.
Cf. *S.* 2. 1. 71-74.

Amaryllis. A Pastoral.

(2. 136) 'T is now noon-day, the Sun is mounted high,
Beneath refreshing shades the beasts do lie,
And seek out cooling rivers to asswage,
The Lion's sultry heat, and Dog-Star's rage:
The Oxen now can't plow the fruitful soil,
The furious heat forbids the reaper's toil.

Prior seems to have set the fashion of using the expression 'Dog Star' for excessive summer heat. The first time it appears in his poems is in the imitation of the Second Ode of the Third Book:[1]

—Beneath the Dog-Star's raging Heat.

In the quotation from *Amaryllis* he makes it clear that Horace's line:

Flagrantis atrox hora Caniculae,

[1] *Writings* 2. 36.

is the source from which he drew the expression, for the whole passage is Horace's picture of the cool shade of the spring of Bandusia, *O.* 3. 13. 9-12. The line in the verses *To the E. of D. upon his Marriage*:[1]

The scorching Dogstar and the Sun's fierce ray,

has probably the same source. Gay, in his *Trivia* 2. 146,[2]

The scorching dogstar and the winter's air,

has imitated Prior's line. Pope, in the *Prologue to the Satires* 1. 3,[3]

The Dog-star rages!

and again in the *Dunciad* 4. 9,[4]

Now flam'd the Dog-Star's unpropitious ray,

is apparently imitating Prior as well as Horace.

An Essay upon Opinion.

(2. 191) Let Us next Observe the different Passions by which People of the same Age are moved, and observe what power either Choler or Flegme, a Sanguine or a Melancholy complexion have in the Motions or Operations of our Mind. And here I might bring in all Burtons Melancholy. Anger is a short Frenzy, etc.

Cf. *E.* 1. 2. 62.

Dialogues of the Dead.

A Dialogue between Charles the Emperour and Clenard the Grammarian.

(2. 216) Clenard. Not to go to old Stories how many of Your Heroes dyed unknown before Agamemnon, because none of their Contemporaries writ their Story.

Cf. *O.* 4. 9. 25-28.

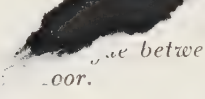
A Dialogue between Mr. John Lock and Seigneur de Montaigne.

(2. 239) Montaigne. Let me be compared to a Bee, who makes something from every Flower and Shrub, and by that

[1] See *Appendix—Prior,* p. 378.
[2] See *Appendix—Gay,* pp. 384-385.
[3] See *Appendix—Pope,* pp. 429-430.
[4] See *Appendix—Pope,* p. 436.

various labour coll[illegible] one of the greatest Ingredients of Humane healt[illegible]e very Emblem of Plenty.

Cf. *O.* 4. 2. 27-32.



[illegible]ue between The Vicar of Bray and Sir Thomas [illegible]oor.

(2. 254) Moor. How is it that scarse enjoying the present we turn our thought forward into a Futurity which the Will of Heaven in equal Wisdom and Pitty conceals from Us.

Waller in his notes (2. 398) inserts here, as from the MS., the following quotation: *Prudens futuri temporis excitum Caliginosa nocte premit Deus.*

O. 3. 29. 29-30.[1]

Charity never faileth.

(2. 275) But say the Senate should thy Service own
And to thy Memory with comely Pride
Erect a shining Pyramide
By this Thou canst not be for ever known,
The Marble will decay, the Polish'd Iron rust,
And both will be as soon as Thou art, Dust.

This stanza is in its phraseology reminiscent of Horace' *Exegi monumentum,* etc., *O.* 3. 30. 1-2.

To the E. of D. upon his Marriage.

(2. 283) The scorching Dogstar and the Sun's fierce ray

Cf. *O.* 3. 13. 9.[2]

Epistle to Lord ——.

(2. 305 f.) There is much of the spirit of Horace's Firs Satire of the First Book in this poem; it is addressed t Lord —— in the same way in which Horace's Satire addressed to Mæcenas, placing him above the disco who do not know their own minds. Horace's lines, *O.* 2. 1-4, seem to have been particularly in Prior's mind in n description of the character of Lord ——.

[1] [Prudens futuri temporis exitum, etc.]

[2] See *Appendix—Gay,* pp. 384-385.

(2. 306) Not that Men want, but use their Parts amiss:
Not One in Twenty their own Tallents know,
The Ox wou'd champ the bitt, the War horse plough.

Cf. *E.* 1. 14. 43-44.

Concerning these two last lines, and two which follow them, Waller (2. 400) adds a note by Prior: 'I was very young when I wrote these 4 Verses in a Copy lost.'

2. *Miscellaneous.*

Bickley, in his *Life of Matthew Prior,* pp. 84-85, quotes a short paper by Prior, entitled *Things relative to myself about and after the treaty of Ryswick,* which he found in a MS. of the Duke of Portland's, and which has never before been printed. A sentence in this paper throws light upon the influence of the courtier Horace upon Prior:

My having been for some years Secretary from the K. of England to the States Gen: and Secretary to the Embassy at the treaty had given Me frequent oppertunities of speaking to his Majty. I had written 3 or 4 copyes of verses in his praise, wch sort of trade tho' he seemed either not to understand or to neglect I found he was far fr. being displeased with: and when ever I addrest to him in any business, I did it in the shortest Phrase I could frame, that he might see I studied his Ease: thus I was as well with him as a person in my Station could be Imagined, etc.

Cf. *S.* 2. 1. 18-20; *E.* 1. 13. 3-5; and 2. 1. 4.

JOHN GAY

Poems of John Gay. Ed. by John Underhill. 1904. (Muses' Library.) 2 vols.

The Mohocks, a Tragi-comical Farce. 1st ed. 1712.

The Wife of Bath, a Comedy. Revised and altered by the Author.

The What d'ye Call it: a Tragi-Comi-Pastoral Farce. 3d ed. 1716.

Three Hours after Marriage, a Comedy. 1st ed. 1717.

The Captives, a Tragedy. 1st ed. 1724.

Polly, an Opera. Being the second part of the Beggar's Opera. In Bell's British Theatre. 1777. Vol. 9. Also in John Gay's Singspiele. Ed. by G. Sarrazin. Heidelberg, 1898.

Achilles, an Opera. In Bell's British Theatre. 1777. Vol. 9.

Guardian, Nos. 11 and 149. In Chalmers' British Essayists. 1802. Vol. 18.

Correspondence of Swift. Ed. by J. Elrington Ball. 1910-1914.

A. MOTTOS FROM HORACE.

Poems 1. 1. *Wine* (*E.* 1. 19. 2-3).

Plays. *The Mohocks* (*Epd.* 7. 1-2).

The What d'ye Call it (*E.* 2. 1. 166, and *E.* 1. 5. 28).

The Captives (*O.* 3. 11. 35-36).

Polly (*O.* 3. 2. 31-32).

Achilles (*E.* 1. 10. 24, altered).

Guardian, No. 11 (*S.* 2. 3. 80-81).—Though this motto was more probably supplied by Pope, who wrote the main part of the number.

B. QUOTATION OF, OR REFERENCE TO LINES OF HORACE.

1. *Plays.*

The What d'ye Call it. Preface.

To the third objection; which is the meanness of the sentiments. I answer, that the sentiments of princes and clowns have not in reality that difference which they seem to have. . . . But these criticks have forgot the precept of their master Horace, who tells them,

> —Tragicus plerumque dolet sermone pedestri.
>
> *A. P.* 95.

Three Hours after Marriage.

Act. 3. Dr. Fossile [after the episode of the mummy and the alligator:] Sweetly, Horace. *Nunquam satis,* and so forth.

O. 2. 13. 13.

2. *Guardian.*

No. 149. On the contrary, there are some pretenders to dress who shine out but by halves; whether it be for want of genius or money. . . . We may say of these sorts of dressers what Horace says of his patch-work poets,

> Purpureus, late qui splendeat, unus et alter
> Assuitur pannus.
>
> *A. P.* 15-16.

Ibid. A poet will now and then, to serve his purpose, coin a word, so will a lady of genius venture at an innovation in the fashion; but as Horace advises, that all new-minted words should have a Greek derivation to give them an indisputable authority, so I would counsel all our improvers of fashion always to take the hint from France, which may as properly be called the fountain of dress, as Greece was of literature.

A. P. 52-53.

3. *Letters.*

John Gay and Alexander Pope to Swift. Nov. 17, 1726.[1] We all rejoice that you have fixed the precise time of your coming to be *cum hirundine prima.*

E. 1. 7. 13.

[1] *Corresp.* 3. 360.

C. DIRECT MENTION OF HORACE.

1. *Poems.*

Wine.

(1. 6) 87-90.[1]

> Celestial liquor! thou that didst inspire
> Maro and Flaccus, and the Grecian bard,
> With lofty numbers, and heroic strains
> Unparallel'd.

(1. 7) 121-139.[2]

> With what sublimest joy from noisy town,
> At rural seat, Lucretelus retired:
> Flaccus, untainted by perplexing cares, etc.

(1. 11) 238-241.

> And Halifax, the Muse's darling son,
> In whom conspicuous, with full lustre shine
> The surest judgment and the brightest wit,
> Himself Mecænas and a Flaccus too.

On a Miscellany of Poems to Bernard Lintot.

(1. 176) 11.

> Would'st thou for miscellanies raise thy fame;
> . . .

among other admonitions:

> 31.
> Horace in useful numbers should be sung.

A Letter to a Lady.

(1. 181) 9.

> By your commands and inclination sway'd,
> I call'd th' unwilling Muses to my aid;
> . . .
> 35.
> Straight Horace for some lucky ode I sought:
> And all along I traced him thought by thought:
> This new performance to a friend I show'd;
> For shame, says he, what, imitate an ode!
> I'd rather ballads write, and Grub Streets lays,
> Than pillage Cæsar for my patron's praise.

[1] See also under *Implicit Allusion.*

[2] *Ibid.*

(1. 183) 105.

Another ask'd me, why I had not writ;
A poet owes his fortune to his wit.
Straight I replied, 'With what a courtly grace,
Flows easy verse from him that has a place!
Had Virgil ne'er at court improved his strains,
He still had sung of flocks and homely swains;
And had not Horace sweet preferment found,
The Roman lyre had never learnt to sound.'

D. IMPLICIT ALLUSION TO HORACE.

1. *Poems.*

Wine.

(1. 6) 87-90.[1]

Celestial liquor! thou that didst inspire
Maro and Flaccus, and the Grecian bard,
With lofty numbers, and heroic strains
Unparallel'd.

Cf. *E.* 1. 19. 3-6.

(1. 6) 11. 93-104.

Ennius, first famed in Latin song, in vain
Drew Heliconian streams, etc.

Cf. *E.* 1. 19. 7-8.

(1. 7) 121-139.[2]

With what sublimest joy from noisy town,
At rural seat, Lucretelus retired:
Flaccus, untainted by perplexing cares,
Where the white poplar, and the lofty pine
Join neighb'ring boughs, sweet hospitable shade
Creating, etc.

This passage is a gathering together of those lines in Horace's Odes where he describes his pleasant life on his Sabine farm, and invites his friends to partake his pleasures. It contains suggestions from Odes 1. 17; 20; 2. 3;[3] 7; 11, etc.

[1] See also under *Direct Mention.*

[2] *Ibid.*

[3] Underhill, in his notes to this poem, compares especially lines 124-126 with Ode 2. 3. 9-10.

(1. 8) 171-174.

> Drive hence the rude and barbarous dissonance
> Of savage Thracians, and Croatian boors;
> The loud Centaurian broils with Lapithæ
> Sound harsh, and grating to Lenæan god.

Lines 172 and 173 are imitated from Ode 1. 18. 8-9. Horace refers to the noted intemperance of the Thracians also in Odes 1. 27. 1; 36. 13; 2. 7. 26. In *O.* 3. 25. 19, Bacchus is addressed as the 'Lenæan god.'

Rural Sports.

(1. 17) 59-60.

> Where the tall oak his spreading arms entwines,
> And with the beech a mutual shade combines.

Underhill points out the resemblance of these lines to lines 124-126 of *Wine*, which are an echo of Horace, *O.* 2. 3. 9-10. It is also reminiscent of Virgil's *Georgics* 3. 331 f.

(1. 24) 283-284.

> When Ceres pours out plenty from her horn,
> And clothes the fields with golden ears of corn.
>
> Cf. *C. S.* 29-30; 59-60; *E.* 1. 12. 28-29.

The Fan.

(1. 50) 2. 181-182.

> There let all-conqu'ring gold exert its power,
> And soften Danae in a glitt'ring shower.

Cf. *O.* 3. 16. 1-18; though Gay was probably thinking more definitely of Ovid, from whom he drew most of the stories for the *Fan.*

Trivia.

(1. 124) 1. 178.

> Plenty from lib'ral horn shall strow the year.
>
> Cf. *O.* 1. 17. 14-16; *E.* 1. 12. 28-29; *C. S.* 29-30; 59-60.

(1. 133) 2. 146.

> The scorching dog-star, and the winter's air.

This is an imitation of a line in Prior's verses *To the E. of D. upon his Marriage,*

> The scorching Dogstar and the Sun's fierce ray,

which is imitated from Horace, *O.* 3. 13. 9.[1]

(1. 149) 2. 589-590.

> O rather give me sweet content on foot,
> Wrapt in my virtue, and a good surtout!
> Cf. *O.* 3. 29. 54-56.

(1. 156) 3. 195-198.

> The man had sure a palate cover'd o'er
> With brass or steel, that on the rocky shore
> First broke the oozy oyster's pearly coat,
> And risk'd the living morsel down his throat.

Wakefield, in his *Observations on Pope*, p. 334, points out that this is a parody of Horace's lines, *O.* 1. 3. 9-13.

An Epistle to the Earl of Burlington. A Journey to Exeter.

(1. 186) This poem is written somewhat in the manner of the Journey to Brundisium. That Gay had the Fifth Satire of the First Book in mind while writing it is suggested by lines 91-92, in which he speaks of the Roman road in England over which he is traveling:

> Now o'er true Roman way our horses sound,
> Grævius would kneel, and kiss the sacred ground.

To W—— L——, Esq.

(1. 206) 46-47.

> Poets of old had such a wondrous power,
> That with their verses they could raise a tower.

Horace, extolling the dignity of song in *Ars Poetica* 394-396, gives the example of Amphion's power to move stones by his music.

[1] See *Appendix—Prior*, p. 378.

The Toilette. A Town Eclogue.

(1. 233) The fate of Lydia, the heroine of this poem, is reminiscent of the fate of Horace's Lyce in Ode 4. 13.

Fables. Volume 1.

(2. 56) Fable 4. This is Horace's picture of the restless desire of mankind for change in Satire 1. 1. 1-9, retold as a fable.

(2. 61) Fable 6. 13-14.

> Had the deep earth her stores confined,
> This heart had known sweet peace of mind.
>
> Cf. *O.* 3. 3. 49-50.

(2. 102) Fable 31. This fable is reminiscent of Horace's utterances upon care. Cf. especially the lines 57-58,

> Abroad, at home, the Spectre's there:
> In vain we seek to fly from Care,

with Ode 2. 16. 19-24. Cf. also, in general, *O.* 3. 1. 40, and 16. 17-18.

(2. 117) Fable 40. 32.

> With somersets he shakes the ground.

This may be a satiric reflection of Horace's Ode 1. 4. 7:

> Gratiæ . . .
> . . . terram quatiunt pede.

A New Song of New Similes.

(2. 280) 65. If I and Molly could agree,

> . . .
>
> Great as an Empr'or should I be.
>
> Cf. *O.* 3. 9. 1-4.

2. *Plays.*

The Wife of Bath. Revised and altered by the Author. Act 1, Sc. 13.[1] Hubert. Anger, Mr. Plowdon, hath been looked upon, in all times, as a short madness.

Cf. *E.* 1. 2. 62.

[1] This remark does not occur in the play as first written.

Three Hours after Marriage.

Act 1. Phœbe Clinket [composing:]

The roaring Seas o'er the tall Woods have broke,
And Whales now perch upon the sturdy Oak.

oaring? Stay. Rumbling, roaring, rustling. No; raging eas.

The raging Seas o'er the tall Woods have broke,
Now perch, thou Whale, upon the sturdy Oak.

turdy Oak? No; steady, strong, strapping, stiff. Stiff? o, stiff is too short.

What Feast for Fish! Oh too luxurious Treat!
When hungry Dolphins feed on Butchers Meat.

Cf. *O.* 1. 2. 7-12.

Polly.

Act 2.[1] Morano. You have treasures, you have gold and ilver among you, I suppose.

Cawwawkee. Better it had been for us if that shining arth had never been brought to light.

Cf. *O.* 3. 3. 49-52.

Achilles.

End of Act 3. Ulysses. Thanks to the gods, the hero ould not be concealed; the presence of Achilles shall now nimate the war. There he will act in his proper sphere. Ve may, for a while, put on a feigned character, but nature ill shew itself at last.—'Tis to the armour we owe Achilles.

'his speech alludes to one of the mottos which Gay has hosen for his play, *E.* 1. 10. 24.

[1] In the ed. by G. Sarrazin this is Act 2, Sc. 8.

ALEXANDER POPE

The Works of Alexander Pope. Collected in Part by J. W Croker. With Introduction and Notes by Whitwell Elwin and W. J. Courthope. 1871-1889.

Iliad. 1763.

Odyssey. 1763.

The Plan of an Epic Poem, To have been written in Blank Verse, and intitled, Brutus. (Roscoe's ed. of Pope's Works Vol. 7.)

Sober Advice from Horace.

Pope. Satires and Epistles. Ed. by Mark Pattison Oxford, 1874.

Selected Poems. Ed. by Thomas Arnold. 1876.

Selections from the Poetry of Alexander Pope. Ed. by E. B. Reed. New York, 1901.

An Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope. J. Warton 1782.

Observations on Pope. Gilbert Wakefield. 1796.

Spence's Anecdotes. 1820.

A Study of Pope's Imitations of Horace. J. W. Tupper 1900. (Pub. of Mod. Lang. Assoc. Vol. 15, p. 181.)

A. TRANSLATIONS OF HORACE.

Pope's translations of Horace consist of the group classed together under the title, *Imitations of Horace,* which are imitations of the First and Second Satires of the Second Book; the First and Sixth Epistles of the First Book; the First and Second Epistles of the Second Book; parts of the Sixth Satire of the Second Book, and of the Seventh Epistle of the First Book, parts of which had already been translated by Swift, and which Pope completed; the First Ode and part of the Ninth Ode of the Fourth Book. Pope imitated lines 1 to 30 of the Ninth Ode of the Fourth Book, and Swift translated freely lines 29 to the end. Pope also imitated the Second Satire of the First Book, and published i

ıonymously under the title *Sober Advice from Horace;* ıis appeared only in one collection of his works, that of 1738, lited by Dodsley, and it is evident that he felt that it was ıworthy of his genius, and therefore suppressed it.

. MOTTOS FROM HORACE.

Pope did not make a general rule of prefixing mottos to s writings. But in several instances he used quotations om Horace for this purpose. The first edition of *An Essay ı Criticism,* that of 1711, had a motto from Horace (*E.* 1. 6. -68). So also had the edition of 1743 of the *Moral Essays* S. 1. 10. 9-14); the first edition of the *Imitation of the First pistle of the Second Book of Horace* (*E.* 2. 1. 267); the *nitation of the Second Epistle of the Second Book of orace* (*E.* 2. 2. 124); the *Satires of Dr. John Donne* S. 1. 10. 56-59); and No. 11 of the *Guardian* (*S.* 2. 3. 80-81).

QUOTATION OF, OR REFERENCE TO LINES OF HORACE.

1. *Poetry.*

The Temple of Fame.

(1. 216) 222-231.

Here happy Horace tuned th' Ausonian lyre
To sweeter sounds, and tempered Pindar's fire:
Pleased with Alcæus' manly rage t' infuse
The softer spirit of the Sapphic muse.
The polished pillar diff'rent sculptures grace;
A work outlasting monumental brass.
Here smiling loves and bacchanals appear,
The Julian star, and great Augustus here.
The doves that round the infant poet spread
Myrtles and bays, hung hov'ring o'er his head.

ope's own note on this passage is as follows: 'This presses the mixed character of the odes of Horace: the cond of these verses alludes to that line of his,

Spiritum Graiæ tenuem camoenæ,
O. 2. 16. 38.

another which follows, to

Exegi monumentum ære perennius.
O. 3. 30. 1.

The action of the doves hints at a passage in the fourth od of his third book.' Here he quotes *O.* 3. 4. 9-20. Furthe allusions are:

222. 'th' Ausonian lyre.' *O.* 4. 4. 56.

223. 'and tempered Pindar's fire.' *O.* 4. 2. 1-4, 27-32.

224-225. Horace acknowledges Alcæus as his model; h often imitates him closely, and writes both the Alcaic and th Sapphic stanza. See *O.* 1. 1. 33-34; 3. 30. 13-14; 4. 3. 13 *E.* 1. 19. 29 and 32, etc.

229. 'The Julian star.' *O.* 1. 12. 46-48. 'and grea Augustus here.' For Horace's praise of Augustus, see fo instance, Odes 3. 4; 25; 4. 4.

Moral Essays.

(3. 176) 4. 55-56.[1] According to Spence, in his *Anecdote* (p. 260), Pope quoted these two lines, and made the followin remark about them in talking of the rules of gardening: ' have expressed them all [the rules of gardening] in tw verses; (after my manner, in very little compass), which ar an imitation of Horace's *Omne tulit punctum, etc.*'

A. P. 343.

Prologue to the Satires.

(3. 245) 49.[2] Pope ironically explains his use of the nam *Pitholeon* as follows: 'The name taken from a foolish poe of Rhodes, who pretended much to Greek. *Schol. in Hora* 1. 1. Dr. Bentley pretends that this Pitholeon libelle Cæsar also. See Notes on Hor. *Sat.* 10, 1. 1.'

(3. 247-248) 85-88.[3] Pope, in a note referring to thes lines, quotes Horace:

> Si fractus illabatur orbis,
> Impavidum ferient ruinæ.
>
> *O.* 3. 3. 7-8.

(3. 249) 116.

> I cough like Horace, and, though lean, am short.

For Horace's references to his cough, see *S.* 1. 9. 31-32; 1. 1. 108; 7. 25-26. For his description of his stature, s *E.* 1. 4. 15; 20. 24.

[1] See also under *Implicit Allusion.*

[2] *Ibid.*

[3] *Ibid.*

Advertisement to Imitations of Horace.

(3. 287) The occasion of publishing these Imitations was the clamour raised on some of my Epistles. An answer from Horace was both more full, and of more dignity, than any I could have made in my own person; and the example of much greater freedom in so eminent a divine as Dr. Donne, seemed a proof with what indignation and contempt a Christian may treat vice or folly, in ever so low, or ever so high a station. Both these authors were acceptable to the Princes and Ministers under whom they lived. . . .

Uni æquus virtuti atque ejus amicis.—Pope.
S. 2. 1. 70.

Imitation of the First Epistle of the First Book.

(3. 333) 31-32.[1] Pope, in a note upon this couplet, quotes Horace as his source:

Omnis Aristippum decuit color, et status, et res.
E. 1. 17. 23.

Dunciad.

Martinus Scriblerus of the Poem.

(4. 77) This poem, as it celebrateth the most grave and ancient of things, Chaos, Night, and Dulness; so is it of the most grave and ancient kind. Homer (saith Aristotle) was the first who gave the *Form,* and (saith Horace) who adapted the *Measure,* to heroic poesy.

A. P. 73-74.

Ricardus Aristarchus of the Hero of the Poem.

(4. 87) —not taking to himself the commendation (which Horace accounted the greatest in a theatrical character) of continuing to the very dregs, the same he was from the beginning,

Servetur ad imum
Qualis ab incepto processerat.
A. P. 126-127.

Throughout his several notes upon the lines of the *Dunciad,* Pope is satirizing the new school of commentators, especially Bentley. As will be seen, the explicit references to Horace in the *Dunciad* occur in the footnotes.

[1] See also under *Implicit Allusion.*

(4. 105) 1. 47-48.[1] A note by Pope in the edition of 1729 refers this couplet to the line of Horace:

Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent.
S. 2. 7. 84.

(4. 117) 1. 211. In a long note upon this line, which in itself in no way alludes to Horace, Pope, in satiric emulation of the commentators, quotes Virgil profusely, and, commenting upon one of these quotations (a commentary within a commentary), illustrates by quoting Horace:

Is this *thatch* in one line, and *gold* in another, consistent? I scruple not (*repugnantibus omnibus manuscriptis*) to correct it *auritis*. Horace uses the same epithet in the same sense,

Auritas fidibus canoris
Ducere quercus.
O. 1. 12. 11-12.

And to say that *walls have ears* is common even to a proverb.—Scriblerus.

(4. 134) 2. 59-60.[2] Pope, in a footnote, quotes his source for this couplet:

Occupet extremum scabies; mihi turpe relinqui est.
A. P. 417.

(4. 164) 3. 24.[3] [Pope's note to this line:] —Mr. Dennis warmly contends, that Bavius was no inconsiderable author; nay, that 'He and Mævius had (even in Augustus's days) a very formidable party at Rome, who thought them much superior to Virgil and Horace: For (saith he) I cannot believe they would have fixed that eternal brand upon them, if they had not been coxcombs in more than ordinary credit.' —Rem. on Pr. Arthur. An argument which, if this poem should last, will conduce to the honour of the gentlemen of the Dunciad.—Scriblerus.

Epd. 10.

(4. 166) 3. 49-50.[4] [Pope's note to this couplet:] Bœotia lay under the ridicule of the Wits formerly, as Ireland does

[1] See also under *Implicit Allusion.*
[2] *Ibid.*
[3] *Ibid.*
[4] *Ibid.*

now; though it produced one of the greatest poets and one of the greatest generals of Greece:

Bœotum crasso jurares ære natum.—Horat.
E. 2. 1. 244.

(4. 179) 3. 245-246.[1] [Pope's note to this couplet:]

Delphinum sylvis appingit, fluctibus aprum.—Hor.
A. P. 30.

(4. 184) 3. 330. [Part of Pope's note to this line, which is on John Gay, is as follows:] —Lastly, the celebrated *Beggar's Opera;* a piece of a satire which hit all tastes and degrees of men, from those of the highest quality, to the very rabble: That verse of Horace:

Primores populi arripuit, populumque tributim,

could never be so justly applied as to this.
S. 2. 1. 69.

(4. 201) 4. 210-212.

Avaunt—is Aristarchus yet unknown?
Thy mighty Scholiast, whose unweary'd pains
Made Horace dull, and humbled Milton's strains.
A. P. 450.

(4. 202) 4. 219-220. [Pope's note on this couplet:] It was a serious dispute, about which the learned were much divided, and some treatises written: Had it been about *meum* or *tuum* it could not be more contested, than whether at the end of the first Ode of Horace, to read, *Me doctarum hederæ præmia frontium,* or *Te doctarum hederæ,* etc.—Scriblerus.
O. 1. 1. 29.

(4. 205) 4. 275-276.[2] [In his note upon these lines, Pope has quoted the line:]

Rideat et pulset lasciva decentius ætas.—Horace.
E. 2. 2. 216.

(4. 209) 4. 355-356.[3] [Pope, in his note to these lines, quotes:]

Da, pulchra Laverna,
Da mihi fallere—
Noctem peccatis et fraudibus objice nubem.—Horace.
E. 1. 16. 60-61, 62.

[1] See also under *Implicit Allusion.*

[2] *Ibid.*

[3] *Ibid.*

(4. 219) 4. 549-554.[1] [Part of Pope's note on these lines is as follows:] Scriblerus seems at a loss in this place. *Speciosa miracula* (says he) according to Horace, were the monstrous Fables of the Cyclops, Læstrygons, Scylla, &c. What relation have these to the transformation of hares into larks, or of pigeons into toads? I shall tell thee, etc.

A. P. 143-145.

2. *Prose Writings.*

Introduction to the Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus.

(10. 275) My first vital air I drew in this island (a soil fruitful of philosophers), but my complexion is become adust, and my body arid, by visiting lands (as the poet has it) *alio sub sole calentes.*

O. 2. 16. 18.

Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus.

(10. 288) O my shield! my shield! well may I say with Horace, *non bene relicta parmula.*

O. 2. 7. 10.

(10. 291) Ch. 4. Passion (continued the Doctor . . .) throws the mind into too violent a fermentation; it is a kind of fever of the soul, or, as Horace expresses it, a short madness.

E. 1. 2. 62.

(10. 296) Ch. 5. Building of houses, and riding upon sticks have been used by children in all ages; *dedificare casas, equitare in arundine longa.*

S. 2. 3. 247, 248.

The Art of Sinking in Poetry.

(10. 348) Ch. 2. It must be confessed our wiser authors have a present end,

Et prodesse volunt et delectare poetæ.

A. P. 333.

(10. 351) Ch. 3. It is therefore manifest that mediocrity ought to be allowed, yea indulged, to the good subjects of England. Nor can I conceive how the world has swallowed the contrary as a maxim, upon the single authority of that Horace.

A. P. 372-373.

[1] See also under *Implicit Allusion.*

(*Ibid.*) Why should the golden mean, the quintessence of all virtues, be deemed so offensive in this art? or coolness or mediocrity be so amiable a quality in a man, and so detestable in a poet?

O. 2. 10. 5.

(10. 354-355) Ch. 5. And I will venture to lay it down, as the first maxim and corner-stone of this our art; that whoever would excel therein, must studiously avoid, detest, and turn his head from all the ideas, ways, and workings of that pestilent foe to wit, and destroyer of fine figures, which is known by the name of common sense. . . . He is to consider himself as a grotesque painter, whose works would be spoiled by an imitation of nature, or uniformity of design. He is to mingle bits of the most various, or discordant kinds, landscape, history, portraits, animals, and connect them with a great deal of flourishing, by heads or tails, as it shall please his imagination, and contribute to his principal end, which is to glare by strong opposition of colours, and surprize by a contrariety of images,

Serpentes avibus geminentur, tigribus agni.—Hor.

His design ought to be like a labyrinth, out of which nobody can get clear but himself. And since the great art of poetry is to mix truth with fiction,

[Atque ita mentitur, sic veris falsa remiscet.
—Hor., *Ars Poet.*]

in order to join the credible with the surprizing; our author shall produce the credible, by painting Nature in her lowest simplicity; and the surprising, by contradicting common opinion. In the very manners he will affect the marvellous; he will draw Achilles with the patience of Job; a Prince talking like a Jack-pudding; a maid of honour selling bargains; a footman speaking like a philosopher; and a fine gentleman like a scholar.

A. P. 1-31, 119-127, 140-152.

(10. 372) Ch. 9. Horace, in search of the sublime, struck his head against the stars [*Sublimi feriam sidera vertice*]: but Empedocles, to fathom the Profund, threw himself into Etna. And who but would imagine our excellent modern had also been there, from this description?

O. 1. 1. 36.

(10. 388) Ch. 12. Sometimes a single word will vulgarize a poetical idea; as . . . in that description of a world in ruins:

> Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
> He unconcern'd would hear the mighty *crack*.

This is Addison's translation of Horace's lines, *O.* 3. 3. 7-8.

(10. 403) Ch. 15. —When you cannot extricate your hero by any human means, or yourself by your own wit, seek relief from heaven, and the gods will do your business very readily. This is according to the direct prescription of Horace in his Art of Poetry,

> Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice Nodus
> Inciderit—

That is to say, a poet should never call upon the gods for their assistance, but when he is in great perplexity.

A. P. 191.

Virgilius Restauratus.

(10. 427) 3. Ver. 4.

> Trojanas ut *opes,* et lamentabile regnum
> *Eruerint* Danaï.

Trojanas ut *oves,* et lamentabile regnum *Diruerint.* Mallem *oves* potius quam *opes,* quoniam in antiquissimis illis temporibus oves et armenta divitiæ regnum fuere. Vel fortasse *oves Paridis* innuit, quas super Idam nuperrime pascebat, et jam in vindictam pro Helenæ raptu, a Menelao, Ajace, [vid. Hor. *Sat.* 2. 3.] aliisque ducibus, merito occisas.

This reference to Horace is entirely irrelevant, and is used to ridicule Bentley's methods of reference.

Guardian.

(10. 506) No. 11. But I offend the public, as Horace said, when I trespass on any of your time.

E. 2. 1. 3-4.

Notes upon the Iliad.

Pope, in his notes to his translation of the *Iliad,* has referred frequently to Horace.

Bk. 3. 55. Unhappy Paris! but to women brave!
So fairly form'd, and only to deceive!

Commenting on the original of these lines, Pope says of them that they 'have a beauty here which they want in Horace, however admirably he has translated them, in the ode of *Nereus's prophecy.*

> Nequicquam Veneris præsidio ferox,
> Pectes cæsariem; grataque fæminis
> Imbelli cithara carmina divides, etc.'
>
> *O.* 1. 15. 13-15.

Bk. 7. 414-417.

> Meanwhile, conven'd at Priam's palace-gate,
> The Trojan Peers in nightly council sat:
> A senate void of order, as of choice;
> Their hearts were fearful, and confus'd their voice.

There is a great beauty in the two Epithets . . . *timida, turbulenta.* The unjust side is always fearful and discordant. . . . Horace seems to have accounted this an useful and necessary part that contained the great moral of the Iliad, as may be seen from his selecting it in particular from the rest, in his epistle to Lollius.

Pope then quotes *E.* 1. 2. 6-11.

Bk. 18. 171 f. This promise of Thetis to present her son with a suit of armour, was the most artful method of hindering him from putting immediately in practice his resolution of fighting, which according to his violent manners, he must have done: therefore the interposition of Thetis here was absolutely necessary; it was *dignus vindice nodus.*

A. P. 191.

315. Polydamas says in the original, 'If Achilles comes to-morrow *in his armour.*' There seems to lie an objection against this passage, for Polydamas knew that Achilles's armour was won by Hector, he must also know that no other man's armour would fit him; how then could he know that new arms were made for him that very night? Those who are resolved to defend Homer, may answer, it was by his skill in prophecy; but to me this seems to be a slip of our author's memory, and one of those little *nods* which Horace speaks of.

A. P. 359.

Bk. 23. 719. Nestor's speech to Achilles. This speech is admirably well adapted to the character of Nestor: he

aggrandizes, with an infirmity peculiar to age, his own exploits; and one would think Horace had him in his eye,

Laudator temporis acti
Se puero.

A. P. 173-174.

Bk. 24. 189.

Him [Priam] Hermes to Achilles shall convey.

The intervention of Mercury was very necessary at this time, and by it the poet not only gives an air of probability to the relation, but also pays a compliment to his countrymen the Grecians: they kept so strict a guard that nothing but a god could pass unobserved; this highly recommends their military discipline; and Priam not being able to carry the ransom without a chariot, it would have been an offence against probability to have supposed him able to have passed all the guards of the army in his chariot, without the assistance of some deity: Horace had this passage in his view, Ode the Xth of the first book,

Iniqua Trojæ castra fefellit.

O. 1. 10. 15-16.

195. The winged Iris drives, etc.

To Mons. Rapin's objection to the many 'machines' made use of in the obtaining of Hector's body, that it was not necessary that a god should have suggested this to Priam, Pope makes the following reply:

But this critic entirely forgets what rendered such a conduct of absolute necessity; namely, the extreme danger and . . . imminent ruin both of king and state, upon Priam's putting himself into the power of his most inveterate enemy. . . . It was *dignus vindice nodus,* as Horace expresses it.

A. P. 191.

519. Blest is the man, etc.

Having remarked upon this passage, and upon Homer's use of 'poetical justice' in making Hector 'the care of heaven' after his death, 'because he was a good man, and obedient to the gods,' Pope adds:

I think it necessary to take notice to the reader, that nothing is more admirable than the conduct of Homer

throughout his whole poem, in respect to morality. He justifies the character of Horace,

> Quid pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non
> Plenius et melius Chrysippo et Crantore dicit.
>
> *E.* 1. 2. 3.

Notes upon the Odyssey.

All the notes to the translation of the *Odyssey* were written by Broome. In them there is frequent reference to the critical judgment of Horace, more frequent than in Pope's notes to the *Iliad.*

Postscript to the Odyssey.

The *Odyssey* is a moral and political work, instructive to all degrees of men, and filled with images, examples and precepts of civil and domestic life. Homer is here a person

> Qui didicit, patriæ quid debeat, et quid amicis,
> Quo sit amore parens, quo frater amandus, et hospes:
>
> *A. P.* 312-313.

> Qui quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,
> Plenius et melius Chrysippo et Crantore dicit.
>
> *E.* 1. 2. 3-4.

—It is rather to the *Odyssey* that Horace gives the preference, in the Epistle to Lollius, and in the Art of Poetry.

E. 1. 2. 1 f. (especially 17-31), and *A. P.* 140 f.

The Plan of an Epic Poem. To have been Written in Blank Verse, and intitled, Brutus.[1]

The Second Book opens with a picture of the Supreme God in all his majesty, sitting on his throne in the highest Heaven. The Superintending Angel of the Trojans' empire (the *Regnum Priami vetus*) falls down before the throne, etc.

O. 1. 15. 8.

A Letter to a Noble Lord.

5. 429. *Fanny* (my Lord) is the plain English of *Fannius,* a real person, who was a foolish critic, and an enemy of Horace, perhaps a noble one; so (if your Latin be gone in earnest) I must acquaint you, the word *Beatus* may be construed;

> Beatus Fannius! ultro
> Delatis capsis et imagine.
>
> *S.* 1. 4. 21-22.

[1] This is not included in Courthope's ed. of Pope's *Wks.;* it is to be found in Roscoe's ed. 7. 333.

This *Fannius* was, it seems, extremely fond both of his *poetry* and his *person,* which appears by the pictures and statues he caused to be made of himself, and by his great diligence to propagate bad verses at court, and get them admitted into the library of Augustus. He was moreover of a delicate or effeminate complexion, and constant at the assemblies and operas of those days, where he took it into his head to slander poor Horace:

> Ineptus
> Fannius, Hermogenis lædat conviva Tigelli;
> *S.* 1. 10. 79-80.

till it provoked him at last just to name him, give him a lash, and send him whimpering to the ladies.

> Discipularum *inter jubeo plorare cathedras.*
> *S.* 1. 10. 91.

So much for *Fanny,* my Lord. The word *spins,* (as Dr. Freind, or even Dr. Sherwin could assure you) was the literal translation of *deduci;* a metaphor taken from a *silk-worm,* my Lord, to signify any slight, silken, or (as your Lordship and the ladies call it) *flimsy* piece of work. I presume your Lordship has enough of this, to convince you there was nothing personal but to that Fannius, who with all his fine accomplishments had never been heard of, but for that Horace he injured.

This passage refers to lines 5-6 of Pope's *Imitation of the First Satire of the Second Book of Horace:*

> The lines are weak, another's pleased to say,
> Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day,

which are a translation of *S.* 2. 1. 2-4.

3. *Letters.*

To the Duchess of Marlborough.

(5. 409-410) 1741. Horace (the first of the name, who was no fool) has settled this matter, and writ a whole discourse to show that all folks are mad (even poets not excepted), he only begs one favour, that the greater madmen would spare the lesser.

S. 2. 3. (especially 326).

To Henry Cromwell.

(6. 71) May 10, 1708. As for fame, renown, reputation, take them, critics!

Tradam protervis in mare *criticum*
Ventis.

O. 1. 26. 2-3.

Pope, by the change of a letter—*Creticum* to *criticum,* quotes Horace to his purpose.

(6. 74) Jan. 22, 1708-9. You will find, I doubt not, upon reading, that Statius was none of the discreetest poets, though he was the best versifier next Virgil. In the very beginning he unluckily betrays his ignorance in the rules of poetry (which Horace had already taught the Romans) when he asks his Muse where to begin his Thebaid, and seems to doubt whether it should not be *ab ovo Ledæo.*

A. P. 147-149.

(6. 78-79) June 10, 1709. I have received part of the version of Statius, and return you my thanks for your remarks, which I think to be just, except where you cry out, like one in Horace's Art of Poetry, *pulchre, bene, recte!* There I have some fears you are often, if not always, in the wrong.

A. P. 428.

(6. 86) Oct. 19, 1709. Sir,—I may truly say I am more obliged to you this summer than to any of my acquaintance, for had it not been for the two kind letters you sent me, I had been perfectly *oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus et illis.*

E. 1. 11. 9.

(6. 94) May 17, 1710. But I fear I must be forced, like many learned authors, to write my own epitaph, if I would be remembered at all. . . . In my present, living, dead condition, nothing would be properer than *oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus et illis,* but that unluckily I cannot quite forget my friends, and the civilities I received from one Mr. Cromwell, and some others.

E. 1. 11. 9.

(*Ibid.*) All this I mention for your edification and example, that *tout plein de vie* as you are, yet you may not sometimes disdain *desipere in loco.*

O. 4. 12. 28.

(6. 107) Oct. 28, 1710. I agree with you in your censure of the use of sea terms in Mr. Dryden's Virgil; not only because Helenus was no great prophet in those matters, but because no terms of art, or cant-words, suit with the majesty and dignity of style which Epic poetry requires. *Cui mens divinior atque os magna soniturum.* *S.* 1. 4. 43-44.

(6. 122-123) June 25, 1711. P. S. Pray bring a very considerable number of pint bottles with you. This might seem a strange odd request, if you had not told me you would stay but as many days as you brought bottles; therefore you cannot bring too many, though we are here no drunkards. It is a fine thing to have a learned quotation for every occasion, and Horace helps me to one now.

> Non ego te meis
> Immunem meditor tingere poculis,
> Plena dives ut in domo.—*Lib.* 4, *Ode* 12.

And to another, *Ep.* 5, *lib.* 1, *v.* 21:—

> Hæc ego procurare et idoneus imperor, et non
> Invitus, ne turpe toral, ne sordida mappa
> Corruget nares.

And once more, *Sat.* 2, *lib.* 2, *v.* 120:—

> Bene erit, non piscibus urbe petitis
> Sed pullo atque hædo; tum pensilis uva secundas
> Et nux ornabit mensas, cum duplice ficu.

To John Caryll.

(6. 171) Dec. 5, 1712. *Virtute mea me involvo,* as Horace expresses it; I wrap myself up in the conscience of my integrity, and sleep after it as quietly as I can. *O.* 3. 29. 55.

(6. 176-177) Dec. 21, 1712. I shall here put together several beautiful winter pieces of the poets, which have occurred to my memory on this occasion. It may not perhaps be disagreeable to you to compare what lively images nature has presented in different views to some of the greatest geniuses for description which the world ever bred. I shall confine myself to one circumstance only, that of snow, [here follow examples from Homer and Virgil, then:] Hor. Lib. 1, ode 9.

> Vides ut alta stet nive candidum
> Soracte, nec jam sustineant onus
> Sylvæ laborantes?
> *O.* 1. 9. 1-3.

(6. 178) *Ibid.* These are the scenes the season presents to me, and what can be more ridiculous than that in the midst of this bleak prospect that sets my very imagination a-shivering, I am endeavouring to raise up round about me a painted scene of woods and forests in verdure and beauty, trees springing, fields flowering, nature laughing [in the poem on Windsor Forest]. I am wandering through bowers and grottoes in conceit, and while my trembling body is cowering over a fire, my mind is expatiating in an open sunshine.

Videor pios
Errare per lucos, amœnæ
Quos et aquæ subeunt et auræ.
O. 3. 4. 6-8.

(6. 181) Feb. 1712-3. I remember Horace, in one of his Odes, to express the friendship Septimius bore him, addresses him as one who would travel the world over in his company, and makes this the chief part of the character by which he recommends him to posterity.

O. 2. 6.

(6. 218) Aug. 16, 1714. I remember what Horace said of fortune:—

Si celeres quatit
Pennas, resigno quæ dedit, et mea
Virtute me involvo, probamque
Pauperiem sine dote quæro.
O. 3. 29. 53-56.

(6. 258) Feb. 4, [1718]. Pray pardon this [letter concerning the last volume of the translation of Homer's *Iliad*], which I believe will be the last imposition of the kind that I shall charge you with, my poetical affairs drawing towards a fair period. I hope the day will shortly come when I may honestly say:—

Nunc itaque et versus et cætera ludicra pono,
Quid verum atque decens, curo et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum.
E. 1. 1. 10-11.

That *cætera ludicra* is very comprehensive; it includes visiting, masquerading, play hunting, sauntering, and, indeed, almost includes all that the world calls living.

(6. 330) March 29, [1732]. And pray do not make the punctuality of my correspondence the measure of the temper of my heart; for there are a hundred accidental causes for my omissions in a state of life so dissipated when abroad, and

so busied when at home, as mine, I think, is for ever doomed to be. Perditur hæc inter misero lux.

S. 2. 6. 59.

To Edward Blount.

(6. 366) Jan. 21, 1715-6. [On the death of Wycherley:] The wisest and wittiest of men are seldom wiser or wittier than others in these sober moments: at least, our friend ended much in the character he had lived in; and Horace's rule for a play, may as well be applied to him as a playwright:—

Servetur ad imum
Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constet.

A. P. 126-127.

(6. 382) June 27, 1723.

Life's vain amusements, amidst which we dwell;
Not weighed or understood by the grim God of Hell!

said a heathen poet, as he is translated by a Christian bishop.

O. 2. 3.

To William Congreve.

(6. 412) Jan. 16, 1714-5. —This puts me in mind of re-acknowledging your continued endeavours to enrich me; but, I can tell you, it is to no purpose, for without the *Opes Æquum mi animum ipse parabo.*

E. 1. 18. 112.

To Dean Swift.

(7. 40) Aug., 1723. To have pleased great men, according to Horace, is a praise; but not to have flattered them, and yet not have displeased them, is a greater.

E. 1. 17. 35.

(7. 71) Aug. 22, 1726. I will bring you over just such another present, when I go to the deanery of St. Patrick's, which I promise you to do, if ever I am enabled to return your kindness. *Donarem pateras, &c.*

O. 4. 8. 1.

(7. 87) Nov. 16, 1726. Surely, without flattery, you are now above all parties of men, and it is high time to be so after twenty or thirty years' observation of the great world.

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri.

E. 1. 1. 14.

[1] *Horace, Book 2, Ode 3, Imitated by Atterbury.* See *Epistolar Corresp., Charges, Speeches, and Misc., of Francis Atterbury,* 178 2. 402.

(7. 90) Nov. 17, 1726. We all rejoice that you have fixed he precise time of your coming to be *cum hirundine prima.*

E. 1. 7. 13.

(7. 112) Jan., [1727-8]. My Lord Oxford has given me a great gold cup and salver, which quite eclipses your silver ones.

Micat inter omnes
Harlæum sidus, velut inter ignes
Luna minores.

O. 1. 12. 46-48.[1]

To Thomas Sheridan.

(7. 138) [Oct. 12, 1728]. Were I my own master (which I thank God I yet am in all points but one, where humanity only constrains me), I would infallibly see Ireland before I die. But whether that, or many other of my little, though warm designs, will ever take effect,

Caliginosa nocte premit Deus!

O. 3. 29. 30.

To Dean Swift.

(7. 159) Oct. 9, 1729. Gay is sixty miles off. . . . He is the same man. So is every one here that you know: mankind is unamendable. *Optimus ille qui minimis urgetur.*

S. 1. 3. 69.

(7. 172) Nov. 28, 1729. I throw my javelin of hope no further. *Cur brevi fortes jaculamur ævo, &c.*

O. 2. 16. 17.

(7. 258) Dec. 1, 1731. I am glad you resolve to meddle no more with the low concerns and interests of parties, even of countries; for countries are but larger parties. *Quid verum atque decens, curare, et rogare, nostrum sit.*

E. 1. 1. 11.[2]

(7. 341) March 25, 1736. [Having sketched his plans for the continuation of his *Essay on Man*, Pope adds:] But alas! the task is great, and *non sum qualis eram!*

O. 4. 1. 3.

To Viscount Bolingbroke.

(7. 403) Apr. 9, 1724. In the meantime I see visions of her [Lady Bolingbroke] and of *La Source.*

1 [Micat inter omnes
Julium sidus.]

2 [Curo et rogo et omnis in hoc sum.]

An me ludit amabilis
Insania? Audire, et videor pios
Errare per lucos, amœnæ
Quos et aquæ subeunt et auræ.
O. 3. 4. 5-8.

What pleasing frenzy steals away my soul?
Through thy blest shades, La Source, I seem to rove;
I see thy fountains fall, thy waters roll,
And breathe the zephyrs that refresh thy grove;
I hear whatever can delight inspire
Villette's soft voice, and St. John's silver lyre.
Seu voce nunc mavis acuta
Seu fidibus, citharave Phœbi.
3-4.

I cannot subscribe myself better than as Horace did:
Vestris amicum fontibus et choris.
25.

To Charles Jervas.

(8. 23) Nov. 29, 1716. *Oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus et illis,* might be Horace's wish, but will never be mine while I have such *meorums* as Dr. Parnell and Dr. Swift.
E. 1. 11. 9.

To William Broome.

(8. 56) July 9, [1722]. But to say truth, *Fungar vice cotis, &c.,* is at present applicable to me, for I am good for nothing just now but to whet others.
A. P. 304.

(8. 67) July 14, [1723]. So money upon money increases, copulates, and multiplies, and guineas beget guineas in *sæcula sæculorum.*

O cives, cives! quærenda pecunia primum est
Virtus post nummos.
E. 1. 1. 53-54.

To Lord Oxford.

(8. 272) [1730]. I wish a small cellar of strong beer were somewhere under the library [at Wimpole], as a proper brown study for the country gentlemen, while the Cantabrigians are employed above, unless any of the latter, for change and amusement, shall choose to descend to the former and De-*sip*-ere in loco, as Bentley's Horace has it.
O. 4. 12. 28.

(8. 278) Dec., 1730. —one of those miseries which individuals are subject to from the too general distribution of laws.

Delirant optimates, plectantur populi.

E. 1. 2. 14.[1]

(8. 296) Apr. 28, 1732. —a phrase or a misnomer to that *genus irritabile* is unpardonable.

E. 2. 2. 102.

To Lord Orrery.

(8. 515) Sept. 30, 1743. *Sic me servavit Apollo.* The doctor has had an escape, and so have I.

S. 1. 9. 78.

To Dr. Atterbury.

(9. 42) March 14, 1721-22. I heartily wish, *Quod superest, ut tibi vivas*—that you may teach me how to do the same.

E. 1. 18. 107-108.

(9. 51) July 27, [1722]. I am pleased with those Latin verses extremely, which are so very good that I thought them yours, till you called them an Horatian Cento, and then I recollected the *disjecta membra poetæ.*

S. 1. 4. 62.[2]

To William Fortescue.

(9. 114) Wednesday. I wish you sincerely joy of what I am told is given you, and shall always make it my wish to heaven for you, *Det vitam, det opes, æquam animam tibi ipse parabis.*

E. 1. 18. 112.

(9. 121) Sunday, Feb. 1732-3. I wish you a judge that you may sleep and be quiet; *ut in otia tute recedas.*

S. 1. 1. 31.

(9. 135) March 26, 1736. The sun at this season, and in this climate, is not to be too much depended on. *Miseri quibus intentata nites!* may be applied to the favours and smiles of the English planet, as properly as to those of an Italian lady

O. 1. 5. 13.

To Ralph Allen.

(9. 199) Indeed, I think all my vanities of this sort at an end; and I will excuse them to the connoisseurs, by setting open my door, in conclusion of them, *Parvum parva decent.*

E. 1. 7. 44.

[1] [Delirant reges plectuntur Achivi.]

[2] [Disjecti membra poetæ.]

To William Warburton.

(9. 205) Sept. 20, 1739. I therefore depend on your promise; and so much as my constitution suffers by the winter, I yet assure you, such an acquisition will make the spring much the more welcome to me, when it is to bring you hither, *cum zephyris et hirundine prima.*

E. 1. 7. 13.

(9. 210) June 24, 1740. Indeed my languid state of health, and frequent deficiency of spirits, together with a number of dissipations, *et aliena negotia centum,* all conspire to throw a faintness and cool appearance over my conduct to those I best love; which I perpetually feel, and grieve at.

S. 2. 6. 33.

(9. 220) Nov. 12, 1741. He [Mr. Allen] is sincerer and plainer than almost any man now in this world, *antiquis moribus.*

S. 2. 7. 23.[1]

(9. 221) Nov. 12, 1741. Is all this a dream? or can you make it a reality? can you give ear to me?

> Audistin'? an me ludit amabilis
> Insania?

O. 3. 4. 5.

(9. 223) Apr. 23, 1742. I have been so hurried of late, *alienis negotiis,* that I have not seen Mr. Knapton, nor know what he has proposed about the Shakespeare.

S. 2. 6. 33.

To Lord Marchmont.

(10. 156-157) Jan. 10, 1739. You cannot think how three months of this winter have thinned my correspondences, the leaves have dropped off more and more every week. The world about St. James's could not faster forget a retired Minister, but I think I can forget that world much easier than he could do. I am learning Horace's verse—

> Oblitusque meorum obliviscendus et illis;

but I learn it (what I think the best way) backwards:

> In unambitious silence be my lot,
> Yet ne'er a friend forgetting, till forgot!

E. 1. 11. 9.

[1] [Laudas
Fortunam et mores antiquæ plebis.]

To Lords Marchmont and Bolingbroke.

(10. 170) Jan. 1743-4.

Quadrigis petimus bene vivere,

is literally true, when one cannot get into good company without horses; and such is my case.

E. 1. 11. 29.

D. DIRECT MENTION OF HORACE.

1. *Poetry.*

An Essay on Criticism.

(2. 75) 653-664.

Horace still charms with graceful negligence,
And without method talks us into sense;
Will, like a friend, familiarly convey
The truest notions in the easiest way.
He, who supreme in judgment, as in wit,
Might boldly censure, as he boldly writ,
Yet judged with coolness, though he sung with fire;
His precepts teach but what his works inspire.
Our critics take a contrary extreme,
They judge with fury, but they write with phlegm:
Nor suffers Horace more in wrong translations
By wits, than critics in as wrong quotations.

(2. 79) 714.

And Boileau still in right of Horace sways.

Prologue to the Satires.

(3. 259) 234.

Horace and he went hand in hand with song.

Epilogue to the Satires.

(3. 455) The *First Dialogue* was published originally in 1738, under the title, *One Thousand Seven Hundred and Thirty-eight. A Dialogue something like Horace.*

(3. 457-459) 1. 7-22.

'T is all from Horace; Horace long before ye
Said, 'Tories called him Whig, and Whigs a Tory;'
And taught his Romans, in much better metre,
'To laugh at fools who put their trust in Peter.'
But Horace, Sir, was delicate, was nice;
Bubo observes, he lashed no sort of vice:

Horace would say, Sir Billy served the Crown,
Blunt could do business, H-ggins knew the town;
In Sappho touch the failings of the sex,
In reverend bishops note some small neglects,
And own the Spaniard did a waggish thing,
Who cropped our ears, and sent them to the king.
His sly, polite, insinuating style
Could please at Court, and make Augustus smile:
An artful manager, that crept between
His friend and shame, and was a kind of screen.

Dunciad.

Testimonies of Authors.

Under this title Pope, masquerading as Martinus Scriblerus, has collected a number of comments upon the *Dunciad* by his contemporaries. Those portions in which Horace is mentioned are here noted, with the names of their several authors:

(4. 56) Mr. Leonard Welsted.

As to the numerous treatises, essays, arts, &c., both in verse and prose, that have been written by the moderns on this groundwork, they do but hackney the same thoughts over again, making them still more trite. Most of their pieces are nothing but a pert, insipid heap of commonplace. Horace has even in his Art of Poetry thrown out several things which plainly shew, he thought an Art of Poetry was of no use, even while he was writing one.

(4. 56-57) Mr. Addison.

'The Art of Criticism,' saith he, 'which was published some months since, is a master-piece in its kind. The observations follow one another, like those in Horace's Art of Poetry, without that methodical regularity which would have been requisite in a prose writer. . . . If a reader examines Horace's Art of Poetry, he will find but few precepts in it, which he may not meet with in Aristotle, and which were not commonly known by all the poets of the Augustan age. His way of expressing, and applying them, not his invention of them, is what we are chiefly to admire.

(4. 74) Mr. Leonard Welsted.

However, lest we imagine our author's success was constant and universal, they acquaint us of certain works in a less degree of repute, whereof, although owned by others, yet do they assure us he is the writer. Of this sort Mr. Dennis

ascribes to him . . . an imitation of Horace, whose title he does not mention, but assures us, it is much more execrable than all his works.

Ricardus Aristarchus of the Hero of the Poem.

(4. 90-91) From this principle it follows that nothing can exceed our hero's prowess, as nothing ever equalled the greatness of his conceptions. Hear how he constantly paragons himself: at one time to Alexander the Great, &c. &c., . . . At another time, . . . to Horace, Montaigne, and Sir William Temple, for an elegant vanity that maketh them for ever read and admired.

(4. 117) 1. 199.

What can I now? my Fletcher cast aside.

—which in the early editions stood as

What can I now? my Flaccus cast aside.

(4. 173) 3. 169. Flow, Welsted, flow!

[Part of Pope's own note on Welsted is as follows:]
. . . he published a book of poems, some in the Ovidian, some in the Horatian manner, in both which the most exquisite Judges pronounce he even rivalled his masters.

(4. 202) 4. 224.

And Alsop never but like Horace joke:

Pope and Warburton give the following note upon this line:

Dr. Anthony Alsop, a happy imitator of the Horatian style.

(4. 209) 4. 394. [Pope and Warburton add a note upon Dr. James Douglas, referred to in this line:] A physician of great learning and no less taste; above all curious in what related to Horace, of whom he collected every edition, translation, and comment, to the number of several hundred volumes.

Miscellaneous Poems.

(4. 392) *For One who would not be buried in Westminster Abbey.*

Heroes and kings! your distance keep:
In peace let one poor poet sleep,
Who never flatter'd folks like you:
Let Horace blush, and Virgil too.

2. *Prose Writings.*

Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus.

(10. 320-321) Ch. 9. [Martinus] conceived, that somewhat of a like talent to this of Crambe, of assembling parallel sounds, either syllables or words, might conduce to the emendation and correction of ancient authors, if applied to their works, with the same diligence, and the same liberty. He resolved to try first upon Virgil, Horace and Terence; concluding, that, if the most correct authors could be so served with any reputation to the critic, the amendment and alteration of all the rest would easily follow; whereby a new, a vast, nay boundless field of glory would be opened to the true and absolute critic. . . . His Terence and Horace are in every body's hands under the names of Richard B---ley, and Francis H---re.

Guardian.

(10. 528) No. 92. We are likewise particularly careful to communicate in the Club [a society, sworn to dare to be short, and boldly bear out the dignity of littleness under the noses of those enormous engrossers of mankind, those hyperbolical monsters of the species, the tall fellows that overlook us] all such passages of history, or characters of illustrious personages, as any way reflect honour on little men. . . . Dick Distick celebrates the exceeding humanity of Augustus, who called Horace *lepidissimum homunciolum.*

A Letter to a Noble Lord.

(5. 426) I never heard of the least displeasure you had conceived against me, till I was told that an imitation I had made of Horace[1] had offended some persons, and among them your Lordship.

(5. 428) Give me the liberty, my Lord, to tell you, why I never replied to those *verses on the imitator of Horace.*[2]

(5. 438) What would I not do to be well with your Lordship? Though, you observe, I am a mere *imitator of Homer, Horace, Boileau, Garth,* &c. (which I have the less cause to be ashamed of, since they were imitators of one another), yet what if I should solemnly engage never to imitate your Lordship?

[1] *Imitation of the First Satire of the Second Book.*

[2] *Verses to the Imitator of Horace,* 1732, by Lord Hervey and Lady M. W. Montagu.

3. *Letters.*

To John Caryll.

(6. 169) [Nov. 29, 1712]. —Diminutives are as often in Latin taken for expressions of tenderness and concern. Had Augustus only called Horace *lepidum hominem,* it had amounted to no more than he thought him *a pleasant fellow.* It was the *homunciolum* that expressed the love and tenderness that great emperor had for him.

Pope has repeated much of this in a letter to Steele dated November 29, 1712. (See 6. 396.)

(6. 340) March 20, 1732-3. I have made noise enough for one winter, though I have done another of Horace's satires[1] since I wrote to you last, and much in the same space of time as I did the former.

(6. 352) Dec. 31, 1734. There is a piece of poetry from Horace[2] come out, which I warn you not to take for mine, though some people are willing to fix it on me: in truth I should think it a very indecent sermon, after the *Essay on Man.*

(6. 356) May 12, 1735. What I said to you on the *Essay on Reason*[3] was true. I think it a piece much more worthy a serious man, that is, of myself, for such I am, and I hope you know me enough to think me so, than that idle parody upon Horace which some imputed to me.

To Dean Swift.

(7. 104) Oct. 22, 1727. —Horace might keep his coach in Augustus's time if he pleased; but I will not in the time of our Augustus.

(7. 175) Nov. 28, 1729. The work he [Lord Bolingbroke] speaks of with such abundant partiality is a system of ethics in the Horatian way.[4]

(7. 297) Feb. 16, 1732-3. It was I that sent you those books into Ireland, and so I did my epistle to Lord Bathurst, even before it was published, and another thing of mine, which is a parody from Horace, writ in two mornings. [Sat. 1. Lib. 2.] I never took more care in my life of anything than of the former of these, nor less than of the latter. Yet every friend has forced me to print it, though in truth

[1] *Imitation of the Second Satire of the Second Book.*

[2] *Sober Advice from Horace.*

[3] By Walter Harte.

[4] *Moral Essays.*

my own single motive was about twenty lines toward the latter end, which you will find out.

(7. 307) Apr. 2, 1733. —I have translated, or rather parodied, another of Horace's,[1] in which I introduce you advising me about my expenses, housekeeping, &c.

(7. 324) Sept. 15, 1734. —Whether I can proceed in the same grave march like Lucretius, or must descend to the gaieties of Horace, I know not; or whether I can do either.

To Dr. Arbuthnot.

(7. 483) July 26, 1734. It is certain, much freer satirists than I have enjoyed the encouragement and protection of the princes under whom they lived. Augustus and Mæcenas made Horace their companion, though he had been in arms on the side of Brutus; and, allow me to remark, it was out of the suffering party too, that they favoured and distinguished Virgil. You will not suspect me of comparing myself with Virgil and Horace, nor even with another court favourite, Boileau. I have always been too modest to imagine my panegyrics were incense worthy of a court; and that, I hope, will be thought the true reason why I have never offered any. I would only have observed, that it was under the greatest princes and best ministers, that moral satirists were most encouraged, and that then poets exercised the same jurisdiction over the follies, as historians did over the vices of men. It may also be worth considering, whether Augustus himself makes the greater figure, in the writings of the former, or of the latter? and whether Nero and Domitian do not appear as ridiculous for their false taste and affectation in Persius and Juvenal, as odious for their bad government in Tacitus and Suetonius? In the first of these reigns it was that Horace was protected and caressed, and in the latter that Lucan was put to death and Juvenal banished.

To William Fortescue.

(9. 121) Sunday, Feb. 1732-3. Have you seen my imitation of Horace?[2] I fancy it will make you smile; but though, when first I began it, I thought of you, before I came to end it, I considered it might be too ludicrous, to a man of your situation and grave acquaintance, to make you Trebatius, who was yet one of the most considerable lawyers of his time, and a particular friend of a poet. In both which circum-

[1] *Imitation of the Second Satire of the Second Book.*

[2] *Imitation of the First Satire of the Second Book.*

stances I rejoice that you resemble him, but am chiefly pleased that you do it in the latter.

To William Warburton.

(9. 238) Jan. 12, 1743-4. . . . I go on softly to prepare the great edition of my things with your notes, and as fast as I receive any from you, I add others in order, determining to finish the *Epistles to Dr. Arbuthnot* and two or three of the best of Horace, particularly that to Augustus, first, which will fall into the same volume with the *Essay on Man.*

To the Duke of Buckingham.

(10. 145) Sept. 1, 1718. His [M. Dacier's] remarks on Horace show more good sense, penetration, and a better taste of his author, . . . than any of hers [Mme. Dacier's] on any author whatever.

(10. 146-147) *Ibid.* Not but that . . . I doubt as little of the zeal of commentators as of the zeal of divines, and am as ready to believe . . . that, in defect of Scripture to quarrel upon, we should have the French, Italian, and Dutch commentators ready to burn one another about Homer, Virgil, Terence, and Horace.

To the Earl of Burlington.

(10. 205) [1716]. [Pope makes Lintot speak:] 'My printer . . . said that Mr. Tonson had just such another design of going to Cambridge, expecting there the copy of a new kind of Horace from Dr. Bentley, and if Mr. Tonson went, he was pre-engaged to attend him, being to have the printing of the said copy.'

(10. 206-207) *Ibid.* As Mr. Lintot was talking, I observed he sat uneasy on his saddle, for which I expressed some solicitude; 'Nothing, (says he) I can bear it well enough; but since we have the day before us, methinks it would be very pleasant for you to rest awhile under the woods.' When we were alighted: 'See here, what a mighty pretty Horace I have in my pocket! what if you amused yourself in turning an ode, till we mount again? Lord! if you pleased, what a clever Miscellany might you make at leisure hours?' Perhaps I may, said I, if we ride on; the motion is an aid to my fancy, a round trot very much awakens my spirits; then jog on apace, and I'll think as hard as I can.

Silence ensued for a full hour; after which Mr. Lintot lugged the reins, stopped short, and broke out, 'Well, Sir, how far have you gone?' I answered, Seven miles, 'Z---ds, Sir,' said Lintot, 'I thought you had done seven stanzas.

Oldsworth, in a ramble round Wimbleton-hill, would translate a whole ode in half this time. I'll say that for Oldsworth, he translates an ode of Horace the quickest of any man in England.'

E. IMPLICIT ALLUSION TO HORACE.

1. *Poetry.*

January and May.

(1. 137) 353.

> Meantime the vig'rous dancers beat the ground,
> And songs were sung, and flowing bowls went round.

Where Chaucer says that 'men daunce,' Pope has used the expression 'beat the ground,' as Horace in *O.* 1. 4. 7: *terram quatiunt,* and in *O.* 4. 1. 28: *quatient humum.*

The Temple of Fame.

(1. 207) 85-86.

> Amphion there the loud-creating lyre
> Strikes, and beholds a sudden Thebes aspire!

In his translation of the *First Book of Statius's Thebais,* Pope, translating Statius, has the lines (11-12):

> Or how from joining stones the city sprung,
> While to his harp divine Amphion sung.

So that he may have had Statius chiefly in his mind while writing these lines in the *Temple of Fame;* but at the same time he seems to have been not unmindful of Horace, *A. P.* 394-396.

(1. 215) 210. Four swans sustain a car of silver bright.

Wakefield finds a similitude here to the *Dircæum cycnum* of Horace, *O.* 4, 2. 25.

Pastoral 1. Spring.

(1. 271) 53-56.

> Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,
> Then hid in shades, eludes her eager swain;
> But feigns a laugh to see me search around,
> And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

Cf. *O.* 1. 9. 21-22.

(1. 273) 77-79.

> In spring the fields, in autumn hills I love,
> At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove,
> But Delia always.

There is perhaps an echo here of *O.* 1. 22. 21-23.

Windsor Forest.

(1. 353) 227-228.

> Nor Po so swells the fabling poet's lays,
> While led along the skies his current strays.

The original of this couplet was:

> Not fabled Po more swells the poet's lays,
> While thro' the skies his shining current strays.
>
> Cf. *O.* 1. 22. 7-8.

(1. 355) 235-240.

> Happy the man whom this bright court approves,
> His sov'reign favours, and his country loves:
> Happy next him, who to these shades retires,
> Whom nature charms, and whom the muse inspires:
> Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet please,
> Successive study, exercise, and ease.

Wakefield thinks that Pope had in view Virgil's second *Georgic* in writing these lines; Pope was very likely also thinking of Horace's second Epode.

249-250. Or wand'ring thoughtful in the silent wood,
Attends the duties of the wise and good.

Elwin draws attention to the fact that these lines are imitated from Creech's translation of Horace,

> Or dost thou gravely walk the healthy wood,
> Considering what befits the wise and good,

rather than from the original passage, *E.* 1. 4. 4-5.

(1. 360) 325-326.

> A dreadful series of intestine wars,
> Inglorious triumphs and dishonest scars.

Elwin points out that Pope again had in mind, when he wrote this couplet, Creech's translation of Horace, *O.* 1. 35. 33-34:

I blush at the dishonest show,
I die to see the wounds and scars,
Those glories of our civil wars.

(1. 367) 423-426.

Here cease thy flight, nor with unhallowed lays
Touch the fair fame of Albion's golden days:
The thoughts of gods let Granville's verse recite,
And bring the scenes of opening fate to light.

Elwin finds a likeness to Addison's translation of Horace's Ode 3. 3. 70-72:

But hold, my muse, forbear thy tow'ring flight,
Nor bring the secrets of the gods to light.

An Essay on Criticism.

(2. 35) 34. If Mævius scribble in Apollo's spite,

'Mævius' has been made famous by Horace, *Epd.* 10, and by Virgil. Thomas Arnold (*Selected Poems of Pope,* 1876) compares the expression 'in Apollo's spite' with Horace's phrase, *invita Minerva, A. P.* 385.

(2. 36) 46-51.

But you who seek to give and merit fame,
And justly bear a critic's noble name,
Be sure yourself and your own reach to know,
How far your genius, taste, and learning go;
Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet,
And mark that point where sense and dulness meet.
Cf. *A. P.* 38-40.

(2. 41) 124-125.

Be Homer's works your study and delight,
Read them by day, and meditate by night;
Cf. *A. P.* 268-269.

(2. 43) 160. Wakefield, in a note to this line, explains that 'another couplet originally followed here:

But care in poetry must still be had;
It asks discretion ev'n in running mad:

which is the *insanire* [*cum*] *ratione* taken from Terence by Horace.'

S. 2. 3. 271.

(2. 44) 171-174.

> Some figures monstrous and mis-shaped appear,
> Considered singly, or beheld too near,
> Which, but proportioned to their light, or place,
> Due distance reconciles to form and grace.
>
> Cf. *A. P.* 361-363.

179-180. Those oft are stratagems which errors seem,
Nor is it Homer nods but we that dream.

Pope himself gives Quintilian as the source of this couplet; he must also have had in mind Horace's line, *A. P.* 359.

(2. 48) 233-236.

> A perfect judge will read each work of wit
> With the same spirit that its author writ:
> Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find
> Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;

Pope again refers to Quintilian as his source, but in writing lines 235-236 he must also have been thinking of Horace, *A. P.* 351-352.

(2. 48-49) 243-252.

> In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts
> Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts;
> 'T is not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
> But the joint force and full result of all.
> Thus when we view some well-proportioned dome,
> (The world's just wonder, and ev'n thine, O Rome!)
> No single parts unequally surprise,
> All comes united to th' admiring eyes;
> No monstrous height, or breadth, or length, appear;
> The whole at once is bold and regular.
>
> Cf. *A. P.* 32-37.

(2. 49) 257-258.

> And if the means be just, the conduct true,
> Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.
>
> Cf. *A. P.* 351-352.

(2. 51) 297-298.

> True wit is nature to advantage dressed;
> What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed.

Pope quotes Quintilian as his source for this couplet. But Elwin cites a passage from Boileau from which the lines are derived:

'Qu'est-ce qu'une pensée neuve, brillante, extraordinaire? Ce n'est point, comme se le persuadent les ignorants, une pensée que personne n'a jamais eu, ni dû avoir. C'est au contraire une pensée qui a dû venir à tout le monde, et que quelqu'un s'avise le premier d'exprimer. Un bon mot n'est bon mot qu'en ce qu'il dit une chose que chacun pensoit, et qu'il la dit d'une manière vive, fine et nouvelle.'

There is a familiar line in Horace to the same purpose, *A. P.* 128.

(2. 56) 362-363.

> But ease in writing flows from art, not chance;
> As those move easiest who have learned to dance.

Pope has quoted this couplet in his *Imitation of the Second Epistle of the Second Book* (ll. 178-179) as a fitting translation of lines 124-125 of Horace's Epistle.

(2. 58) 390-391.

> Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move;
> For fools admire, but men of sense approve.

Elwin quotes from Creech's translation of Horace's Art of Poetry 455-456:

> men of sense retire,
> The boys abuse, and only fools admire.

There is also a suggestion, contained both in the thought and in the word 'admire,' of Horace's injunction beginning *Nil admirari, E.* 1. 6. 1.

(2. 59) 420-423.

> But let a lord once own the happy lines,
> How the wit brightens! how the style refines!
> Before his sacred name flies ev'ry fault,
> And each exalted stanza teems with thought!

Thomas Arnold says of this: 'So Horace's sycophantic poet applauds the verses of his high-born and wealthy patron: *A. P.* 428-430.'

(2. 63) 476-483.

Short is the date, alas! of modern rhymes,
And 't is but just to let them live betimes.
No longer now that golden age appears,
When patriarch wits survived a thousand years:
Now length of fame (our second life) is lost,
And bare threescore is all ev'n that can boast;
Our sons their fathers' failing language see,
And such as Chaucer is, shall Dryden be.

There is a slight resemblance here to the lines in the *Ars Poetica* 60-62.

(2. 73-74) 631-644.

But where's the man, who counsel can bestow,
Still pleased to teach, and yet not proud to know?
Unbiassed, or by favour, or by spite;
Not dully prepossessed, nor blindly right;
Though learn'd, well-bred; and though well-bred, sincere;
Modestly bold, and humanly severe;
Who to a friend his faults can freely show,
And gladly praise the merit of a foe?
Blest with a taste exact, yet unconfined;
A knowledge both of books and human kind;
Gen'rous converse; a soul exempt from pride;
And love to praise, with reason on his side?
Such once were critics; such the happy few,
Athens and Rome in better ages knew.

Thomas Arnold says of these lines: 'This fine description of the qualities which make a good critic was perhaps suggested by the commendation given by Horace in his Art of Poetry to the critic Quintilius; but the picture drawn by the English poet is more comprehensive and more precise, and in all ways more interesting.'

Cf. *A. P.* 438-450.

(2. 78) 702.

Stones leaped to form, and rocks began to live.

Pope perhaps had in mind the lines of the *Ars Poetica* 394-396.

The Rape of the Lock.

(2. 154) 2. 61.

Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight.

Wakefield suggests that Pope 'was thinking, perhaps, of Milton's *Penseroso,* ver. 14.

> Whose saintly visage is too bright
> To hit the sense of human sight:

where our sublime bard palpably imitates, or rather translates, a well known verse of Horace: *O.* 1. 19. 8.'

(2. 160) 3. 41.

> Four knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band.

Wakefield compares these 'knaves' to Horace's *Puer alte cinctus, S.* 2. 8. 10.

(2. 166) 3. 173-176.

> Steel could the labour of the gods destroy,
> And strike to dust th' imperial tow'rs of Troy;
> Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
> And hew triumphal arches to the ground.

Wakefield draws attention to the likeness of Pope's lines to Addison's translation of Horace, *O.* 3. 3. 65-67:

> Thrice should my favourite Greeks his work confound,
> And hew the shining fabric to the ground.

(2. 179) 5. 100.

> All that I dread is leaving you behind!

The Baron's words to Belinda sound like a satirical imitation of Horace's protestations to Mæcenas, *O.* 2. 17. 5-9.

(2. 181) 5. 149-150.

> This lock the muse shall consecrate to fame,
> And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name.

Wakefield points out that Pope's source is Cowley's imitation of Horace, *O.* 4. 2. 22-23:

> He bids him live and grow in fame,
> Among the stars he sticks his name,

rather than of the original lines.

Eloisa to Abelard.

(2. 249) 208.

> The world forgetting, by the world forgot.

Cf. *E.* 1. 11. 9.

(2. 257) 365-366.

> The well-sung woes will sooth my pensive ghost;
> He best can paint them who shall feel them most.

Johnson's comment, in his *Life of Addison,* upon this couplet is of interest: 'The last line is imitated from Addison's *Campaign.*

> Marlb'rough's exploits appear divinely bright,
> . . .
> Raised of themselves their genuine charms they boast,
> And those who paint them truest, praise them most.

This Pope had in his thoughts; but not knowing how to use what was not his own, he spoiled the thought when he had borrowed it. Martial exploits may be *painted;* perhaps *woes* may be *painted;* but they are surely not *painted* by being *well sung:* it is not easy to paint in song, or to sing in colours.' Where Pope went astray was evidently in trying to use the form of Addison's lines, and to introduce the thought, not found in Addison, of Horace:

> Si vis me flere, dolendum est
> Primum ipsi tibi.
>
> *A. P.* 102-103.

An Essay on Man.

(2. 347) 1. 1.

> Awake, my St. John! leave all meaner things
> To low ambition, and the pride of kings.

The first edition of this poem had 'Lælius' for 'St. John,' by which address Pope intimated his feeling toward Lord Bolingbroke. Cf. *S.* 2. 1. 62 f.

(2. 348) 1. 14.

> And catch the manners living as they rise.
>
> Cf. *A. P.* 317-318.

(2. 358) 1. 123-124.

> In pride, in reas'ning pride, our error lies;
> All quit their sphere and rush into the skies!
>
> Cf. *O.* 1. 3. 38.

(2. 391) 2. 204. . . . The god within the mind.

Wakefield points out the likeness in thought here to Pope's *Imitation of the Second Epistle of the Second Book* 280, and to the original lines of Horace, *E.* 2. 2. 187-189.

(2. 397) 2. 275-282.

> Behold the child, by nature's kindly law
> Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw:
> Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
> A little louder, but as empty quite:
> Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
> And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age:
> Pleased with this bauble still, as that before;
> Till tired he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.
>
> Cf. *A. P.* 161-174.

(2. 415) 3. 191-194.

> In vain thy reason finer webs shall draw,
> Entangle justice in her net of law,
> And right, too rigid, harden into wrong;
> Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.

Wakefield makes the following comment on these lines: 'There seems an allusion here to that well known maxim, *Summum jus summa injuria* (Cicero, *de Off.* 1. 10. 33, and others have written similar words), to which may be referred those lines of Horace,

> Insani sanus nomen ferat, æquus iniqui,
> Ultra quam satis est, virtutem si petat ipsam.'
>
> *E.* 1. 6. 15-16.

(2. 416) 3. 200.

> Cities were built, societies were made.

Wakefield points out that this line is chiefly borrowed from Roscommon's version of Horace's Art of Poetry 399:

> Cities were built, and useful laws were made.

(2. 417) 3. 208.

> When love was liberty, and nature law.

Wakefield suggests a resemblance between this line and the *concubitu vago* of Horace, *A. P.* 398. A similar line occurs in *Eloisa to Abelard* 92, but there is no likeness to any lines of Horace in the passage in which it occurs.

(2. 421) 3. 257-258.

Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
Whose attributes were rage, revenge, or lust.

Elwin cites Addison's translation of Horace's Ode 3. 3. 19-20.

An umpire, partial, and unjust,
And a lewd woman's impious lust.

The imitation by Pope is of Addison's words, and has no resemblance to either words or meaning of Horace.

(2. 430) 4. 16.

Fixed to no spot is happiness sincere,
'T is no where to be found, or ev'ry where.
Cf. *E.* 1. 11. 29-30.

(2. 432) 4. 33-34.

And mourn our various portions as we please,
Equal is common sense, and common ease.
Cf. *E.* 1. 18. 112.

(2. 443) 4. 205-206.

Stuck o'er with titles, and hung round with strings,
That thou may'st be by kings, or whores of kings.

Hurd points out the likeness to Cowley's translation of Horace, *E.* 1. 10. 33:

To kings or to the favourites of kings.

The imitation is plainly of Cowley, not of Horace.

(2. 450) 4. 299-300.

O wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame
E'er taught to shine, or sanctified from shame!

Pope has expressed the same thought in the *Moral Essays* 4. 179-180; both passages are based upon Horace, *O.* 2. 2. 1-4.

(2. 451) 4. 302-304.

Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,
The trophied arches, storied halls invade,
And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade.
Cf. *O.* 2. 16. 9-12.

(2. 453) 4. 331.

Slave to no sect, who takes no private road.

This line is somewhat similar to line 23 of the *Imitation of the First Epistle of the First Book:*

Sworn to no master, of no sect am I,

which is Pope's translation of Horace, *E.* 1. 1. 14.

(2. 455) 4. 379-380.

Formed by thy converse, happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe.

Wakefield points out the resemblance of these lines to the lines of Roscommon,

Your looks must alter, as your subject does,
From kind to fierce, from wanton to severe,

which are a translation of Horace's Art of Poetry 105-107.

4. 381. Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease.
Cf. *A. P.* 26-27.

(2. 456) 4. 390.

Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend.

This apostrophe to Lord Bolingbroke occurs again in the *Imitation of the First Epistle of the First Book,* line 177, where Pope uses it as a translation of Horace's lines, *E.* 1. 1. 103-105.

Moral Essays.

(3. 59) 1. 77.

Catius is ever moral, ever grave.

This is perhaps an echo of Horace's *Unde et quo Catius,* etc.
S. 2. 4. 1 f.

(3. 63) 1. 135.

'T is from high life high characters are drawn.

Courthope finds a possible source for this line in Horace, *S.* 2. 3. 94-98.

(3. 68) 1. 218-219.

Lucullus, when frugality could charm,
Had roasted turnips in the Sabine farm.

These lines suggest the contrast between the simple life that Horace lived on his Sabine farm, and the wealth and habitual extravagance of Lucullus. Horace alludes twice to Lucullus, in *E.* 1. 6. 40, and *E.* 2. 2. 26; he describes his farm at length in *E.* 1. 16. 1 f.

(3. 113) 2. 253-256.

So when the sun's broad beam has tired the sight,
All mild ascends the moon's more sober light,
Serene in virgin modesty she shines,
And unobserved the glaring orb declines.

Cf. *O.* 2. 5. 19-20.

(3. 127) 3. 9-10. Nature, as in duty bound
Deep hid the shining mischief underground.

Cf. *O.* 3. 3. 49-50.

(3. 130) 3. 24.

'T is thus we riot, while, who sow it, starve.

The spendthrift Nomentanus, in Horace's Satire 2. 3. 234 f., uses such words as these when he scatters his wealth lavishly amongst the sycophants who crowd about him.

(3. 138) 3. 95-98.

But thousands die, without or this or that,
Die, and endow a college, or a cat.
To some, indeed, Heaven grants the happier fate,
To enrich a bastard, or a son they hate.

This loveless state that riches often bring rather than alleviate is constantly set forth by Horace, especially in *O.* 2. 14. 25, and *S.* 2. 3. 122. See also *O.* 2. 3. 20; 4. 7. 19; *S.* 2. 3. 151; *E.* 1. 5. 13.

(3. 145) 3. 169-170, 173-174.

Riches, like insects, when concealed they lie,
Wait but for wings, and in their season fly.

. . .

This year a reservoir, to keep and spare;
The next, a fountain, spouting through his heir.

See the references cited for the above passage, and also especially *S.* 2. 2. 132.

(3. 148-149) 3. 219-228.

> The sense to value Riches, with the art
> T' enjoy them, and the virtue to impart,
> Not meanly, nor ambitiously pursued,
> Not sunk by sloth, nor raised by servitude;
> To balance fortune by a just expense,
> Join with economy, magnificence;
> With splendour, charity; with plenty, health;
> Oh teach us, Bathurst! yet unspoiled by wealth!
> That secret rare, between the extremes to move
> Of mad good-nature, and of mean self-love.

Pope probably had Horace's teachings in mind when he wrote this passage, for a little later (l. 246) he speaks of the golden mean. In Horace's Satire 1. 1. 101-107 the same thought is expressed somewhat differently; and the whole idea underlying Pope's lines hinges on the teaching of Ofellus in Satire 2. 2.

(3. 149) 3. 246.

> And angels guard him in the golden mean!
> Cf. *O.* 2. 10. 5.

(3. 155) 3. 319-332.

> Resolve me, Reason, which of these is worse,
> Want with a full, or with an empty purse?
> Thy life more wretched, Cutler, was confessed,
> Arise, and tell me, was thy death more blessed?
> Cutler saw tenants break, and houses fall,
> For very want; he could not build a wall.
> His only daughter in a stranger's power,
> For very want; he could not pay a dower.
> A few grey hairs his reverend temples crowned;
> 'Twas very want that sold them for two pound.
> What even denied a cordial at his end,
> Banished the doctor, and expelled the friend?
> What but a want, which you perhaps think mad,
> Yet numbers feel—the want of what he had!

The sources of this passage seem to be Horace's pictures of the miser in *S.* 2. 3. 111-121, 142-158.

(3. 175) 4. 41-42.

> Something there is more needful than expense,
> And something previous ev'n to taste—'t is sense.
> Cf. *A. P.* 309.

(3. 175) 4. 45-46.

> A light, which in yourself you must perceive;
> Jones and Le Nôtre have it not to give.

Wakefield finds a likeness in these lines to Horace, *E.* 1. 18. 112.

(3. 176) 4. 55-56.

> He gains all points, who pleasingly confounds,
> Surprises, varies, and conceals the bounds.

Cf., on Pope's own authority,[1] *A. P.* 343.

(3. 184) 4. 179-180.

> 'Tis use alone that sanctifies expense,
> And splendour borrows all her rays from sense.

This idea Pope has already expressed in the *Essay on Man* 4. 299. Cf. *O.* 2. 2. 1-4.

4. 181. His father's acres who enjoys in peace,
Cf. *Epd.* 2. 1 and 3.

(3. 185) 4. 202.

> And roll obedient rivers through the land.

Thomas Arnold points out that the particular expression of these lines is borrowed from Young's *Last Day* (Book 3):

> Who raised the vale, and laid the mountain low,
> And taught obedient rivers where to flow;

though the thought is Horace's, *A. P.* 67-68.

(3. 204) 7. 35-38.

> With sharpened sight pale antiquaries pore,
> The inscription value, but the rust adore.
> This the blue varnish, that the green endears,
> The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years!

Horace also laughs at the craze for antiquity, in *S.* 1. 3. 90-91, and *S.* 2. 3. 21.

Prologue to the Satires.

(3. 241) 3. The Dog-star rages!

[1] See also under *Quotation or Reference.*

Pope probably took this expression at second hand from Horace's *flagrantis Caniculæ, O.* 3. 13. 9, through Prior's use of it.[1] There is a similar suggestion in the *Dunciad* 4. 9.

6. They rave, recite, and madden round the land.

Courthope quotes Juvenal 3. 9,

Augusto recitantes mense poetas,

as the source of this line. Mark Pattison points out the likeness to the *recitator acerbus* of Horace, *A. P.* 474. Pope seems to have had Horace's various comments upon bores in his mind while writing the first part of this *Prologue.*

(3. 244) 32.

If foes, they write, if friends, they read me dead.
Cf. *A. P.* 475.

33. Seized and tied down to judge, how wretched I!
Cf. *S.* 1. 3. 89.

39-40. And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,
This saving counsel, 'Keep your piece nine years.'

According to Wakefield, the expression of the former line is from Horace, *E.* 1. 8. 16. The second line is an imitation of Horace's counsel, *A. P.* 386-388.

(3. 245) 49-50.

Pitholeon sends to me: 'You know his Grace,
I want a patron; ask him for a place.'

Cf. for the use of the name *Pitholeon,* on Pope's authority,[2] *S.* 1. 10. 22. The rest of the couplet is an imitation of Horace's description of his difficulty in getting rid of *quidam notus mihi nomine tantum,* who wanted to ingratiate himself with Mæcenas by means of Horace. Cf. *S.* 1. 9. 43-60.

(3. 247-248) 85-88.

Let peals of laughter, Codrus! round thee break,
Thou unconcerned canst hear the mighty crack:
Pit, box, and gallery in convulsions hurled,
Thou stand'st unshook amidst a bursting world.

[1] See *Appendix—Prior,* pp. 376-377.

[2] See also under *Quotation or Reference.*

Pope[1] refers, in a note on these lines, to *O.* 3. 3. 7-8. He is imitating the lines in Addison's translation of Horace's Ode:

> Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
> He unconcerned would hear the mighty crack.

(3. 251) 135 f.

> But why then publish? Granville the polite, etc.

Mark Pattison has the following comment on these lines: 'The enumeration of the choice spirits for whose praise the poet cared, gives effect by its contrast with the herd who decried him. In this artifice Pope imitates Boileau (*Ep.* 7. 94), as Boileau had followed Horace (*S.* 1. 10. 81).'

(3. 256) 201.

> Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer.

Courthope points out that this is from Wycherley's *Prologue to the Plain Dealer,*

> And with faint praises one another damn.

It has also an echo of Horace's *laudare maligne, E.* 2. 1. 209. Wickham, in his edition of *Horace,* quotes Pope's line to illustrate the intention of the Latin phrase.

(3. 262) 271-274.

> Why am I asked what next shall see the light?
> Heavens! was I born for nothing but to write?
> Has life no joys for me? or (to be grave)
> Have I no friend to serve, no soul to save?

The same thought is differently expressed in Horace's Epode 14. 1-5.

(3. 263-264) 283-304. This whole passage echoes the statement made by Horace in *S.* 1. 4. 63 ff., that his satire is directed against evil-doers, not against the innocent.

(3. 264) 291-292, 295-296.

> That fop, whose pride affects a patron's name,
> Yet absent, wounds an author's honest fame;
> . . .

[1] See also under *Quotation or Reference.*

Who has the vanity to call you friend,
Yet wants the honour, injured, to defend.
Cf. *S.* 1. 4. 81-82.

297-298.

Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,
And if he lie not, must at least betray.
Cf. *S.* 1. 4. 84-85.

303-304.

A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,
But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.
Cf. *S.* 1. 4. 67-68.

(3. 273) 405.

Who sprung from kings shall know less joy than I.
Cf. *E.* 1. 10. 33.

Imitations of Horace.

In his *Imitations of Horace,* Pope has frequently alluded to lines of other Odes, Satires, or Epistles than the one he is actually imitating. Such allusions are here cited.

Imitation of the First Satire of the Second Book.

(3. 293) 49-50.

F--- loves the senate, Hockley-hole his brother,
Like in all else as one egg to another.
Cf. *E.* 1. 10. 2-3, 5.

Imitation of the Second Satire of the Second Book.

(3. 311) 131. His equal mind I copy what I can.
Cf. *S.* 2. 3. 16; *E.* 1. 11. 30; and 18. 112.

(3. 312) 146. And grapes, long lingering on my only wall.
Cf. *O.* 1. 38. 3-4.

Imitation of the First Epistle of the First Book.

(3. 333) 31-32.

Sometimes, with Aristippus, or St. Paul,
Indulge my candour, and grow all to all.

Cf., on the authority of Pope,[1] *E.* 1. 17. 23.

Imitation of the Second Epistle of the First Book.

(3. 391) 248-249.

Estates have wings, and hang in Fortune's power
Loose on the point of every wavering hour.

[1] See also under *Quotation or Reference.*

Wakefield has pointed out the resemblance of the last part of this couplet to the line of Horace, *E.* 1. 18. 110. But Pope has marred the thought by altering Horace's word *hope,* and using the meaningless *point.*

Satires of Dr. Donne, Versified.

Satire 2.

(3. 432) 2. 119-120.

> And all mankind might that just mean observe,
> In which none e'er could surfeit, none could starve.

These lines are imitated from the corresponding lines in Donne's *Satire,* where Donne is very evidently thinking of the *auream mediocritatem* of Horace, and of his general teaching in Satire 2. 2.

Satire 4.

(3. 432 f.) Donne's *Satire* is based on the Ninth Satire of the First Book of Horace. Pope, in his new rendering of it, has brought it in no wise nearer to its original, except possibly in lines 184-185:

> Bear me, some god! oh quickly bear me hence
> To wholesome solitude, the nurse of sense.

These lines are Pope's, and have no equivalent in Donne's *Satire.* They mark the escape from the Court hanger-on, and the end of the slight resemblance to the Satire of Horace; in writing them, Pope seems to have been thinking of Horace's mock-heroic conclusion to his Ninth Satire: *Sic me servavit Apollo.*

Epilogue to the Satires, In two Dialogues.

Both *Dialogues* are based upon the dialogue between Horace and Trebatius in Satire 2. 1.

(3. 457) 1. 1.

> Not twice a twelvemonth you appear in print.

Cf. *S.* 2. 3. 1.

1. 3. You grow correct, that once with rapture writ.
Cf. Aristotle, *Poetics* 17. 2, and Horace, *S.* 1. 4. 43.

(3. 479) 2. 94-95.

> Yet think not, Friendship only prompts my lays;—
> I follow Virtue; where she shines, I praise.

This is perhaps an allusion to *S.* 2. 1. 70.

(3. 480) 2. 111.

> The number may be hanged, but not be crowned.

Pope is using the word 'number' in the same way in which Horace used it: *Nos numerus sumus, E.* 1. 2. 27.

(3. 487) 2. 234-235.

> Her priestess Muse forbids the good to die,
> And opes the temple of Eternity.

Wakefield points out that, while the expression of the second line is imitated from Milton (*Comus* 14), the thought of the whole couplet is from Horace, *O.* 4. 8. 28-29.

Dunciad.

(4. 54) *Testimonies of Authors. M. Scriblerus Lectori S.* . . . Forgive me, gentle reader, if (following learned example) I ever and anon become tedious.

Cf. *A. P.* 359-360.

(4. 102) 1. 19-20.

> O Thou, whatever title please thine ear,
> Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver!

Wakefield suggests that Pope is imitating what is a favorite mode of expression with Horace, as in the lines,

> Sive tu Lucina probas vocari
> Seu Genitalis.

C. S. 15-16.

(4. 105) 1. 47-48.

> Fierce champion Fortitude, that knows no fears
> Of hisses, blows, or want, or loss of ears:

Cf., on the authority of Pope,[1] *S.* 2. 7. 84.

(4. 113) 1. 134.

> Wish'd he had blotted for himself before.

Cf. Pope, *Imitation of the First Epistle of the Second Book* 279; and Horace, *E.* 2. 1. 167, *A. P.* 293.

[1] See also under *Quotation or Reference.*

(4. 115) 1. 166.

With whom my Muse began, with whom shall end.

Courthope finds sources for this line in Virgil, Theocritus, and in Horace, *E.* 1. 1. 1.

(4. 122) 1. 250. [In a note upon this line, Pope has made an allusion to Horace:] In the first notes on the *Dunciad* it was said, that this author was particularly excellent at Tragedy. 'This (says he) is as unjust as to say I could not dance on a rope.' But certain it is that he had attempted to dance on this rope, and fell most shamefully, having produced no less than four tragedies, etc.

Cf. *E.* 2. 1. 208 f.

(4. 134) 2. 59-60.

'The race by vigour, not by vaunts is won;
So take the hindmost, Hell,' (he said) 'and run.'

Cf., on Pope's authority,[1] *A. P.* 417.

(4. 163) 3. 17-18.

Her tresses staring from Poetic dreams,
And never wash'd, but in Castalia's streams.

Cf. *O.* 3. 4. 61-62.

(4. 164) 3. 24. Old Bavius sits,—

Pope himself, in a note,[2] intimates that the sources for this line are Virgil, and Horace, *Epd.* 10.

(4. 166) 3. 40. Old in new state; another, yet the same.

Cf. *C. S.* 9-11.

(3. 49-50) Who knows how long thy transmigrating soul
Might from Bœotian to Bœotian roll?

Pope, in a note to this couplet,[3] quotes the Horatian line from which he borrowed the allusion to Bœotia: *E.* 2. 1. 244.

(4. 179) 3. 245-246.

The forests dance, the rivers upward rise,
Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies;

Pope has again intimated his source for these lines:[4] *A. P.* 30.

[1] See also under *Quotation or Reference.*

[2] *Ibid.*

[3] *Ibid.*

[4] *Ibid.*

(4. 190) 4. 9. Now flam'd the Dog-star's unpropitious ray.

Pope is imitating Prior's line in his verses *To the E. of D. upon his Marriage.*

The scorching Dogstar and the Sun's fierce ray,

in which Prior imitated Horace, *O.* 3. 13. 9.[1] Pope has used a similar expression in the *Prologue to the Satires* 3.

(4. 205) 4. 275-276.

In flow'd at once a gay embroider'd race,
And titt'ring push'd the Pedants off the place:

Pope has intimated his source for these lines[2] as *E.* 2. 2. 216.

4. 284. A dauntless infant! never scar'd with God.

Pope seems to have imitated here, and misinterpreted, the line of Horace, *O.* 3. 4. 20.

(4. 208) 4. 344. The Pains and Penalties of Idleness.

Wakefield points out the resemblance to Boileau's

Le pénible fardeau de n'avoir rien à faire,

and to Horace's line, *E.* 1. 11. 28.

(4. 209) 4. 355-356.

Grant, gracious Goddess! grant me still to cheat,
O may thy cloud still cover the deceit.

Cf., on Pope's own authority,[3] *E.* 1. 16. 60-61, 62.

(4. 219) 4. 549-554.

On some, a Priest succinct in amice white
Attends; all flesh is nothing in his sight!
Beeves, at his touch, at once to jelly turn,
And the huge Boar is shrunk into an Urn:
The board with specious miracles he loads,
Turns Hares to Larks, and Pigeons into Toads.

Cf., on the authority of Pope,[4] *A. P.* 143-145.

[1] See *Appendix—Prior,* pp. 376-377.
[2] See also under *Quotation or Reference.*
[3] *Ibid.*
[4] *Ibid.*

(4. 221) 4. 593-594.

The Bishop stow (Pontific Luxury!)
An hundred Souls of Turkeys in a pie;

Wakefield thinks that the phrase 'Pontific Luxury' was suggested by the line of Horace, *O.* 2. 14. 28.

Miscellaneous Poems.

Epitaph on Mr. Elijah Fenton.

(4. 388)

From Nature's temp'rate feast rose satisfy'd,
Thank'd Heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he died.

Cf. *S.* 1. 1. 118-119.

2. *Prose Writings.*

Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus.

(10. 288-289) Chapter 3 is a satire upon antiquaries and their love of antiques, genuine or false. Compare Horace's satiric remarks upon this same craze in *S.* 1. 3. 90-91 and 2. 3. 21.

The Narrative of Dr. Robert Norris.

(10. 450 f.) This narrative is very like Horace's narrative of Damasippus, Satire 2. 3, in the absurdity of its arguments and in the vivacity of its style. Pope protests against the use of hellebore, Horace prescribes it: this is the only explicit suggestion that Horace's Satire is the source of Pope's *Narrative,* but it strengthens the general resemblance between the two satires, and the feeling that Pope is imitating Horace throughout.

3. *Letters.*

To Dean Swift.

(7. 311) May 28, 1733. All other praise, whether from poets or peers, is contemptible alike, and I am old enough and experienced enough to know, that the only praises worth having, are those bestowed *by* virtue *for* virtue.

Pope had probably in mind, while writing these words, his own translation of Horace's Satire 2. 1. 70,

To virtue only, and her friends, a friend,

for he had completed his imitation of this Satire only a short time before.

(7. 368) Oct. 12, 1738. Nothing of you can die, nothing of you can decay, nothing of you can suffer, nothing of you can be obscured, or locked up from esteem and admiration, except what is at the Deanery; just as much of you only as God made mortal.

This is perhaps an echo of *O.* 3. 30. 1, 6.

To Viscount Bolingbroke.

(7. 402) Apr. 9, 1724. He [Voltaire] has helped it [the Henriade] much in my opinion by throwing so much of the story into narration, and entering at once into the middle of the subject, as well as by making the action single, namely, only the siege of Paris.

Cf. *A. P.* 148.

To William Broome.

(8. 167) Dec. 14, [1730]. In this letter Pope sends to Broome the *Epitaph on Elijah Fenton,* in which is an allusion to Horace, *S.* 1. 1. 118-119.[1]

To Dr. Atterbury.

(9. 13) Sept. 8, 1718. In this letter Pope sends to Dr. Atterbury the epitaph he has written on a young man and woman who were destroyed by a stroke of lightning, and who had been contracted in marriage some days before. The final couplet of the epitaph,

> Virtue unmoved can bear the call,
> And face the flash that melts the ball,

seems imitated from the lines of Horace, *O.* 3. 3. 7-8. Dr. Atterbury, replying to Pope's letter on Sept. 12, 1718,[2] has perceived the resemblance. Of the epitaph he writes: '. . . it pleases me the better, because I fancy it drawn from the source of Horace, for I cannot help thinking that his

> Si fractus illabitur orbis,
> Impavidum ferient ruinæ

was (whether you attended to it or not) the original from which your two last verses were copied.'

[1] *Wks.* 4. 388.

[2] *Ibid.* 9. 15-16.

To Jonathan Richardson.

(9. 508) Nov. 21, [1739]. I am glad you sleep better. I sleep in company, and wake at night, which is vexatious: if you did so, you at your age would make verses.

Cf. Pope's *Imitation of the First Satire of the Second Book* 11-14, and Horace, *S.* 2. 1. 5-7.

JONATHAN SWIFT

The Prose Works of Jonathan Swift. Ed. by Temple Scott. 1907. (Bohn's Standard Library.)

The Poems of Jonathan Swift. Ed. by W. E. Browning. 1910. (Bohn's Standard Library.)

The Correspondence of Jonathan Swift. Ed. by F. Elrington Ball. 1910-1914.

Swiftiana. Ed. by Charles Henry Wilson. 1804.

Life of Jonathan Swift. Sir Henry Craik. 1894.

Dean Swift's Library. T. P. LeFanu. *Proc. Roy. Soc. of Antiq. of Ireland,* July, 1896, p. 113.

A. TRANSLATIONS OF HORACE.

Swift's earliest attempt to translate Horace was a paraphrase of the Eighteenth Ode of the Second Book, while he was at Oxford in 1692. Craik[1] speaks of it as 'containing nothing beyond the ordinary trite moralities usual in a college exercise.' It is not published among Swift's *Poems.*

His other translations follow in the order of their approximate dates:

(2. 156)[2] *Toland's Invitation to Dismal, Imitated from Horace, Lib.* 1, *Epist.* 5, written 1712.

(2. 159) *Horace, Epist.* 1, 7. *Imitation of Horace. To Lord Oxford,* 1713. This is an imitation of the latter half only of the Epistle, lines 46-95; the first half was imitated by Pope in the same metre that Swift has used (*Wks.* 3. 395).

(2. 167) *Imitation of Part of the Sixth Satire of the Second Book of Horace,* 1714. Lines 1-62 were translated by Swift, the latter half (lines 63-117) by Pope (*Wks.* 3. 403). The poem varies slightly according as it is found in Pope's or in Swift's *Works,* for Pope altered the whole when adding his part some years later.

[1] *Life* 1. 39-40; see also Forster's *Life* 1. 74.

[2] The reference is to the *Poems.*

(2. 171) *Horace, Book* 2, *Ode* 1, *Paraphrased. Addressed to Richard Steele,* 1714. This is only a remote paraphrase of Horace.

(2. 175) *Horace, Book* 1, *Ep.* 5. *John Dennis, the Sheltering Poet's Invitation to Richard Steele, the Secluded Party-Writer and Member, to come and live with him in the Mint,* 1714.

(2. 182) *Horace, Book* 3, *Ode* 2. *To the Earl of Oxford, Late Lord Treasurer, sent to him when in the Tower,* 1716. This includes the latter part of the Ode only, lines 13-32, of which it is a fairly close translation.

(1. 92) *Horace, Book* 4, *Ode* 9, *Addressed to Archbishop King,* 1718. This includes only the latter part of the Ode, lines 29-52; it is a free translation. The first part, lines 1-30, has been imitated by Pope (*Wks.* 3. 419).

(2. 219) *Horace, Book* 1, *Ode* 14, *Paraphrased and Inscribed to Ireland,* 1726.

(2. 248) *Horace, Book* 4, *Ode* 9, *Addressed to Humphrey French, Esq., Late Lord Mayor of Dublin.* This is an adaptation by Swift of Horace's Ode to his purpose, not a paraphrase, and hardly an imitation. Humphrey French was Mayor of Dublin for the year 1732 to 1733.

(2. 260) *On Noisy Tom. Horace, Part of Book* 1, *Sat.* 6, *Paraphrased,* 1733.

B. MOTTOS FROM HORACE.

1. *Prose Writings.*

(1. 331)[1] Motto for *A Meditation upon a Broomstick: A. P.* 343.

(3. 25) For *A Project for the Advancement of Religion and the Reformation of Manners: O.* 3. 24. 25-29.

(4. 247) For *A Proposal Humbly Offered to the P---t for the More Effectual Preventing the Further Growth of Popery:*[2] *E.* 1. 6. 15-16.

[1] The reference is to the *Prose Works.*

[2] This paper has been ascribed to Addison. Temple Scott, however, believes it to be Swift's, since 'the style and the subject are so characteristic of Swift.'

(7. 285) For *A Serious and Useful Scheme to make an Hospital for Incurables: O.* 3. 6. 17.

(9. 114 f.) Mottos for the following numbers of the *Examiner:* 20 (*S.* 2. 1. 1-3); 29 (*Epd.* 17. 56); 32 (*S.* 2. 6. 77-78); 41 (*O.* 3. 24. 21-22); 42 (*S.* 2. 1. 41-42); 43 (*O.* 3. 6. 1-3); 44 (*E.* 2. 2. 44); 46 (*S.* 2. 1. 45).

(11. 25) One of the mottos for *The Right of Precedence between Physicians and Civilians Enquired into: E.* 1. 8. 9.

(11. 91) For *A Letter of Advice to a Young Poet: A. P.* 400.

2. *Poetry.*

Mottos for the following poems:

(2. 40)[1] *Stella at Wood Park: E.* 1. 18. 31-32.

(2. 136) *The Famous Speech-Maker of England: A. P.* 5.

(2. 171) *Horace, Book* 2, *Ode* 1, *Paraphrased: S.* 1. 6. 34.

(2. 291) *To his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin: O.* 1. 2. 45-46.

(2. 301) *Ad Amicum Eruditum Thomam Sheridan: E.* 2. 1. 117.

(2. 345) *The Last Speech and Dying Words of Daniel Jackson: A. P.* 372-373.

C. QUOTATION OF, OR REFERENCE TO LINES OF HORACE.

1. *Prose Writings.*

An Apology for the Tale of a Tub.

(1. 21-22) It is agreed, this answerer would have succeeded much better, if he had stuck wholly to his business, as a commentator upon the *Tale of a Tub; . . .* but it is the frequent error of those men, (otherwise very commendable for their labours,) to make excursions beyond their talent and their office, by pretending to point out the beauties and the faults; . . . *optat ephippia bos piger:* the dull, unwieldy, ill-shaped ox, would needs put on the furniture of a horse, not considering he was born to labour, to plough the ground for the sake of superior beings, and that he has neither the shape, mettle, nor speed, of the nobler animal he would affect to personate.

E. 1. 14. 43.

[1] The reference is to the *Poems.*

Preface to a Tale of a Tub.

(1. 40-41) I am sufficiently instructed in the principal duty of a preface, if my genius were capable of arriving at it. Thrice have I forced my imagination to make the tour of my invention, and thrice it has returned empty; the latter having been wholly drained by the following treatise. Not so, my more successful brethren the moderns; who will by no means let slip a preface or dedication, without some notable distinguishing stroke to surprise the reader at the entry, and kindle a wonderful expectation of what is to ensue. Such was that of a most ingenious poet, who, soliciting his brain for something new, compared himself to the hangman, and his patron to the patient: this was *insigne, recens, indictum ore alio.*

O. 3. 25. 7-8.

(1. 46) Here, you may securely display your utmost rhetoric against mankind, in the face of the world; tell them, 'That all are gone astray; that there is none that doth good, no not one; . . .' with any other commonplaces, equally new and eloquent, which are furnished by the *splendida bilis.*

S. 2. 3. 141.

A Tale of a Tub.

(1. 49) *Section* 1. *Introduction.* [The advocates of the bench], if they please to look into the original design of its erection, and the circumstances or adjuncts subservient to that design, . . . will soon acknowledge the present practice, exactly correspondent to the primitive institution, and both to answer the etymology of the name, which in the Phœnician tongue is a word of great signification, importing, if literally interpreted, the place of sleep; but in common acceptation, a seat well bolstered and cushioned, for the repose of old and gouty limbs: *senes ut in otia tuta recedant.*

S. 1. 1. 31.

(1. 81-82) *Section* 4. But of all Peter's rarities, he most valued a certain set of bulls, whose race was by great fortune preserved in a lineal descent from those that guarded the golden fleece. . . . However, they had two peculiar marks, which extremely distinguished them from the bulls of Jason, and which I have not met together in the description of any other monster, beside that in Horace;—

Varias inducere plumas; *A. P.* 2.

and

Atrum definit in piscem. *A. P.* 3-4.

For these had fishes' tails, yet upon occasion could outfly any bird in the air.

(1. 113-115) *Section* 9. Besides, there is something individual in human minds, that easily kindles, at the accidental approach and collision of certain circumstances, which, though of paltry and mean appearances, do often flame out into the greatest emergencies of life.

[Swift cites an instance, and adds:]

Teterrima belli
Causa.

S. 1. 3. 107-108.

(1. 138) *Section* 11. Yet I think we may affirm, that it hath been verified by repeated experience, that,

Effugiet tamen hæc sceleratus vincula Proteus.

S. 2. 3. 71.

A Discourse on the Mechanical Operation of the Spirit. Section 2.

(1. 200) I laugh aloud to see these reasoners, at the same time, engaged in wise dispute about certain walks and purlieus, whether they are in the verge of God or the devil, seriously debating, whether such and such influences come into men's minds from above, or below, whether certain passions and affections are guided by the evil spirit or the good:

Dum fas atque nefas exiguo fine libidinum
Discernunt avidi.

O. 1. 18. 10-11.

A Discourse of the Contests and Dissensions between the Nobles and the Commons in Athens and Rome.

(1. 267) To describe how parties are bred in an assembly, would be a work too difficult at present, and perhaps not altogether safe. *Periculosæ plenum opus aleæ.*

O. 2. 1. 6.

(*Ibid.*) And man is so apt to imitate, so much of the nature of sheep, (*imitatores, servum pecus,*) that whoever is so bold to give the first great leap over the heads of those about him, (though he be the worst of the flock,) shall be quickly followed by the rest.

E. 1. 19. 19.

A Tritical Essay upon the Faculties of the Mind.[1]

(1. 291) Philosophers say, that man is a microcosm, or little world, resembling in miniature every part of the great; and, in my opinion, the body natural may be compared to the body politic; and if this be so, how can the Epicurean's opinion be true, that the universe was formed by a fortuitous concourse of atoms, which I will no more believe, than that the accidental jumbling of the letters in the alphabet, could fall by chance into a most ingenious and learned treatise of philosophy. *Risum teneatis amici—Hor.*

A. P. 5.

(1. 292) —the least and most contemptible insect most discovers the art of nature, if I may so call it; though nature, which delights in variety, will always triumph over art; and as the poet observes,

Naturam expellas furca licet, usque recurret.—Hor.
E. 1. 10. 24.

(1. 293) They must pardon me, if I venture to give them this advice, not to rail at what they cannot understand; it does but discover that self-tormenting passion of envy, than which the greatest tyrant never invented a more cruel torment:

Invidia Siculi non invenere Tyranni
Tormentum majus— Juven.[2]
E. 1. 2. 58-59.

(1. 295) Besides, these orators inflame the people, whose anger is really but a short fit of madness.

Ira furor brevis est— Hor.
E. 1. 2. 62.

An Argument against Abolishing Christianity.

(3. 6-7) I hope no reader imagines me so weak to stand up in the defence of real Christianity, such as used in primitive times (if we may believe the authors of those ages) to have an influence upon men's belief and actions: To offer at the

[1] Temple Scott describes this as a 'parody on the pseudo-philosophical essays of the time, in which all sense was lost in the maze of inconsequential quotations.' Swift maunders along from one thought to another, as words happen to suggest superficial links. Hence his quotations from Horace are apt by their supreme inaptness.

[2] This quotation is falsely ascribed to Juvenal, presumably with malice aforethought by Swift, in the carrying out of his parody.

restoring of that would indeed be a wild project; it would be to dig up foundations; to destroy at one blow all the wit, and half the learning of the kingdom; to break the entire frame and constitution of things; to ruin trade, extinguish arts and sciences with the professors of them; in short, to turn our courts, exchanges, and shops into deserts; and would be full as absurd as the proposal of Horace, where he advises the Romans all in a body to leave their city, and seek a new seat in some remote part of the world, by way of cure for the corruption of their manners.

Epd. 16.[1]

A Project for the Advancement of Religion and the Reformation of Manners.

(3. 41) The ruin of a state is generally preceded by a universal degeneracy of manners, and contempt of religion; which is entirely our case at present.

Dis te minorem quod geris imperas.—Hor.

O. 3. 6. 5.

Remarks upon a Book Intituled 'The Rights of the Christian Church.'

(3. 94) But here, I hope, it will not be expected, that I should bestow remarks upon every passage in this book, that is liable to exception for ignorance, falsehood, dulness, or malice. Where he [Dr. Matthew Tindal] is so insipid, that nothing can be struck out for the reader's entertainment, I shall observe Horace's rule:

Quæ desperes tractata nitescere posse, relinquas.

A. P. 150.

A Proposal for the More Effectual Preventing the Further Growth of Popery.

(4. 255) The point of doctrine which I would propagate by this my invention, is the same which was long ago advanced by that able teacher Horace, out of whom I have taken my text for this discourse: We should be careful not to overshoot ourselves in the pursuits even of virtue.

E. 1. 6. 15-16.

An Enquiry into the Behaviour of the Queen's Last Ministry.

(5. 437-438) It is most certain, that, when the Queen [Anne] first began to change her servants, it was not from

[1] The whole Epode is a poetical embodiment of this advice.

a dislike of things, but of persons, and those persons were a very small number. To be more particular, would be *incedere per ignes.*

O. 2. 1. 7.

An Answer to a Paper, called a Memorial.

(7. 116) Whoever reports, or otherwise publisheth, any thing which it is possible may be false, that man is a slanderer; *hic niger est, hunc tu, Romane, caveto.*

S. 1. 4. 85.

Gulliver's Travels. A Voyage to the Houyhnhnms. Ch. 12.

(8. 304-305) The Houyhnhnms, indeed, appear not to be so well prepared for war, a science to which they are perfect strangers, and especially against missive weapons. However, supposing myself to be a minister of state, I could never give my advice for invading them. Their prudence, unanimity, unacquaintedness with fear, and their love of their country, would amply supply all defects in the military art. Imagine twenty thousand of them breaking into the midst of an European army, confounding the ranks, overturning the carriages, battering the warriors' faces into mummy by terrible yerks from their hinder hoofs; for they would well deserve the character given to Augustus; *Recalcitrat undique tutus.*

S. 2. 1. 20.

Tatler.

No. 70.[1] If some of the rules Horace gives for the theatre, were (not improperly) applied to our pulpits, we should not hear a sermon prescribed as a good opiate.

Si vis me flere, dolendum est
Primum ipsi tibi.

A. P. 102-103.

A man must himself express some concern and affection in delivering his discourse, if he expects his auditory should interest themselves in what he proposes: for otherwise, notwithstanding the dignity and importance of the subject he treats of, notwithstanding the weight and argument of the discourse itself, yet too many will say,

Male si mandata loqueris,
Aut dormitabo, aut ridebo.

A. P. 104-105.

[1] This number is not included among Swift's works by Temple Scott, but is attributed to him by G. A. Aitken in his edition of the *Tatler* (2. 153).

If there be a deficiency in the speaker, there will not be a sufficient attention and regard paid to the things spoken.

(9. 36-37) No. 230. [A letter to Mr. Isaac Bickerstaff upon 'the corruptions of style and writing']: I should be glad to see you the instrument of introducing into our style that simplicity which is the best and truest ornament of most things in life, which the politer ages always aimed at in their building and dress (*simplex munditiis*), as well as their productions of wit.

O. 1. 5. 5.

Examiner.

(9. 77) No. 14. Upon these considerations alone, it was the most prudent course imaginable in the Queen, to lay hold of the disposition of the people for changing the Parliament and ministry at this juncture, and extricating herself, as soon as possible, out of the pupillage of those who found their accounts only in perpetuating the war. Neither have we the least reason to doubt, but the ensuing Parliament will assist her Majesty with the utmost vigour, till her enemies *again* be brought to sue for peace, and *again* offer such terms as will make it both honourable and lasting; only with this difference, that the Ministry perhaps will not *again* refuse them.

Audiet pugnas vitio parentum
Rara Iuventus.

O. 1. 2. 23-24.

(9. 137) No. 23. If I durst be so bold with this author, I would gladly ask him a familiar question; Pray, Sir, who made you an Examiner? He talks in one of his insipid papers, of eight or nine thousand corruptions, while *we* were at the head of affairs, yet, in all this time, he has hardly produced fifty:

Parturiunt montes, etc.

A. P. 139.

(9. 187) No. 29. For nothing delights the people more than to see their oppressors humbled, and all their actions, painted with proper colours, set out in open view. *Exactos tyrannos densum humeris bibit aure volgus.*

O. 2. 13. 31-32.

A Proposal for Correcting, Improving, and Ascertaining the English Tongue.

(11. 16) What Horace says of words going off and per-

ishing like leaves, and new ones coming in their place,* is a misfortune he laments, rather than a thing he approves; but I cannot see why this should be absolutely necessary, or if it were, what would have become of his *monumentum ære perennius?*

*A. P. 60-62. O. 3. 30. 1.

The Right of Precedence between Physicians and Civilians Enquired into.

(11. 31) I was led into this comparison from the *curiosa felicitas* of those whose way it is, etc.

Petronius, *Sat.* 118. 5.

(11. 33) I generally fix a sort of first meridian in my thoughts before I sit down; and instead of observing privately, as the way is, whom in company I may sit above in point of birth, age, fortune, or station, I consider only the situation of the table by the points in the compass, and the nearer I can get to the east (which is a point of honour for many reasons; for *porrecta majestas ad ortum solis*) I am so much the higher; . . . and then I do myself honour, and am blessed with invisible precedence, mystical to others.

O. 4. 15. 15.

(11. 34) And sticking to this rule, I generally possess a middle place in company, even in the vulgar account, and am at meat as wise men would be in the world.

Extremi primorum, extremis usque priores.

E. 2. 2. 204.

(*Ibid.*) I know some people take another way for this, and place themselves nearest the dish they like best, and their ambition is gratified where their appetite is so. Eating well is commonly, and with justice, called good living; and their rule is that of Horace,

Ut quocunque loco fueris vixisse libenter
Te dicas.

E. 1. 11. 24.

(11. 40) I am not one that, *ambitiosa recidet ornamenta,* would strip the *young* clergy, and retrench their decencies of dress.

A. P. 447.

A Letter of Advice to a Young Poet.

(11. 97) For, indeed, nothing has surprised me more, than to see the prejudices of mankind as to this matter of human learning, who have generally thought it necessary to

be a good scholar, in order to be a good poet; than which nothing is falser in fact, or more contrary to practice and experience. Neither will I dispute the matter, if any man will undertake to shew me one professed poet now in being, who is anything of what may be justly called a scholar; or is the worse poet for that, but perhaps the better, for being so little encumbered with the pedantry of learning. 'Tis true, the contrary was the opinion of our forefathers, which we of this age have devotion enough to receive from them on their own terms, and unexamined, but not sense enough to perceive 'twas a gross mistake in them. So Horace has told us:

> Scribendi recte sapere est et principium et fons,
> Rem tibi Socraticæ poterunt ostendere chartæ.
>
> *A. P.* 309-310.

(11. 104-105) The *os magna sonaturum,** which, if I remember right, Horace makes one qualification of a good poet, may teach you not to gag your muse, or stint yourself in words and epithets (which cost you nothing) contrary to the practice of some few out-of-the-way writers, who use a natural and concise expression, and affect a style like unto a Shrewsbury cake, short and sweet upon the palate; they will not afford you a word more than is necessary to make them intelligible, which is as poor and niggardly, as it would be to set down no more meat than your company will be sure to eat up. Words are but lackeys to sense, and will dance attendance, without wages or compulsion; *Verba non invita sequentur.*

*S. 1. 4. 43-44. *A. P.* 311.

(11. 105-106) You cannot but know, that these of your profession have been called *genus irritabile vatum;* and you will find it necessary to qualify yourself for that waspish society, by exerting your talent of satire upon the first occasion, and to abandon good-nature, only to prove yourself a true poet, which you will allow to be a valuable consideration.

E. 2. 2. 102.

(11. 106) —and when you have to do with the press, (as you will long to be there) take care to bespeak an importunate friend, to extort your productions with an agreeable violence; and which, according to the cue between you, you must surrender *digito male pertinaci.*

O. 1. 9. 24.

(11. 109) It [the playhouse] is likewise a school of common swearing; my young master, who at first but minced

an oath, is taught there to mouth it gracefully, and to swear, as he reads French, *ore rotundo.*

A. P. 323.

An Introduction to Polite Conversation.

(11. 202-203) Herein I resolved to exceed the advice of Horace, a Roman poet, (which I have read in Mr. Creech's admirable translation) that an author should keep his works nine years in his closet, before he ventured to publish them.

A. P. 388-389.

2. *Poetry.*

To a Lady.

(1. 225) All your eloquence will scarce
Drive me from my favourite farce.
This I must insist on; for, as
It is well observed by Horace,
Ridicule has greater power
To reform the world than sour.

S. 1. 10. 14-15.

Continuing, Swift intimates that he is using the same method as Horace:

For your sake as well as mine,
I the lofty style decline.

. . .

As my method of reforming,
Is by laughing, not by storming.

An Epistle upon an Epistle.

(1. 317) Ah! quanto rectius, tu adepte
Qui nil moliris tam inepte?[1]

A. P. 140.

Stella's Birthday.

(2. 38) How Sheridan the rogue would sneer,
And swear it does not always follow,
That *semel'n anno ridet Apollo.*[2]

O. 2. 10. 19-20.

[1] Adapted from Horace's line:

Quanto rectius hic qui nil molitur inepte.

[2] A travesty of Horace's lines:

neque semper arcum
Tendit Apollo.

Mad Mullinix and Timothy.

(2. 232) But now observe my counsel, (*viz.*)
Adapt your habit to your phiz;
You must no longer thus equip ye,
As Horace says *optat ephippia;*
(There's Latin, too, that you may see
How much improved by Dr. ——)
E. 1. 14. 43.

(2. 303-304) *Ad Amicum Eruditum Thomam Sheridan.* In via nullum fuit solatium præterquam quod Horatium, ubi macros in igne turdos versat, perlegi.[1] Catii dapes,[2] Mæcenatis convivium, ita me pictura pascens inani, sæpius volvebam.
S. 1. 5. 72. *S.* 2. 4.

(2. 304) Vivitur parvo male, sed canebat
Flaccus ut parvo bene.[3]
O. 2. 16. 13.

To Thomas Sheridan.

(2. 309) Nec Phœbe fili versum quis* mittere Ryly.
*Pro potes.—Horat.

To Dr. Sheridan.

(2. 311) But as to comic Aristophanes,
The rogue too vicious and too profane is.
I went in vain to look for Eupolis
Down in the Strand, just where the New Pole is;
For I can tell you one thing, that I can,
You will not find it in the Vatican.
He and Cratinus used, as Horace says,
To take his greatest grandees for asses.[4]
S. 1. 4. 1-5.

The Last Speech and Dying Words of Daniel Jackson.

(2. 345) My dear Countrymen,
mediocribus esse poetis
Non funes, non gryps, non concessere columnæ.[5]
A. P. 372-373.

[1] *S.* 1. 5. 72. [—macros arsit dum turdos versat in igni].
[2] *S.* 2. 4. This satire is a description of such a banquet.
[3] Horace's lines begin:

Vivitur parvo bene, etc.

[4] This is a very free paraphrase of Horace's lines.
[5] A travesty of Horace's lines:

mediocribus esse poetis
Non homines, non di, non concessere columnæ.

To give you a short translation of these two lines from Horace's Art of Poetry, which I have chosen for my neck-verse, before I proceed to my speech, you will find they fall naturally into this sense:

> For poets who can't tell [high] rocks from stones,
> The rope, the hangman, and the gallows groans.

3. *Letters.*

(1. 62-63)[1] To Archbishop King. Dec. 6, 1707. I write this to amuse your Grace and relieve a dull letter of business. Others would make excuses for taking up so much of your Grace's time to read their impertinence. But I shall offer none, I, who know that no man's time is worse taken up than your Grace's which I am sorry to say of so great a person, and for whom upon all other accounts I have so high a veneration. The world may contradict me if they please, but when I see your palace crowded all day to the very gates with suitors, solicitors, petitioners, who come for protection, advice, and charity, and when your time of sleep is misspent in perpetual projects for the good of the Church and kingdom, how successful soever they have been, I cannot forbear crying out with Horace, *perditur interea misero lux.*

S. 2. 6. 59.[2]

(1. 156) To Lord Halifax. June 13, 1709. You remember very well, my Lord, how another person of quality in Horace's time, used to serve a sort of fellows who had disobliged him;* how he sent them fine clothes, and money, which raised their thoughts and their hopes, till those were worn out and spent; and then they were ten times more miserable than before. *Hac ego si compellar imagine, cuncta resigno.* I could cite several other passages from the same author, to my purpose; and whatever is applied to Mæcenas I will not thank your Lordship for accepting; because it is what you have been condemned to these twenty years by every one of us *qui se mêlent d'avoir de l'esprit.*

**E.* 1. 18. 31-36. *E.* 1. 7. 34.

(1. 175) To Lord Halifax. November 13, 1709. However, I retire into myself with great satisfaction, and remembering I have had the honour to converse with your Lordship, I say as Horace did when he meant your predecessor, *cum magnis vixisse invita fatebitur usque invidia.*

S. 2. 1. 76-77.

[1] The reference is to the *Correspondence.*

[2] [Perditur hæc inter misero lux].

(1. 287-288) To Dean Atterbury. Sept. 1, 1711 [upon Atterbury's being appointed Dean of Christ Church]. If great Ministers take up this exploded custom of rewarding merit, I must retire to Ireland, and wait for better times. The College and you ought to pray for another change at Court, otherwise I can easily foretell that their joy and your quiet will be short. . . . I am afraid the poor College little thinks of this, *qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea.*

O. 1. 5. 9.

(2. 58) To Bishop Atterbury. Aug. 3, 1713. Though I am here [in Ireland, on first being appointed Dean of St. Patrick's] in a way of sinking into utter oblivion, for *hæ latebræ nec dulces, nec, si mihi credis, amœnæ,*[1] yet I shall challenge the continuance of your Lordship's favour, etc.

E. 1. 16. 15.

(2. 286) To Alexander Pope. June 28, 1715. You know how well I loved both Lord Oxford and Bolingbroke, and how dear the Duke of Ormond is to me. Do you imagine I can be easy while their enemies are endeavouring to take off their heads. *I nunc, et versus tecum meditare canoros.*

E. 2. 2. 76.

(2. 288) *Ibid.* You are to understand that I live in the corner of a vast unfurnished house. My family consists of a steward, a groom, a helper in the stable, a footman, and an old maid, who are all at board wages, and when I do not dine abroad, or make an entertainment, which last is very rare, I eat a mutton-pie, and drink half a pint of wine. My amusements are defending my small dominions against the Archbishop, and endeavouring to reduce my rebellious choir. *Perditur hæc inter misero lux.*

S. 2. 6. 59.

(2. 295) To Knightley Chetwode. Aug. 2, 1715. Though it be unworthy of a philosopher to admire at anything, and directly forbidden by Horace, yet I am every day admiring at a thousand things. I am struck at the Duke of Ormond's flight.

E. 1. 6. 1.

(2. 328) To Alexander Pope. Aug. 30, 1716. You sleep less, and drink more. But your master Horace was *vini*

[1] Swift has added the negative to Horace's line, with the result that he has expressed the contrary of what Horace said:

Hæ latebræ dulces, etiam, si credis, amœnæ.

somnique benignus; and, as I take it, both are proper for your trade.

S. 2. 3. 3.

(3. 6) To Lord Harley. May 17, 1718. Yet perhaps it is but justice, that persons like you, who are in the years of good nature, should now and then condescend to comfort us, who are arriving to the age of sourness and morosity; not that I would have your Lordship think this any way concerns me, for my servants tell all our neighbourhood that I grow gentler every day, and am content only to call my footman a fool, for that which when you knew me first I would have broke his head. But this is to be able to give a good answer to Horace's question: *Levior ac melior fis accedente senecta?*

E. 2. 2. 211.[1]

There is a letter from Viscount Bolingbroke to Swift, March 17, 1718-9, which intimates that Swift had quoted Horace in a letter which has not been preserved:

(3. 27) I cannot apply myself, as you bid me do, *non tibi parvum ingenium, non incultum est,* and what follows; and, if ever we live in the same country together, you shall not apply to me, *quod si frigida curarum fomenta relinquere posses.*

E. 1. 3. 21-22, 25-26.

(3. 32) To Viscount Bolingbroke. May, 1719. Pray God send you soon back to your country in peace and honour, that I may once more see him *cum quo morantem sæpe diem fregi, etc.*

O. 2. 7. 6-7.

(3. 40) To Viscount Bolingbroke. Dec. 19, 1719. I have gotten a mezzotinto, for want of a better, of Aristippus [Bolingbroke], in my drawing-room. The motto at the top is, *Omnis Aristippum, etc.*

E. 1. 17. 23.

(*Ibid.*) I first congratulate you upon growing rich. . . . You have heard that Plato followed merchandise three years, to show he knew how to grow rich, as well as to be a philosopher; and I guess, Plato was then about forty, the period which the Italians prescribe for being wise, in order to be rich at fifty. *Senes ut in otia tuta recedant.*

S. 1. 1. 31.

[1] [Lenior et melior fis accedente senecta?]

(3. 42) *Ibid.* Nothing has convinced me so much that I am of a little subaltern spirit, *inopis, atque pusilli animi,* as to reflect how I am forced into the most trifling amusements, to divert the vexation of former thoughts, and present objects.

S. 1. 4. 17-18.[1]

(3. 43) To Matthew Prior. Jan. 25, 1719-20. I have more obligations to her [Lady Harley] than you, and yet never gave her any verses, because it is not in my power to say as you *carmina possumus donare.*

O. 4. 8. 11-12.

(3. 53) To Robert Cope. May 26, 1720. If all the world would not be ready to knock me down for disputing the good-nature and generosity of you and Mrs. Cope, I should swear you invited me out of malice; some spiteful people have told you I am grown sickly and splenetic, and, having been formerly so yourself, you want to triumph over me with your health and good humour, and she is your accomplice. You have made so particular a muster of my wants and humours, and demands and singularities, and they look so formidable, that I wonder how you have the courage to be such an undertaker. What if I should add, that once in five or six weeks I am deaf for three or four days together; will you and Mrs. Cope undertake to bawl at me, or let me mope in my chamber till I grow better? *Singula de nobis anni prædantur euntes.*

E. 2. 2. 55.

(3. 148) To John Gay. Jan. 8, 1722-3. The best and greatest part of my life, until these last eight years, I spent in England: there I made my friendships, and there I left my desires. I am condemned for ever to another country; what is in prudence to be done? I think to be *oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus et illis.** . . . I have sometimes wondered that I have not visited you, but I have been stopped by too many reasons, besides years and laziness, and yet these are very good ones. Upon my return after half a year amongst you, there would be to me, *Desiderio nec pudor nec modus.*

**E.* 1. 11. 9. *O.* 1. 24. 1.[2]

[1] [Di bene fecerunt inopis me quodque pusilli
Finxerunt animi].

[2] [Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus.]

(3. 149) *Ibid.* Are you not as many years older as I? It will not be always: *Et tibi quos mihi dempserit apponet annos.*

O. 2. 5. 14-15.[1]

(3. 174) To Alexander Pope. Sept. 20, 1723. *Non sum qualis eram.* I left you in a period of life when one year does more execution than three at yours, to which if you add the dulness of the air, and of the people, it will make a terrible sum.

O. 4. 1. 3.

(3. 175-176) *Ibid.* I would describe to you my way of living, if any method could be called so in this country. I choose my companions among those of least consequence and most compliance. I read the most trifling books I can find, and whenever I write, it is upon the most trifling subjects; but riding, walking, and sleeping take up eighteen of the twenty-four hours. I procrastinate more than I did twenty years ago, and have several things to finish which I put off to twenty years hence.

Hæc est
Vita solutorum misera ambitione gravique.

S. 1. 6. 129.

(3. 178) To the Earl of Oxford. Nov. 6, 1723. I am recovering mine [health] by riding in hopes to get enough one summer to attend you at Brampton Castle, for I have a thousand things to say to you in relation to somewhat *quod et hunc in annum vivat et plures.*

O. 1. 32. 2-3.

(3. 257) To Alexander Pope. July 19, 1725. Are you rich and healthy? *Det vitam, det opes, etc.* Reputation you will take care to increase, though you have too much in conscience for any neighbour of yours to thrive while he lives by you.

E. 1. 18. 112.

(3. 277) To Alexander Pope. Sept. 29, 1725. I have been long told by Mr. Ford of your great achievements in building and planting, and especially of your subterranean passage to your garden, whereby you turned a blunder into a beauty, which is a piece of *ars poetica.*

(3. 372-373) To Alexander Pope. Dec. 5, 1726. Though you despise riddles, I am strongly tempted to send a parcel

1 [Et illi, quos tibi dempserit,
Apponet annos].

to be printed by themselves, and make a nine-penny job for the bookseller. There are some of my own, wherein I exceed mankind, *mira poemata*,* the most solemn that were ever seen; . . . but why should I who hate the world, or you who do not love it, make it so happy, therefore I resolve from henceforth to handle only serious subjects, *nisi quid tu, docte Trebati, dissentis.*

**A. P.* 416. *S.* 2. 1. 78-79.

(3. 423) To Alexander Pope. Oct. 12, 1727. Pray God send you health, *det salutem, det opes: animum æquum tibi ipse parabis.* You see Horace wishes for money as well as health; and I would hold a crown he kept a coach; and I shall never be a friend to the Court till you do so too.

E. 1. 18. 112.[1]

(3. 432) To Alexander Pope. Nov. 23, 1727. [Discussing politics Swift says:] Neither will your *mutato nomine, etc.* satisfy me unless things are monstrously changed from what you taught me.

S. 1. 1. 69.

(4. 12) To John Gay. Feb. 26, 1727-8. [Upon the brilliant success of his *Beggar's Opera:*] I wonder whether you begin to taste the pleasure of independency; or whether you do not sometimes leer upon the Court, *oculo retorto?*

O. 2. 2. 23.

(4. 30) To Alexander Pope. May 19, 1728. There is now a vacancy for fame; the Beggar's Opera has done its task, *discedat uti conviva satur.*

S. 1. 1. 119.[2]

(4. 40) To Alexander Pope. July 16, 1728. . . . wealth is liberty, and liberty is a blessing fittest for a philosopher, and Gay is a slave just by two thousand pounds too little, and Horace was of my mind, and let my Lord contradict him if he dares.

It may be suspected that Swift was writing half ironically, though for moderate wealth he always had wholesome respect. He seems to have had in mind the ironical lines of Horace,

> Sapiens uno minor est Iove, dives,
> Liber, honoratus, pulcher, rex denique regum; etc.

E. 1. 1. 106 f.

[1] [Det vitam, det opes; æquum mi animum ipse parabo.]

[2] [Cedat, uti conviva satur.]

(4. 60) To Alexander Pope. March 6, 1728. I know not whether you are in earnest to come hither in spring; if not, pray God you may never be in jest! . . . you shall command the town and kingdom, and *digito monstrari,* etc.

O. 4. 3. 22?[1]

(4. 77) To Viscount Bolingbroke. Apr. 5, 1729. I have read my friend Congreve's verses to Lord Cobham, which end with a vile and false moral, and I remember is not in Horace to Tibullus which he imitates, that all times are equally virtuous and vicious, wherein he differs from all poets, philosophers, and Christians that ever writ.

E. 1. 4.

(4. 90) To Alexander Pope. Aug. 11, 1729. One reason why I would have you in Ireland when you shall be at your own disposal, is that you may be master of two or three years' revenues, *provisæ frugis in annos copia,* so as not to be pinched in the least when years increase, and perhaps your health impairs.

E. 1. 18. 109-110.[2]

(4. 175) To John Gay. Nov. 10, 1730. I desire to present my most humble acknowledgements to my Lady Duchess in return of her civility. I hear an ill thing, that she is *matre pulchra filia pulchrior:* I never saw her since she was a girl, and would be angry she should excel her mother, who was long my principal goddess.

O. 1. 16. 1.

(4. 217) To Alexander Pope. Apr. 20, 1731. And I wish, too, you were rich enough to keep a coach, and use it every day you are able; and this you might do if your private charities were less extensive, or at least suspended, till you were able *nare sine cortice.** I believe you have as good reason as any Christian man to be a stranger to fear. But I cannot endure the thought that you should live in pain, and I believe when Horace said, *quisquis erit vitæ, scribam, color,* he understood that pain was to be excepted.

**S.* 1. 4. 120.[3] *S.* 2. 1. 60.

[1] This Latin expression is common to Horace, Persius, Cicero, Tacitus, and Suetonius; and Swift may have had any one of them in mind.

[2] [provisæ frugis in annum
Copia].

[3] [Nabis sine cortice].

The following extracts from some letters between Swift and Knightley Chetwode show how Swift, in his irritation against Chetwode, seized upon the fact of his having quoted Horace as occasion for some withering comment. Swift seems to have been unjust to Chetwode, for, according to Mr. Wilmot-Chetwode,[1] Knightley Chetwode was well versed in Latin.

(4. 200-201) Knightley Chetwode to Swift. Feb. 1730-1. I came to town the 12th of December and leave it the 12th of March, and could never see you but in the street. The last time I met you I merrily thought of Horace's ninth satire, and upon it pursued you to your next house though not *prope Cæsaris hortos.* I had a desire to catch you by your best ear for half an hour, and something to tell you, which I imagined would surprise and please you, but with the cunning of experienced courtiers, grown old in politics, you put me off with a 'I will send to you,' which probably you never intended. *S.* 1. 9. 18.

Chetwode evidently thought that Swift used the same tactics with him as Horace did with his famous bore.

(4. 477. Appendix.) To Knightley Chetwode. Apr. 28, 1731. I am glad your country life has taught you Latin, of which you were altogether ignorant when I knew you first, and I am astonished how you came to recover it. Your new friend Horace will teach you many lessons agreeable to what I have said, for which I could refer to a dozen passages in a few minutes.

This letter was never sent, but another one was sent in its place, from which the following is an extract:

(4. 225) To Knightley Chetwode. May 8, 1731. I am wondering how you came acquainted with Horace or St. Ambrose, since neither Latin nor Divinity have been your studies; it seems a miracle to me.

(4. 228) Knightley Chetwode to Swift. May, 1731. [As to] what you observe of great names, etc., it has always been my opinion that *principibus placuisse viris non ultima laus est,* and Horace, with whom my becoming acquainted seems so great a miracle to you, says

> tamen me
> Cum magnis vixisse invita fatebitur usque
> Invidia.

[1] See *Corresp.* 4. 472. *Appendix* 5.

Your accounts in some of your latest letters to me, that everybody has dropped you, that you are out of favour, that you are forgotten and the like, minds me of the favourite of Augustus, who was so great a master in the art of declining envy.

E. 1. 17. 35. *S.* 2. 1. 76.

(4. 312) To Dean Brandreth. June 30, 1732. [After giving a cheerless picture of life in the country during winter in Ireland, Swift adds:]

I nunc et versus tecum meditare canoros.

E. 2. 2. 76.

(4. 330) To Charles Wogan. Aug. 2, 1732. As to your blank verse, it has too often fallen into the same vile hands of late. One Thomson, a Scotchman, has succeeded the best in that way, in four poems he has writ on the four seasons, yet I am not over fond of them, because they are all description, and nothing is doing, whereas Milton engages me in actions of the highest importance, *modo me Romæ, modo ponit Athenis,* and yours on the seven Psalms, etc. have some advantages that way.

E. 2. 1. 213.[1]

(4. 335) To John Gay. Aug. 12, 1732. That one hundred pounds will buy me six hogsheads of wine, which will support me a year; *provisæ frugis in annum copia.* Horace desired no more: for I will construe *frugis* to be wine. You are young enough to get some lucky hint which must come by chance, and it shall be a thing of importance, *quod et hunc in annum vivat et in plures,* and you shall not finish it in haste, and it shall be diverting and usefully satirical, and the Duchess shall be your critic.

E. 1. 18. 109-110. *O.* 1. 32. 2-3.

(5. 138) To Mrs. Pendarves. Feb. 22, 1734-5. I will wish for your happiness, although I shall never see you, as Horace did for Galatea when she was going a long voyage from home; pray read the verses in the original.

Sis licet felix, ubicunque mavis,
Et memor nostri, Galatea, vivas, etc.

O. 3. 27. 13-14.

A year or two ago I would have put the whole into English verse and applied it to you, but my rhyming is fled with my health, and what is more to be pitied is even my vein of satire upon ladies is lost.

1 [Modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis].

(5. 143-144) To William Pulteney. March 8, 1734-5. I am as sick of the world as I am of age and disease, the last of which I am never wholly without. I live in a nation of slaves, who sell themselves for nothing. My revenues, though half sunk, are sufficient to support me in some decency. And I have a few friends of great worth, who, when I visit them, or they me, agree together in discovering our utter detestation of all proceeding both here and there. *Hæc est vita solutorum misera ambitione gravique.*

S. 1. 6. 128-129.

(5. 227) To Alexander Pope. Sept. 3, 1735. A month ago were sent me over by a friend of mine, the *Works* of John Hughes, Esq.; they are in verse and prose. I never heard of the man in my life, yet I find your name as a subscriber too. He is too grave a poet for me, and I think among the *mediocribus* in prose as well as verse.

A. P. 372.

(5. 296) To the Duke of Dorset. Dec. 30, 1735. [Having begged the Duke of Dorset to give a living to a certain needy clergyman 'of long standing and of a most unblemished character,' Swift gives point to his plea, and illustrates the great numbers of those who will be obliged by this favour, by applying to them the lines with which Horace has described his succouring army of poets:] My Lord, I do not deceive your Grace when I say you will oblige great numbers of those who are most in your esteem here by conferring this favour, or any other that will answer the same end.

> Multa . . . veniet manus auxilio quæ
> Sit mihi (nam multo plures sumus) ac veluti te
> Judæi cogemus in hanc decedere turbam.
>
> *S.* 1. 4. 141-143.

(5. 311) To Thomas Sheridan. March 2, 1735-6. And so you pretend to reproach me for unadvisableness. *Teneas Damasippe tuis te.*

S. 2. 3. 324.

(5. 337) To Thomas Sheridan. May 22, 1736. Your loss of flesh is nothing if it be made up with spirit. God help him who hath neither, I mean myself. I believe I shall say with Horace *non omnis moriar,* for half my body is already spent.

O. 3. 30. 6.

(5. 396) To Alexander Pope. Dec. 2, 1736. What Horace says, *singula de nobis anni prædantur,* I feel every

month at farthest, and by this computation, if I hold out two years, I shall think it a miracle.

E. 2. 2. 55.

(5. 397) *Ibid.* Have you got a supply of new friends to make up for those who are gone, and are they equal to the first? I am afraid it is with friends as with times, and that the *laudatur temporis acti se puero,* is equally applicable to both.

A. P. 173-174.

(5. 398) *Ibid.* Pray God long preserve my dearest friend in life and health and happiness, or rather you may say with Horace, *det vitam, det opes, animam mihi ipse parabo.*

E. 1. 18. 112.[1]

(5. 415) To Alexander Pope. Feb. 9, 1736-7. (Dated by Elwin 1735-6) I heartily thank you for those lines translated, *singula de nobis anni, etc.* You have put them into a strong and admirable light.[2]

E. 2. 2. 55.

(5. 434-435. Supplemental Letters.) To Thomas Sheridan. Jan. 3.

This letter, which is composed in what Swift would call 'Anglico-Latinus,' and which has been interpreted by Sir Walter Scott, is an invitation after the manner of Horace, and is full of Horatian reminiscence. *Carmina pangemus* (Carmen a Pan game us), writes Swift, echoing Horace's *poemata panges* [*E.* 1. 18. 40]; *ridendum, bibendum erit cum sodalibus* (ride end 'um, buy, bend 'um e'r it come so dayly buss) he adds, just as Horace, in the beginning of one of his triumphal odes, addresses his comrades in much the same words: *Nunc est bibendum, . . . sodales.* [*O.* 1. 37. 1 and 4]. The letter ends in direct quotation. I quote first Swift's own language, and then Scott's translation of it:

Sick Dice it Whore ah see us:
Spare take um Sick way pot you it wag and Team
Fall e'er he tast a.

[1] [æquum mi animum ipse parabo].

[2] Ball explains in a note that 'these lines were probably quoted by Pope in a passage omitted from the printed version of his last letter. They occur in the *Imitation of the Second Epistle of the Second Book of Horace.*'

Et a lye by:
Back 'um in Ray mote is Carrmen are you Pye-buss.

Said;
For tune a lay to save an egg o show.

Sir Walter Scott's interpretation:

Sic dicit Horatius:
Spartacum si quæ potuit vagantem
Falleret hasta. *O.* 3. 14. 19-20.

Et alibi:
Bacchum in remotis carmina rupibus. *O.* 2. 19. 1.

Sed:
Fortuna læto sæva negotio. *O.* 3. 29. 49.

(6. 63-64) To the Earl of Orrery. Feb. 2, 1737-8. It is out of mere conscience that I treat you thus; for I have been many months the shadow of the shadow of the shadow of etc., etc., of Dr. Swift. Age, giddiness, deafness, loss of memory, rage and rancour against persons and proceedings—I have not recounted the twentieth part—*i nunc et versus tecum meditare canoros. . . .*

E. 2. 2. 76.

D. DIRECT MENTION OF HORACE.

1. *Prose Writings.*

Analytical Table. The Battle of the Books.

(1. 11) The Moderns quarrel with the Ancients, about the possession of the highest top of Parnassus; and desire them to surrender it, or to let it be levelled. . . . The battle described. . . . Encounter of Virgil and Dryden; of Lucan and Blackmore; of Creech and Horace; of Pindar and Cowley.

The Battle of the Books.

(1. 180) Creech—but the goddess Dulness took a cloud, formed into the shape of Horace, armed and mounted, and placed in a flying posture before him. Glad was the cavalier to begin a combat with a flying foe, and pursued the image, threatening aloud, till at last it lead him to the peaceful bower of his father, Ogleby, by whom he was disarmed, and assigned to his repose.

Preface to the Third Part of Sir William Temple's Miscellanea.

(1. 219) At the end I have added a few translations from Virgil, Horace, and Tibullus, or rather imitations, done by the author above thirty years ago.

Journal to Stella.

(2. 375) July 1, 1712. Have you seen Toland's Invitation to Dismal? How do you like it? But it is an imitation of Horace, and perhaps you don't understand Horace.

Intelligencer.

(9. 318) No. 3. By what disposition of the mind, what influence of the stars, or what situation of the climate this endowment [humour] is bestowed upon mankind, may be a question fit for philosophers to discuss. It is certainly the best ingredient toward that kind of satire, which is most useful, and gives the least offence; which instead of lashing, laughs men out of their follies, and vices, and is the character which gives Horace the preference to Juvenal.

The Holyhead Journal.

(11. 395) I do here give notice to posterity, that having been the author of severall writings, both in prose and verse, which have passed with good Success, it hath drawn upon me the censure of innumerable attempters and imitaterers and censurers, many of whose names I know, but shall in this be wiser than Virgil and Horace, by not delivering their names down to future ages.

2. *Poetry.*

On the Death of Dr. Swift.

(1. 263-264)

Those who their ignorance confest,
He ne'er offended with a jest;
But laugh'd to hear an idiot quote
A verse from Horace learn'd by rote.

On Poetry.

(1. 271) Then talk with more authentic face
Of unities, in time and place:
Get scraps of Horace from your friends,
And have them at your fingers' ends.

(1. 276) Perhaps you say, Augustus shines,
Immortal made in Virgil's lines,
And Horace brought the tuneful quire,
To sing his virtues on the lyre;
Without reproach for flattery, true,
Because their praises were his due.
For in those ages kings, we find,
Were animals of human kind.

A Libel.

(1. 323) True politicians only pay
For solid work, but not for play:
Nor ever choose to work with tools
Forged up in colleges and schools,
Consider how much more is due
To all their journeymen than you:
At table you can Horace quote;
They at a pinch can bribe a vote.

The Legion Club.

(2. 271) When you walk among your books,
They reproach you with their looks;
Bind them fast, or from their shelves
They'll come down to right themselves:
Homer, Plutarch, Virgil, Flaccus,
All in arms, prepare to back us:
Soon repent, or put to slaughter
Every Greek and Roman author.

3. *Letters.*

(1. 27) To Rev. John Winder. January 13, 1698-9. I desired of you two or three times that when you had sent me a catalogue of those few books, you would not send them to Dublin till you had heard again from me. The reason was, that I did believe there were one or two of them that might have been useful to you, and one or two more that were not worth the carriage. Of the latter sort were an old musty Horace, and Foley's book.

(3. 175) To Alexander Pope. Sept. 20, 1723. Your happiness is greater than your merit, in choosing your favourites so indifferently among either party. This you owe partly to your education, and partly to your genius employing you in an art in which faction has nothing to do, for I suppose Virgil and Horace are equally read by Whigs and Tories. . . . I have often endeavoured to establish a friendship among all men of genius, and would fain have it done. They are seldom

above three or four contemporaries, and if they could be united, would drive the world before them. I think it was so among the poets in the time of Augustus; but envy, and party, and pride, have hindered it among us.

(3. 177) To Thomas Sheridan. Oct. 12, 1723. This absurd letter, written in what Swift called 'Latino-Anglicus,' begins:

Mi Sana, Telo me Flaccus,—

which Sir Walter Scott has translated:

I am an ass, O let me suck calf.

The following extracts contain comments upon Pope's *Imitations* of Horace.

(4. 403) To the Earl of Orrery. March 22, 1732-3. I agree with your Lordship that his [Pope's] imitation of Horace is one of the best things he hath lately writ, and he tells me himself that he never took more pains than in his poem to Lord Bathurst upon the Use of Riches, nor less than in this, which, however, his friends call his *chef d'œuvre,* although he writ it in two mornings, and this may happen when a poet lights upon a fruitful hint, and becomes fond of it.

Swift refers to the *Imitation of the First Satire of the Second Book.*

(4. 415) To Alexander Pope. March 30, 1733. Your Imitation of Horace, the work of two mornings, is reckoned here by the best judges—and with submission we are not without them—to be worth two years of any poet's life except yours.

(4. 431) To Alexander Pope. May 1, 1733. My vanity turns at present on being personated in your *Quæ virtus, etc.*

Swift refers to the *Imitation of the Second Satire of the Second Book.*

(5. 86) To the Earl of Oxford. Aug. 30, 1734. In his [Pope's] last translation of Horace, I could willingly have excused his placing me not in that light which I would appear, and others are of my opinion, but it gives me not the least offence, because I am sure he had not the least ill intention, and how much I have always loved him, the world as well as your Lordship is convinced.

Swift refers to the *Imitation of the Second Satire of the Second Book.*

(5. 249) To the Earl of Orrery. Oct. 19, 1735. I think the *Ode of Pyrrha* is very well translated only some things may be altered a little. . . . I think the whole conveys the very ideas of Horace.

(6. 17) To Alexander Pope. May 31, 1737. I have read your *Epistle of Horace to Augustus.* It was sent me in the English edition, as soon as it could come. They are printing it in a small octavo. The curious are looking out, some for flattery, some for ironies in it; the sour folks think they have found out some, but your admirers here, I mean every man of taste, affect to be certain, that the profession of friendship to me in the same poem, will not suffer you to be thought a flatterer.

E. IMPLICIT ALLUSION TO HORACE.

1. *Prose Writings.*

Thoughts on Various Subjects.

(1. 283) A copy of verses kept in the cabinet, and only shewn to a few friends, is like a virgin much sought after and admired; but when printed and published, is like a common whore, whom anybody may purchase for half-a-crown.

Swift is echoing Horace's address to his own book in the Twentieth Epistle of the First Book.

A Tritical Essay upon the Faculties of the Mind.

(1. 295) But now, since interest governs the world, and men neglect the golden mean, Jupiter himself, if he came to the earth, would be despised, etc.

The use of this expression is always doubtful, but Swift's thoughts seem to be turning in the same direction as the thought contained in the lines,

> Auream quisquis mediocritatem
> Diligit, tutus caret obsoleti
> Sordibus tecti, caret invidenda
> Sobrius aula.
>
> *O.* 2. 10. 5-8.

Journal to Stella.

(2. 258) Oct. 11, 1711. When he [Lord Oxford] and I came last Monday from Windsor, we were reading all the signs of the road. He is a pure trifler.

This incident apparently suggested to Swift the resemblance between his relationship to Lord Oxford and Horace's relationship to Mæcenas, as Horace has described it in lines 40-46 of the Sixth Satire of the Second Book; for he introduced it into his *Imitation* of the Satire a couple of years later, as a paraphrase of these lines.

An Enquiry into the Behaviour of the Queen's Last Ministry.

(5. 429) Upon this occasion, although I am sensible it is an old precept of wisdom to admire at nothing in human life, yet I consider, at the same time, how easily some men arrive to the practice of this maxim, by the help of plain stupidity or ill-nature, without any strain of philosophy.

Cf. *E.* 1. 6. 1-2.

The Drapier's Letters. Letter 6.

(6. 171-172) —which hath confirmed me in an opinion I have long entertained, that, as philosophers say, 'virtue is seated in the middle,' so in another sense, the little virtue left in the world is chiefly to be found among the middle rank of mankind, who are neither allured out of her paths by ambition, nor driven by poverty.

Some of these philosophers are Aristotle, Cicero, and Horace with his line:

Virtus est medium vitiorum et utrimque reductum.

E. 1. 18. 9.

Examiner No. 15.

(9. 83) No. 15. But of this mighty change in the dispositions of the people, I shall discourse more at large in some following paper; wherein I shall endeavour to undeceive those deluded or deluding persons, who hope or pretend, it is only a short madness in the vulgar, from which they may soon recover.

There is a possible reminiscence here of Horace's definition of anger: *ira furor brevis.*

E. 1. 2. 62.

A Letter of Advice to a Young Poet.

(11. 91) The whole letter has a flavor of the Horatian Epistles of the First Book. Swift writes as Horace wrote,

from the secluded ease of his study, and from the vantage-point of success and experience; and he lets his fancy play upon the follies and dangers to which a young poet is subjected. Though he protests that learning is not necessary to a poet, yet he presupposes some learning in his young poet, and draws liberally upon the classics, above all upon Horace.[1]

2. *Poetry.*

Ode to Sir William Temple.

(1. 11)

How the mouse makes the mighty mountains shake!
The mighty mountain labours with its birth,
Away the frighten'd peasants fly,
Scared at the unheard-of prodigy,
Expect some great gigantic son of earth;
Lo! it appears!
See how they tremble! how they quake!
Out starts the little beast, and mocks their idle fears.

Swift must have had Horace's line,

Parturient montes, nascetur ridiculus mus,
A. P. 139.

in mind as well as its Greek original; but he has amplified it after the manner of Phædrus (4. 22):

Mons parturibat, gemitus immanes ciens;
Eratque in terris maxima expectatio
At ille murem peperit.

Occasioned by Sir William Temple's Late Illness and Recovery.

(1. 34) Be this thy sure defence, thy brazen wall,
Know no base action, at no guilt turn pale;
Cf. *E.* 1. 1. 60-61.

On the Union.

(1. 50) Henceforward let no statesman dare
A kingdom to a ship compare;

It is likely that Swift had Horace's Fourteenth Ode of the First Book in mind, among other such instances of comparison,

[1] See under *Quotation or Reference.*

when he was writing these lines. Some twenty years later, when he paraphrased this Ode of Horace, he added an Inscription, in which the following lines occur:

> Although the metaphor be worn and stale,
> Betwixt a state, and vessel under sail;
> Let me suppose thee for a ship a while.[1]

Vanbrugh's House.

(1. 57) After hard throes of many a day
Van was delivered of a play,
Which in due time brought forth a house,
Just as the mountain did the mouse.

Cf. *A. P.* 139.

A Description of the Morning.

(1. 78) And schoolboys lag with satchels in their hands.

Horace has just such a line in one of his Satires, which he is so fond of that he repeats it in an Epistle:

> Lævo suspensi loculos tabulamque lacerto.
> *S.* 1. 6. 74, and *E.* 1. 1. 56.

(1. 182-186) There are two poems written by Swift and a friend, first *Paulus: An Epigram,* by Mr. Lindsay, and then Swift's *Answer* to it, which have evidently Horace as their model. In the first, the lawyer is 'a slave to crowds,' and 'while smiling Nature . . . regales each sense,' he praises the country; but at the sight of gold he 'forgets the sun, and dozes on the laws.' In Swift's *Answer,* there are 'the early clients at his door,' the clamoring of the multitude, etc. Horace has a similar picture of just such distractions in Rome, while he is longing for the country, in the Sixth Satire of the Second Book. And these two poems lead up to a third, by Mr. Lindsay, a *Dialogue between an Eminent Lawyer* [himself] *and Dr. Swift,* which poem is avowedly based upon the First Satire of the Second Book.

Ode on Science.

(1. 245) So when Amphion bade the lyre
To more majestic sound aspire,
Behold the madding throng,

[1] See *Poems* 2. 219.

In wonder and oblivion drown'd,
To sculpture turn'd by magic sound
And petrifying song.
Cf. Hyginus; and Horace, *A. P.* 394-396.

On the Death of Dr. Swift.

(1. 258) *Nor persons held in admiration.*
Cf. *E.* 1. 6. 1.

The line is printed in italics, as are several lines in the poem that are beyond doubt adapted quotations.

On Poetry.

(1. 273) Some famed for numbers soft and smooth,
By lovers spoke in Punch's booth;
And some as justly fame extols
For lofty lines in Smithfield drolls.
Bavius in Wapping gains renown,
And Mævius reigns o'er Kentish town:
Tigellius placed in Phœbus' car
From Ludgate shines to Temple-bar.

For Bavius and Mævius see Virgil; for Mævius see Horace, *Epd.* 10. 1-2; for Tigellius see Horace, *S.* 1. 3. 1-19, whom Swift judges as did Horace in his satire.

(1. 277) 'T is sung, Prometheus, forming man,
Through all the brutal species ran,
Each proper quality to find
Adapted to a human mind;
A mingled mass of good and bad,
The best and worst that could be had;
Then from a clay of mixture base
He shaped a —— to rule the race,
Endow'd with gifts from every brute
That best the * * nature suit.
Cf. *O.* 1. 16. 13-16.

(1. 277-278)
Fair Britain, in thy monarch blest,
. . .
From him the Tartar and Chinese,
Short by the knees, entreat for peace.
Cf. *E.* 1. 12. 27-28.

To Janus, On New Year's Day.

(1. 293) Two-faced Janus, god of Time!
Be my Phœbus while I rhyme;
To oblige your crony Swift,
Bring our dame a new year's gift.
Cf. *S.* 2. 6. 20-23.

An Epistle upon an Epistle.

(1. 320) A passage may be found, I've heard,
In some old Greek or Latin bard,
Which says, 'Would crows in silence eat
Their offals, or their better meat,
Their generous feeders not provoking
By loud and inharmonious croaking,
They might, unhurt by Envy's claws,
Live on, and stuff to boot their maws.'
Cf. *E.* 1. 17. 50-51.

To Stella.

(2. 30) So Mævius, when he drain'd his skull
To celebrate some suburb trull,
His similes in order set,
And every crambo he could get.
Cf. Virgil; and Horace, *Epd.* 10. 2.

A Panegyric on the Dean.

(2. 124) Me Phœbus in a midnight dream
Accosting, said, 'Go shake your cream,
Be humbly-minded, know your post;
Sweeten your tea, and watch your toast.
Thee best befits a lowly style.

Browning cites Horace's line,

Post mediam noctem visus, cum somnia vera,
S. 1. 10. 33.

as a suggestion for Swift's 'midnight dream.' The whole passage imitates Phœbus admonishing Horace, in Ode 4. 15. 1-4.

The Run upon the Bankers.

(2. 194) Conceive the works of midnight hags,
Tormenting fools behind their backs:
Thus bankers, o'er their bills and bags,
Sit squeezing images of wax.

Conceive the whole enchantment broke;
The witches left in open air,
With power no more than other folk,
Exposed with all their magic ware.

These stanzas sound like Horace's description of the witches on the Campus Esquilinus (*S.* 1. 8. 17 f.); Swift probably had in mind the scene depicted there, with the scurrying flight of Canidia and Sagana.

3. *Letters.*

(3. 84-85) To Miss Esther Vanhomrigh. July 5, 1721. The wisest men in all ages have thought it the best course to seize the minutes as they fly, and to make every innocent action an amusement.

And she replies:

(3. 88) Miss Esther Vanhomrigh to Swift. July, 1721. He [Cad] has often told me that the best maxim in life, and always held by the wisest in all ages, is to seize the moments as they fly.

It is likely that one of the 'wisest men' of whom Swift was thinking was Horace, and of his advice, *Carpe diem, O.* 1. 11. 8.

(3. 274-275) To Thomas Sheridan. Sept. 25, 1725. I do think it is agreed, that all animals fight with the weapons natural to them, which is a new and wise remark out of my own head, and the devil take that animal, who will not offend his enemy when he is provoked, with his proper weapon.

When Swift calls this a remark out of his own head he is jesting, and knows that the erudite Dr. Sheridan will recognize his source, Horace, *S.* 2. 1. 50 f.

(4. 77) To Alexander Pope. Apr. 5, 1729. Having finished my letter to Aristippus, I now begin to you.

Aristippus was Bolingbroke's favorite philosopher, according to Courthope (Pope's *Works* 7. 150). Cf. Swift's letter to Bolingbroke, December 19, 1719; and Horace, *E.* 1. 17. 23-24.

(4. 128) To Alexander Pope. Feb. 26, 1729-30. I hope your ethic system is towards the umbilicum.

Courthope, in his edition of Pope's *Works* (7. 182), has an illuminating note on this expression: 'The word umbilicus, properly the knob at each end of the roller, which was fastened to the bottom of the parchment when full, is used by Horace meaning "to bring to an end":

> Inceptos, olim promissum carmen, iambos
> Ad umbilicum adducere.
>
> *Epd.* 14. 7-8.

Martial uses it with the same meaning, but in the plural, *ad umbilicos.*'

F. SUPPLEMENTARY.

There are various sources, such as verses written by Swift's friends, and usually included amongst his works; anonymous writings, not written by him, but having his sanction, and probably corrected by him; pamphlets written against him that imitate his style; writings upon him; all which throw light upon his familiar use of Horace. Some quotations from these, and discussions of them, are added as a supplement to what has been discovered of Horace in Swift's own writings.

A Second Letter from a Friend of the Right Honourable ——.[1]

The Romans, my lord, when a question was in the senate, whether they should ransom fifteen thousand citizens who had merited much by their former victories, but losing one battle were taken prisoners: were determined by the advice of that noble Roman Attilius Regulus not to redeem them as men unworthy their further care, though probably it was their misfortunes not their faults lost that day.

> Flagitio additis
> Damnum: neque emissos colores
> Lana refert medicata fuco:
>
> *O.* 3. 5. 26-28.

He thought they were not worthy to be trusted again:— To shew them pity, in his mind, would betray the Romans to perpetual danger:

[1] *Prose Wks.* 6. 228-229. *Appendix* 4 to *The Drapier's Letters.*

Et exemplo trahenti
Perniciem veniens in ævum,
Si non periret immiserabilis
Captiva pubes.

O. 3. 5. 15-18.

Temple Scott thinks that this letter was written by Mr. Robert Lindsay; it was probably corrected by Swift.

Verses sent to the Dean.

On his Birthday, with Pine's *Horace,* finely bound. By Dr. Sican.[1]

In this poem, Horace, dressed in Pine's engraved edition and finely bound in red,

With gold embroidery richly spread,

invites himself to celebrate the Dean's birthday. The verses are filled with an ingenious mixture of the habits of Horace and of Swift, and contain also a sharp criticism of some of the recent translators of Horace, ending with an invitation to Swift:

to save these small remains
From future pedant's muddy brains,
And fix my long uncertain fate,
You best know how—'which way?'—Translate.

Epigrams against Carthy.[2]

By Swift and Others.

Charles Carthy, a schoolmaster in the city of Dublin, was publisher of a translation of Horace, in which the Latin was printed on the one side, and the English on the other, whence he acquired the name of Mezentius, alluding to the practice of that tyrant, who chained the dead to the living. Carthy was almost continually involved in satirical skirmishes with Dunkin, for whom Swift had a particular friendship, and there is no doubt that the Dean himself engaged in the warfare.—Scott.

[1] *Poems* 1. 280-282.
[2] *Ibid.* 2. 278 f.

On Carthy's Translation of Horace.

Containing, on one side, the original Latin, on the other, his own version.

This I may boast, which few e'er could,
Half of my book at least is good.

On Carthy Minotaurus.

How monstrous Carthy looks with Flaccus braced,
For here we see the man and there the beast.

On the Same.

Once Horace fancied from a man,
He was transformed into a swan;
But Carthy, as from him thou learnest,
Has made the man a goose in earnest.

Cf. *O.* 2. 20. 9-12.

On the Same.

Talis erat quondam Tithoni splendida conjux,
Effulsit misero sic Dea juncta viro;
Hunc tandem imminuit sensim longæva senectus,
Te vero extinxit, Carole, prima dies.

Cf. *O.* 2. 16. 30.

Imitated.

So blush'd Aurora with celestial charms,
So bloom'd the goddess in a mortal's arms;
He sunk at length to wasting age a prey,
But thy book perish'd on its natal day.

Ad Horatium cum Carthio Constrictum.

Lectores ridere jubes dum Carthius astat?
Iste procul depellit olens tibi Mævius omnes:
Sic triviis veneranda diu, Jovis inclyta proles
Terruit, assumpto, mortales, Gorgonis ore.

Cf. *Epd.* 10. 2.

Imitated.

Could Horace give so sad a monster birth?
Why then in vain he would excite our mirth;
His humour well our laughter might command,
But who can bear the death's head in his hand?

An Irish Epigram on the Same.

While with the fustian of thy book,
The witty ancient you enrobe,
You make the graceful Horace look
As pitiful as Tom M'Lobe.

Ye Muses, guard your sacred mount;
And Helicon, for if this log
Should stumble once into the fount,
He'll make it muddy as a bog.

Upon Carthy's Threatening to Translate Pindar.

You have undone Horace,—what should hinder
Thy Muse from falling upon Pindar?

A passage from Mrs. Pilkington's *Memoirs* (1. 51), which Ball in his edition of the *Correspondence of Swift* (6. 203) cites as an instance of how Swift sedulously preserved his letters from his English friends, serves to show how Swift valued this translation by Carthy. The letters, she says, 'were placed in order under his own direction, and laid for safety within the covers of discarded books, such as the translation of Horace's Epistles by Dunkin's rival, Charles Carthy.'

Swift and Dr. Thomas Sheridan often wrote to one another in verse. In an *Answer*[1] of Sheridan's to some verses of Swift, occur the following lines:

Amphora, quam dulces risus queis pectora mulces,
Pangitur a Flacco, cum pectus turget Iaccho.

Cf. *O.* 1. 36. 11; 3. 8. 11; 28. 8. Horace twice uses the word *pango* of himself as composing verses: *E.* 1. 18. 40; *A. P.* 416.

In another *Answer*[2] to Swift, in which he is inviting the Dean to come and dine with him, Sheridan offers

A pint of wine as good as Falern,

mindful of Horace who, in his invitations, often offers this wine to his guests.

A poem called *Dan Jackson's Defence,*[3] which is a reply to a number of poems by Delany, Sheridan, Rochfort and Swift on *Dan Jackson's Picture,* and which may itself have been written by Swift, has the following introductory couplet:

[1] *Poems* 2. 311.
[2] *Ibid.* 2. 313.
[3] *Ibid.* 2. 335.

My verse little better you'll find than my face is;
A word to the wise—*ut pictura poesis.*

A. P. 361.

In *Dr. Rochfort's Reply*[1] to this, the lines,

You the famed idol will become,
As gardens graced in ancient Rome,
By matrons worshipp'd in the gloom of night,

echo Horace's description in the Eighth Satire of the First Book.[2]

Dr. Delany begins his *Reply*[3] with the couplet,

Assist me, my Muse, while I labour to limn him.
Credite, Pisones, isti tabulæ persimilem.

A. P. 6-7.

cleverly turning Horace's words to his own use.

Verses Addressed to Swift and to His Memory.[4]

To Dr. Swift on his Birthday. By Mrs. Pilkington.

While I the godlike men of old,
In admiration wrapt, behold;
Revered antiquity explore,
And turn the long-lived volumes o'er;
Where Cato, Plutarch, Flaccus, shine
In every excellence divine; etc.

To the Rev. Dr. Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's.[5]

A Birthday Poem.

Again I try—I'll sing the man—
Ay do, says Phœbus, if you can;
I wish with all my heart you would not;
Were Horace now alive he could not.

The writer is probably thinking of Horace's own words, Ode 4. 15. 1-4, and is also mindful of Swift's imitation of them in Phœbus' injunction in *A Panegyric on the Dean.*[6]

[1] *Poems* 2. 337.

[2] Browning refers to Horace, *S.* 1. 8. 1-8, and Virgil, *Georg.* 4. 110-111.

[3] *Poems* 2. 338.

[4] *Ibid.* 2. 390.

[5] *Ibid.* 2. 392.

[6] *Ibid.* 2. 124.

Epigram on Two Great Men.[1]

'Whom have ye seen, in twice three thousand years,
Whom have ye seen, like these, of mortal birth;
Though Archimede and Horace blest the earth?

. . .

Who does not know Sir Isaac, and the Dean?

The following extracts from *An Hue and Cry after Dean Swift* and *Dr. S——'s Real Diary* show how remarkably these pamphlets differ from Swift's *Journal to Stella,* which they are presumably imitating, and the style of which they have seized very cleverly, in that they quote Latin classic authors, especially Horace, copiously, and Swift's *Journal* is peculiarly free from quotation of any sort.

An Hue and Cry after Dean Swift.

Occasioned by a true and exact Copy of his own Diary, found in his Pocket-book, etc. 1714.[2]

Saturday . . . resolved to write an ode upon changing one's mind, in imitation of Horace's *Justum et tenacem, etc.*

O. 3. 3.

. . .

Write the following letter to Mr. Oldisworth, one of the authors of the *Examiner:*

'Sir,

Designing soon for the country, I desire that you will excuse me from supplying you with any more papers under the name of the Examiner. We have made the most of our cause; and no mortal affair has the privilege of being perpetually the same. Remember Horace's *Benepræparatum Pectus.'*

O. 2. 10. 14-15.

Dr. S——'s Real Diary. 1715.

Being a True and Faithful Account of himself, for that week, wherein he is traduc'd by the Author of a scandalous and malicious Hue and Cry after him.

Memorandum, To write my life, as school-boy, collegian, chaplain, statesman, lover, as neutral politician, Whig, Tory and poet. *Sed quid sit futurum cras fuge quærere.*

O. 1. 9. 13.

[1] *Poems* 2. 400.

[2] *Prose Wks.* 5. 481; quoted also in full in *Swiftiana* 2. 66.

Thursday. Buy a neat Elzivir Horace, and last edition of Balzac.

Friday. *Quid quisque vitet, nunqum homini satis cautum est in horas.*

O. 2. 13. 13-14.

And so throughout seventeen pages the author of this curious libel continues, mixing verses of Horace together in such a way as to preserve the metre, altering words in his quotations, somewhat as Swift does in his writings when he wants to fit a line of Horace into his sentence, insisting on a motto, usually from Horace, for each of his days—which is not a habit of Swift's—and finally dropping out of a quotation of Horace into a farewell in his own Latin.

William Pulteney sent a copy of verses in a letter to Swift,[1] June 3, 1740, in which he said,

You must give me leave to add to my letter a copy of verses at the end of a declamation made by a boy at Westminster school on this theme, *Ridentem dicere verum, quid vetat?*

S. 1. 1. 24-25.

In these verses there are a couple of Horatian echoes; for instance, they begin:

Dulce, Decane, decus, flos optime gentis Hibernæ,

like Horace's address to Mæcenas in the First Ode of the First Book;[2] and presently there occurs the line,

Nunc populo speciosa hospes miracula promis,

borrowed from the *Ars Poetica* 144.

A cottage at Moor Park, called by the name of Stella, and said to have been inhabited by her mother, 'has been also said to have been occupied by Swift, and lines from Horace over one of the doors were fifty years ago pointed out as originally placed there by him:

[1] *Poems* 2. 403; *Corresp.* 6. 163; *Swiftiana* 2. 4.

[2] The Earl of Orrery used this same expression in a letter to Pope, Oct. 26, 1735: 'The Dean is my *dulce decus*.' See Pope, *Wks.* 8. 375.

> Plerumque gratæ divitibus vices;
> Mundæque parvo sub lare pauperum
> Cœnæ, sine aulæis et ostro,
> Sollicitam explicuere frontem.'[1]
>
> *O.* 3. 29. 13-16.

Stella possessed a pickaxe, in the handle of which there was 'a slip of lighter coloured wood with the inscription:

> Rident vicini glebas et saxa moventem.'[2]
>
> *E.* 1. 14. 39.

The Earl of Orrery in his *Remarks,*[3] and Deane Swift in his *Essay*[4] upon Swift, have both discussed the likeness of Swift to Horace, Deane Swift at considerable length. But the likeness, as they see it, is external, depending upon certain like circumstances and opportunities in the lives of Swift and Horace; and neither perceives the deep, underlying dissimilarity in the genius of the two men.

Several existing portraits of Swift have mottos from Horace. These are described in the article, *The Portraits of Swift,* by Sir Frederick R. Falkiner, in Vol. 12 of the *Prose Works.*

T. P. LeFanu, in an article on *Dean Swift's Library,*[5] speaks of a *Horace,* evidently a folio or octavo, shown in the later impressions of the engraving of Swift in the National Portrait Gallery.

[1] *Corresp.* 4. 451. *Appendix* 1.

[2] See *Corresp.* 3. 241; and Frances Power Cobbe, *A Relic of Swift and Stella* (*Temple Bar,* 66. 568).

[3] *Remarks on the Life and Writings of Dr. Jonathan Swift,* by the Earl of Orrery, 1752, pp. 65-66.

[4] *An Essay upon the Life, Writings, and Character, of Dr. Jonathan Swift,* by Deane Swift, 1755, p. 247 f.

[5] *Proc. Roy. Soc. of Antiq. of Ireland,* July, 1896, p. 113.

HENRY FIELDING

Complete Works of Henry Fielding, With Essay by W. E. Henley. 1902.

The Champion. 1741.

The True Patriot.[1] Nov. 5, 1745, to June 10, 1746. From a photographic copy in the Yale Library.

The Jacobite's Journal.[1] Dec. 5, 1747, to Nov. 5, 1748. From a photographic copy in the Yale Library. (No. 41 missing.)

The Covent-Garden Journal. By Sir Alexander Drawcansir (Henry Fielding). Ed. by G. E. Jensen. Yale University Press. 1915.

The Masquerade, A Poem. 1728.

Plutus, The God of Riches. A Comedy, translated from Aristophanes: With large notes, explanatory and critical. By Henry Fielding and William Young.

A. MOTTOS FROM HORACE.

1. *Novels.*

For the *History of Tom Jones: A. P.* 142; and for *Amelia: O.* 1. 13. 17-18.

2. *Plays and Poems.*

For the *Temple Beau: E.* 2. 1. 76-77, with a motto also from Virgil; for *Don Quixote in England: A. P.* 240-242; for the *Masquerade, A Poem: A. P.* 7-8.

3. *Miscellaneous Writings.*

For the following numbers of the *True Patriot:* 4 (*S.* 1. 2. 1-3); 5 (*S.* 1. 3. 86); 6 (*S.* 1. 1. 19); 17 (*O.* 1. 3. 38); 20 (*Epd.* 17. 36-38); 23 (*S.* 2. 3. 120-121); 27 (*O.* 1. 6. 9 and 11); 28 (*E.* 1. 18. 28-29); 31 (*O.* 1. 2. 5-6).

[1] In including the leading articles of the *True Patriot* and the *Jacobite's Journal*, I am indebted to Professor Wilbur L. Cross, who is of opinion that they were practically all written by Fielding.

For the following numbers of the *Jacobite's Journal:* 1 (*S.* 1. 10. 14-15); 3 (*O.* 3. 1. 2-6); 17 (*S.* 1. 1. 27); 20 (*E.* 1. 16. 38-40); 21 (*S.* 1. 1. 25-26); 27 (*O.* 3. 5. 15-16); 28 (*A. P.* 151); 29 (*S.* 1. 2. 1); 31 (*E.* 2. 1. 17); 35 (*O.* 1. 5. 5); 42 (*S.* 2. 7. 82); 46 (*S.* 2. 7. 69-71); 47 and 48 (*O.* 2. 1. 6).

For the following numbers of the *Covent-Garden Journal:* 5 (*O.* 3. 3. 29-30); 8 (*S.* 1. 2. 1-2); 10 (*A. P.* 270-272);[1] 11 (*E.* 1. 6. 67-68); 14 (*E.* 2. 1. 149-150);[2] 17 (*O.* 2. 19. 2); 19 (*O.* 3. 3. 69);[3] 24 (*E.* 2. 2. 141-142); 26 (*O.* 2. 19. 1-4); 30[4] (*E.* 1. 1. 90); 33 (*O.* 3. 1. 1); 36 (*E.* 1. 1. 39); 40 (*A. P.* 27); 43 (*S.* 1. 6. 1-8); 44 (*S.* 2. 3. 31-32); 49 (*O.* 3. 1. 1); 50 (*A. P.* 322); 52 (*A. P.* 323-324); 53 (*A. P.* 138); 54 (*O.* 3. 6. 33); 56 (*O.* 3. 6. 19); 59 (*O.* 4. 9. 26-28); 62 (*S.* 2. 3. 271);[5] 67 (*O.* 3. 6. 17-20); 69 (*S.* 2. 3. 120-121); 70 (*O.* 1. 3. 38).

For the following numbers of the *Champion:* Nov. 22, 1739 (*A. P.* 25); Dec. 4, 1739 (*E.* 2. 1. 9-10); Dec. 8, 1739 (*E.* 2. 1. 154); Dec. 13, 1739 (*S.* 1. 10. 33); Dec. 22, 1739 (*O.* 2. 13. 22); Dec. 25, 1739 (*A. P.* 409-410); Dec. 27, 1739 (*S.* 2. 3. 158-159); Dec. 29, 1739 (*O.* 4. 9. 45-49); Jan. 5, 1739-40 (*S.* 1. 3. 101); Jan. 12, 1739-40 (*E.* 2. 1. 101); Jan. 24, 1739-40 (*E.* 1. 6. 29-31); Jan. 26, 1739-40 (*S.* 1. 4. 104-105); Feb. 5, 1739-40 (*S.* 2. 2. 100); Feb. 12, 1739-40 (*A. P.* 153); Feb. 14, 1739-40 (*E.* 2. 1. 116); Feb. 21, 1739-40 (*S.* 2. 3. 158); Feb. 26, 1739-40 (*O.* 2. 10. 5-8); March 11, 1739-40 (*S.* 1. 6. 15-17); March 20, 1739-40 (*A. P.* 142); March 22, 1739-40 (*S.* 2. 1. 26; *A. P.* 162); April 1, 1740 (*E.* 2. 1. 185-186); April 22, 1740 (*S.* 2. 1. 45); May 3, 1740 (*O.* 2. 2. 7-8); May 10, 1740 (*Epd.* 15. 1); May 17, 1740 (*E.* 2. 1. 182); May 20, 1740 (*E.* 1. 19. 11); May 24, 1740 (*O.* 1. 10. 18-19); May 31, 1740 (*S.* 1. 8. 1-3); June 7, 1740 (*E.* 1. 16. 31); June 10, 1740 (*S.* 1. 4. 105-106).

For *A Proper Answer to a Late Scurrilous Libel: S.* 1. 4. 85.

[1] Slightly altered.
[2] With inversion of some of the words.
[3] Slightly altered.
[4] Fielding's authorship of this paper is doubtful.
[5] Slightly altered.

B. QUOTATION OF, OR REFERENCE TO LINES OF HORACE.

1. *Novels.*

Joseph Andrews.

(1. 175)[1] Bk. 2, Ch. 12. Or, if the finest features in it [the picture of Fanny] should set Lady ——'s image before our eyes, we should be still in as bad a situation, and might say to our desires, *Cœlum ipsum petimus stultitia.*

O. 1. 3. 38.

(1. 208) Bk. 2, Ch. 17. [Parson Abraham Adams:] 'Master of mine, perhaps I have travelled a great deal farther than you, without the assistance of a ship. Do you imagine sailing by different cities or countries is travelling? No.

Cœlum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.

E. 1. 11. 27.

I can go farther in an afternoon than you in a twelve-month.'

(1. 224) Bk. 3, Ch. 2. [Parson Adams:] 'But if you please we will confine ourselves (at least for the present) to the *Iliad,* his noblest work; though neither Aristotle nor Horace give it the preference, as I remember, to the *Odyssey.* First, then, as to his subject, can anything be more simple, and at the same time more noble? He is rightly praised by the first of those judicious critics, for not choosing the whole war, which, though he says it hath a complete beginning and end, would have been too great for the understanding to comprehend at one view. I have therefore often wondered why so correct a writer as Horace should, in his epistle to Lollius, call him the *Trojani Belli Scriptorem.*'

E. 1. 2. 1.

(1. 355) Bk. 4, Ch. 9. He [Parson Adams] said, They were heartily welcome to his poor cottage, and, turning to Mr. Didapper, cried out, '*Non mea renidet in domo lacunar.*' The beau answered, He did not understand Welsh; at which the parson stared, and made no reply.

O. 2. 18. 2.

[1] References are to the *Wks. of Fielding,* with essay by W. E. Henley, 1902, unless otherwise indicated.

The Life of Jonathan Wild the Great.

(2. 91) Bk. 2, Ch. 12. The truth is, we do not choose to have any recourse to miracles, from the strict observance we pay to that rule of Horace,

> Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus.
> *A. P.* 191.

The meaning of which is, do not bring in a supernatural agent when you can do without him.

(*Ibid.*) Be it known then, that the great Alma Mater, Nature, is of all other females the most obstinate, and tenacious of her purpose. So true is that observation,

> Naturam expellas furca licet, usque recurret,
> *E.* 1. 10. 24.

which I need not render in English, it being to be found in a book which most fine gentlemen are forced to read.

(2. 132) Bk. 3, Ch. 11. A GREAT MAN ought to do his business by others; to employ hands, as we have before said, to his purposes, and keep himself as much behind the curtain as possible; and though it must be acknowledged that two very great men, whose names will be both recorded in history, did in these latter times come forth themselves on the stage, and did hack and hew and lay each other most cruelly open to the diversion of the spectators, yet this must be mentioned rather as an example of avoidance than imitation, and is to be ascribed to the number of those instances which serve to evince the truth of these maxims: *Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit. Ira furor brevis est, etc.*

The first of these Latin sentences is from Pliny the Elder, the second, Horace, *E.* 1. 2. 62.

(2. 147) Bk. 4, Ch. 1. The catastrophe, to which our hero had reduced this wretch, was so wonderful an effort of Greatness, that it probably made fortune envious of her own darling; but whether it was from this envy, or only from that known inconstancy and weakness so often and judiciously remarked in that lady's temper, who frequently lifts men to the summit of human greatness, only

> ut lapsu graviore ruant;

certain it is, she now began to meditate mischief against Wild, etc.

This quotation is not from Horace as it stands, but it looks as if Fielding had in mind the lines, *O.* 2. 10. 10-11.

> Et celsæ graviore casu
> Decidunt,

and quoted from memory, with the above result.

A Journey from this World to the Next.

(2. 321-322) Bk. 1, Ch. 24. 'I confess to you,' says he, 'that the delight in repeating our own works is so predominant in a poet that I find nothing can totally root it out of the soul. Happy would it be for those persons if their hearers could be delighted in the same manner: but alas! hence that *ingens solitudo* complained of by Horace: for the vanity of mankind is so much greedier and more general than their avarice, that no beggar is so ill received by them as he who solicits their praise.'

There is no such expression as *ingens solitudo* in Horace. But in Satire 1. 4 (22-23), Horace shows that, no matter what his particular form of madness, each and every man hates and fears the poet; in the same Satire (74-78) he describes the delight taken by men in reading publicly their own books; and at the close of the *Ars Poetica* (453-end) he gives a picture of the mad poet whom sensible people flee from, and the children tease and follow.

History of Tom Jones.

(3. 75) Bk. 2, Ch. 4. Among the Greeks, barbers' news was a proverbial expression; and Horace, in one of his epistles, makes honourable mention of the Roman barbers in the same light.

S. 1. 7. 1-3.

(3. 98-99) Bk. 2, Ch. 8. [Captain Blifil] took, therefore, measure of that proportion of soil which was now become adequate to all his future purposes, and he lay dead on the ground, a great (though not a living) example of the truth of that observation of Horace:

> Tu secanda marmora
> Locas sub ipsum funus; et sepulchri
> Immemor, struis domos,
>
> *O.* 2. 18. 17.

which sentiment I shall thus give to the English reader: 'You provide the noblest materials for building, when a pick-axe and a spade are only necessary; and build houses of five hundred by a hundred feet, forgetting that of six by two.'

(3. 109) Bk. 3, Ch. 2. Now, as Horace tells us that there are a set of human beings

Fruges consumere nati,
E. 1. 2. 27.

'Born to consume the fruits of the earth;' so I make no manner of doubt but that there are others

Feras consumere nati,

'Born to consume the beasts of the field'; or, as it is commonly called, the game; and none, I believe, will deny but that those squires fulfil this end of their creation.

(3. 148) Bk. 4, Ch. 2. [Part of a description of Sophia:] The finest cambric might indeed be supposed from envy to cover that bosom which was much whiter than itself.—It was indeed,

Nitor splendens Pario marmore purius.
O. 1. 19. 5-6.

A gloss shining beyond the purest brightness of Parian marble.

(3. 204) Bk. 4, Ch. 14. As to the present situation of her [Sophia's] mind, I shall adhere to a rule of Horace, by not attempting to describe it, from despair of success.
A. P. 149-150.

(3. 209) Bk. 5, Ch. 1. Judicious writers have always practised this art of contrast with great success. I have been surprized that Horace should cavil at this art in Homer; but indeed he contradicts himself in the very next line.

Indignor quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus;
Verum opere in longo fas est obrepere somnum.
A. P. 359-360.[1]

I grieve if e'er great Homer chance to sleep,
Yet slumbers on long works have right to creep.

(3. 252) Bk. 5, Ch. 9. Jones now, looking on Thwackum with inconceivable disdain, answered, 'And doth thy mean soul imagine, that any such considerations could weigh with me? No, let the earth open and swallow her own dirt (if

[1] [Verum operi longo fas est].

I had millions of acres I would say it) rather than swallow up my dear glorious friend [Allworthy].

> Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
> Tam chari capitis?

O. 1. 24. 1-2.

(3. 334) Bk. 7, Ch. 1. As Garrick, whom I regard in tragedy to be the greatest genius the world hath ever produced, sometimes condescends to play the fool; so did Scipio the Great and Lælius the Wise, according to Horace, many years ago.

S. 2. 1. 71-74.

(3. 334-335) *Ibid.* Those persons, indeed, who have passed any time behind the scenes of this great theatre, and are thoroughly acquainted not only with the several disguises which are there put on, but also with the fantastic and capricious behaviour of the Passions, who are the managers and directors of this theatre (for as to Reason, the patentee, he is known to be a very idle fellow, and seldom to exert himself), may most probably have learned to understand the famous *nil admirari* of Horace, or in the English phrase, to stare at nothing.

E. 1. 6. 1.

(3. 352) Bk. 7, Ch. 6. Here, therefore, we shall strictly adhere to a rule of Horace; by which writers are directed to pass over all those matters which they despair of placing in a shining light.

A. P. 149-150.

(4. 59) Bk. 8, Ch. 1. I wish, likewise, with all my heart, that Homer could have known the rule prescribed by Horace, to introduce supernatural agents as seldom as possible.

A. P. 191-192.

(4. 61) *Ibid.* To say the truth, if the historian will confine himself to what really happened, and utterly reject any circumstance, which, though never so well attested, he must be well assured is false, he will sometimes fall into the marvellous, but never into the incredible. He will often raise the wonder and surprise of his reader, but never that incredulous hatred mentioned by Horace.

A. P. 188.

(4. 87) Bk. 8, Ch. 6. [Partridge to Tom Jones:] —'and I beg only to attend you in the quality of your servant; *Nil desperandum est Teucro duce et auspice Teucro.*'

O. 1. 7. 27.

(4. 137) Bk. 8, Ch. 13. —For they [philosophy and religion] strengthen and confirm the mind, till man becomes, in the noble strain of Horace,

> Fortis et in seipso totus atque rotundus,
> Externi ne quid voleat per læve morari:
> In quem manca ruit semper Fortuna.
>
> *S.* 2. 7. 86-88.

(4. 155) Bk. 9, Ch. 1. Here I mean such imitators as Rowe was of Shakespear, or as Horace hints some of the Romans were of Cato, by bare feet and sour faces.

E. 1. 19. 12-14.

Ibid. Scribimus indocti doctique passim, may be more truly said of the historian and biographer, than of any other species of writing; for all the arts and sciences (even criticism itself) requires some little degree of learning and knowledge.

E. 2. 1. 117.

(4. 157) *Ibid.* The first is, genius, without a full vein of which no study, says Horace, can avail us.

A. P. 409-410.

Ibid. I could again cite the authority of Horace, and of many others, if any was necessary to prove that tools are of no service to a workman, when they are not sharpened by art, or when he wants rules to direct him in his work, or hath no matter to work upon.

A. P. 304-322.

(4. 159) *Ibid.* The author who will make one weep, says Horace, must first weep himself.

A. P. 102-103.

(4. 180) Bk. 9, Ch. 5. Many other weapons did she [Mrs. Waters] assay; but the god of eating (if there be any such deity, for I do not confidently assert it) preserved his votary; or perhaps it may not be *dignus vindice nodus,* and the present security of Jones may be accounted for by natural means.

A. P. 191.

(4. 195) Bk. 10, Ch. 1. In fact, if there be enough of goodness in a character to engage the admiration and affection of a well-disposed mind, though there should appear some of those little blemishes, *quas humana parum cavit natura,* they will raise our compassion rather than our abhorrence.

A. P. 353.

(4. 246) Bk. 11, Ch. 1. Again, though there may be some faults justly assigned in the work; yet if those are not in the most essential parts, or, if they are compensated by greater beauties, it will savour rather of the malice of a slanderer, than of the judgment of a true critic, to pass a severe sentence upon the whole, merely on account of some vicious part. This is directly contrary to the sentiments of Horace:

> Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
> Offendor maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
> Aut humana parum cavit natura.
>
> *A. P.* 351-353.

Fielding adds the translation of these lines by Francis.

(4. 304-305) Bk. 12, Ch. 2. 'Sorrow not, sir,' says he [Parson Supple to Squire Western], 'like those without hope. Howbeit we have not yet been able to overtake young Madam, we may account it some good fortune that we have hitherto traced her course aright. Peradventure she will soon be fatigated with her journey, and will tarry in some inn, in order to renovate her corporeal functions; and in that case, in all moral certainty, you will very briefly be *compos voti*.'

A. P. 76.

The expression however is also found in Ovid, Livy, Suetonius, and other authors.

(4. 312) Bk. 12, Ch. 3. [Tom Jones to Partridge:] 'If you love Latin, I will repeat you some fine lines out of Horace, which would inspire courage in a coward.

> Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.
> Mors et fugacem persequitur virum,
> Nec parcit imbellis juventæ
> Poplitibus, timidoque tergo.'
>
> *O.* 3. 2. 13-16.

'I wish you would construe them,' cries Partridge; 'for Horace is a hard author, and I cannot understand as you repeat them.' 'I will repeat you a bad imitation, or rather paraphrase of my own,' said Jones; 'for I am but an indifferent poet.

> Who would not die in his dear country's cause?
> Since, if base fear his dastard step withdraws,
> From death he cannot fly:—One common grave
> Receives, at last, the coward and the brave.'

(4. 346-347) Bk. 12, Ch. 10. [Tom Jones to Mr. Dowling:] 'But, I thank heaven, I know, I feel,—I feel my innocence, my friend; and I would not part with that feeling for the world.—For as long as I know I have never done, nor even designed an injury to any being whatever.'

[Here Tom Jones quotes two stanzas of Ode 1. 22. 17-24, beginning, *Pone me pigris,* etc.]

He then filled a bumper of wine, and drank it off to the health of his dear Lalage: and filling Dowling's glass likewise up to the brim, insisted on his pledging him. 'Why then here's Miss Lalage's health with all my heart,' cries Dowling. 'I have heard her toasted often, I protest, though I never saw her; but they say she's extremely handsome.'

(5. 45) Bk. 13, Ch. 4. [Tom Jones] had scarce finished his story, when a most violent noise shook the whole house. To attempt to describe this noise to those who have heard it, would be in vain; and to aim at giving any idea of it to those who have never heard the like, would be still more vain: for it may be truly said,

Non acuta
Sic geminant Corybantes æra.
O. 1. 16. 7-8.

The priests of Cybele do not so rattle their sounding brass.

In short, a footman knocked, or rather thundered at the door.

Amelia.

(6. 258) Bk. 5, Ch. 7. This made her [Amelia's] satisfaction complete, threw her into such spirits, and gave such a lustre to her eyes, that her face, as Horace says, was too dazzling to be looked at.

O. 1. 19. 8.

(7. 177) Bk. 9, Ch. 10. 'Undoubtedly, Sir,' answered Tom [a vain young clergyman], 'the doctor [Harrison] hath spoken a great deal of excellent truth; and without a compliment to him, I was always a great admirer of his sermons, particularly of their oratory. But,

Nec tamen hoc tribuens dederim quoque cætera.'
S. 1. 10. 5.

(7. 181-182) Bk. 10, Ch. 1. [Mrs. Atkinson having just quoted a line of Virgil:] 'Very well repeated, indeed,' cries

the doctor. 'Do you understand all Virgil as well as you seem to do that line?'

'I hope I do, Sir,' said she, 'and Horace too; or else my father threw away his time to very little purpose in teaching me.'

'I ask your pardon, Madam,' cries the doctor. 'I own it was an impertinent question.'

'Not at all, Sir,' says she; 'and if you are one of those who imagine women incapable of learning, I shall not be offended at it. I know the common opinion; but

Interdum vulgus rectum videt, est ubi peccat.'

E. 2. 1. 63.

(7. 183) *Ibid.* 'I am satisfied,' cries the doctor. 'And in the words of your own Horace, *Verbum non amplius addam.*'

S. 1. 1. 121.

Ibid. 'Not in the least,' cries the doctor. 'Doctor Bentley was not such a person; and yet he would have quarrelled, I am convinced, with any wife in the world, in behalf of one of his corrections. I don't suppose he would have given up his *Ingentia Fata* to an angel.'

E. 2. 1. 6.

See Bentley's edition of Horace for this reading.

(7. 204-205) Bk. 10, Ch. 4. [Dr. Harrison:] No man is fonder of true wit and humour than myself; but to profane sacred things with jest and scoffing, is a sure sign of a weak and a wicked mind. . . . Horace . . . describes such a rascal:

Solutos
Qui captat risus hominum famamque dicacis.

S. 1. 4. 82-83.

And says of him,

Hic niger est, hunc tu, Romane, caveto.

S. 1. 4. 85.

(7. 335) Bk. 12, Ch. 8. 'Very well,' said the doctor; . . . 'To say the truth, I have rather a better opinion of dreams than Horace had.'

A. P. 7-9.

2. *Plays.*

The Author's Farce.

(8. 219-220) Act 2, Sc. 4.

Bookweight. So, Mr. Index, what news with you?

Index. I have brought my bill, Sir.

Book. What's here? For fitting the motto of *Risum teneatis Amici* to a dozen pamphlets, at sixpence per each, six shillings— . . . Hum! hum! hum! Sum total, for thirty-six Latin mottos, eighteen shillings; etc.

A. P. 5.

The Life and Death of Tom Thumb the Great. H. Scriblerus Secundus his Preface.

(9. 11) Here I shall only beg one postulatum, viz, That the greatest perfection of the language of a tragedy is, that it is not to be understood; which granted (as I think it must be) it will necessarily follow, that the only way to avoid this is by being too high or too low for the understanding, which will comprehend every thing within its reach. Those two extremities of style Mr. Dryden illustrates by the familiar image of two inns, which I shall term the aerial and the subterrestrial.

Horace goes farther, and sheweth when it is proper to call at one of these inns, and when at the other:

> Telephus et Peleus, cum pauper et exul uterque,
> Projicit ampullas et sesquipedalia verba.
>
> *A. P.* 96-97.

That he approveth of the *sesquipedalia verba,* is plain; for had not Telephus and Peleus used this sort of Diction in prosperity, they could not have dropt it in adversity. The aerial inn, therefore (says Horace), is proper only to be frequented by princes and other great men, in the highest affluence of fortune; the subterrestrial is appointed for the entertainment of the poorer sort of people only, whom Horace advises,

> —dolere sermone pedestri.
>
> *A. P.* 95.

The true meaning of both which citations is, that bombast is the proper language for joy, and doggrel for grief; the latter of which is literally implied in the *sermo pedestris,* as the former is in the *sesquipedalia verba.*

(9. 19) Act 1, Sc. 1. A note which cites the opinions of several learned critics, and which confutes the opinion of Dr. B——y,[1] ends with the remark, *Risum teneatis, amici.*

A. P. 5.

[1] Dr. Bentley.

(9. 55) Act 3, Sc. 1. [In a note on ghosts:] . . . the Fabula of the Latins, which signifies a Ghost as well as a Fable.

> Te premet nox, fabulæque manes. Hor.
> *O.* 1. 4. 16.

(9. 62) Act 3, Sc. 6. A note to the line, spoken by the King of Tom Thumb,

> He is alone equal to all these odds,

quotes Mr. D. exclaiming over this line:

> Credat Judæus Appella,
> Non ego.
> *S.* 1. 5. 100-101.

The Coffee-House Politician.

(9. 124) Act 3, Sc. 13. SOTMORE. . . . The rose is ever understood over the drinking room, and a glass is the surest turnkey to the lips.

CONSTANT. That's contrary to the opinion of philosophers.

SOTMORE. Of the sober ones it may; but all your wise philosophers were a set of the most drunken dogs alive. I never knew a sober fellow but was an ass—and your ass is the soberest of all animals. Your sober philosophers and their works have been buried long ago. I remember a saying of that great philosopher and poet, Horace, who wrote in Falernian instead of ink:

> No verses last—can long escape the night,
> Which the dull scribbling water-drinkers write.

Sotmore is here referring to Horace's lines, Epistle 1. 19. 1-3. But Constant could also count Horace among his philosophers, and, by the juxtaposition of the two ideas, one definitely taken from Horace, it would seem that Fielding, when he made Constant say that the keeping of secrets under the influence of wine was 'contrary to the opinion of philosophers,' had in mind Horace's description of the power of wine in his Epistle 1. 5. 16 f. (especially *Operta recludit*), and in Ode 3. 21. 14-16; and that, by a natural transition of thought, he hit upon another utterance of Horace, which he transformed into the argument for the besotted Sotmore.[1]

[1] Constant's speech belongs under *Implicit Allusion*, but cannot well be taken out of its context.

The Covent-Garden Tragedy. Prolegomena.

(10. 106) As for an action, I have read it [the *Covent-Garden Tragedy*] over twice, and do solemnly aver, I can find none, at least none worthy to be called an action. The author, indeed, in one place, seems to promise something like an action. . . . But alas! what comes of all this preparation?—Why, *parturient montes*—the audience is deceived, according to custom, and the two murdered people appear in good health. For all which great revolution of fortune we have no other reason given, but that the one has been run through the coat, and the other has hung up her gown instead of herself—*Ridiculum!*

A. P. 139.

(10. 108) How unlike this was the beautiful manner of making love in use among the ancients, that charming simplicity of manners which shines so apparently in all the Tragedies of Plautus, where,

—petit et prece blandus amicam.

But, alas! how should an illiterate modern imitate authors he has never read?

It looks as if Fielding had taken the expression *prece blandus* out of Horace, *E.* 2. 1. 135, and used it to his own purpose here.

Pasquin.

(11. 197) Act 3, Sc. 1. Trapwit. . . . What, would you have everything brought upon the stage? I intend to bring ours to the dignity of the French stage; and I have Horace's advice on my side; we have many things both said and done in our comedies, which might be better perform'd behind the scenes: the French, you know, banish all cruelty from the stage; and I don't see why we should bring on a lady in ours, practising all manner of cruelty upon her lover.

A. P. 182-188.

Eurydice.

(11. 290) Scene, Pluto's Court. [Pluto has been moralizing, and the Author comments:] There, Sir! There is morality for you out of the mouth of the devil, if that be not *à fuco dare lucem,* let another handle the pen for me.

Fielding evidently has in mind Horace's expression in the *Ars Poetica* 143, *ex fumo dare lucem,* and has adapted the line to his own purpose. The precept of the *Ars Poetica,* to bring

forth light from smoke, becomes here the poet's endeavor to bring forth light from the paint-pot of the stage make-up.

Eurydice Hissed.

(11. 306) Sourwit. But don't you intend to lay the scene in the theatre, and let us see the farce fairly damn'd before us?

Spatter. No, Sir, it is a thing of too horrible a nature; for which reason I shall follow Horace's rule, and only introduce a description of it. Come, enter, Description.

A. P. 182-188.

3. *Legal Writings.*

Inquiry into the Causes of the Late Increase of Robbers.

(13. 44) Section 3. Lastly, what can a man who sins in open defiance of the laws of his country answer to the *vir bonus est quis?* Can he say,

Qui consulta patrum, qui leges juraque servat?

Or can he apply that celebrated line,

Oderunt peccare boni virtutis honore,[1]

to himself, who owes to his greatness, and not to his innocence, that he is not deterred from such vices—*Formidine Pœnæ?*

E. 1. 16. 40, 41, 52, and 53.

(13. 75) Section 4. But, *est modus;* there is a difference between making men slaves and felons, and compelling them to be subjects; in short, between throwing the reins on the neck of idleness, and riding it with spurs of iron.

S. 1. 1. 106.

(13. 108) Section 7. [Fielding concludes this section, after trying to rescue the office of informer or thief catcher from the odium which attaches to it, with the following paragraph:]

To conclude a matter in which, though serious, I will not be too tedious, what was the great Pompey in the piratic war? what Hercules, Theseus, and the other heroes of old, *Deorum in templa recepti*—Were they not the most eminent of thief catchers?

E. 2. 1. 6.

Proposal for Making an Effectual Provision for the Poor.

(13. 143) Introduction. Men of the greatest abilities are not always the forwardest to push themselves into the public notice. . . . Real genius . . . is generally attended by a sullen pride that, disdaining to seek after the world, expects

1 [Oderunt peccare boni virtutis amore].

to be sought out by it. Such are the men who, as Horace expresses it, deceive mankind, and pass through the world without being known by it. A temper of mind which may be as happy for the possessor as Horace and Epicurus seem to think it, but which, very unhappily for the public, is bestowed by nature on the wrong persons.

E. 1. 17. 10, and *E.* 1. 18. 103.

(13. 192-193) [Conclusion]. Thus have I laid my plan before the public, with all that I have to say in its support or recommendation. . . . Whatever shall be the fate of my labour it will not find me quite unprepared; . . . I do not affect an absolute or stoical indifference on this occasion; I mean no more than to be as little solicitous as it is possible about events, whatever trouble I have taken in using the means—a temper of mind for which I am not a little obliged to my great master's advice:

Quem sors dierum cumque dabit, lucro appone.

O. 1. 9. 14-15.

And again:

Grata superveniet, quæ non sperabitur, hora.

E. 1. 4. 14.

The forming which into a general precept, and then reducing that precept into a habit, hath cost me more pains than I have employed in composing the foregoing pages; nor is the former labour thrown away, whatever may become of the latter.

(13. 193-194) Lastly, I sometimes flatter myself that I have some few enemies. . . . These will, I presume, not only deny all merit to the execution of my design, but to the design itself; and will discover that, instead of intending a provision for the poor, I have been carving out one for myself, and have very cunningly projected to build myself a fine house at the expense of the public. This would be to act in direct opposition to the advice of my above master; it would be indeed *struere domos immemor sepulchri.*

O. 2. 18. 18-19.

4. *Miscellaneous Writings.*

True Patriot.[1]

No. 10. Fielding ends this paper, which consists of an 'imaginary journal of events,' should the Pretender be victorious, with the following quotation:

verbum non amplius addam.

S. 1. 1. 121.

[1] The following passages are taken from a photographic copy of the *True Patriot.*

No. 18. [Concerning plotters against the *True Patriot.*] The Reason therefore of this Admonition is less intended for our own sake, than to caution such Persons from persisting any longer in their base Purposes: For, however secretly they may imagine they have conducted their Malice, we assure them their Names are well known, and unless they immediately alter their Conduct towards us, they must shortly expect to find themselves gibbeted in our Paper, and exposed to the same universal Derision with the *Par nobile fratrum,* whom we have lately hung forth as Objects of public Scorn and Contempt.

S. 2. 3. 243.

No. 25. [Philander to the *True Patriot* upon the duty of every man to his country.] Among the ancient *Romans* it was accounted *dulce et decorum pro patria mori;* and our own Ancestors have shewn their Opinions the same by their noble Actions; but our modern fine Gentlemen have refined upon the Virtue of the Ancients, and think it much more *dulce et decorum* to have no Concern for their Country, and to keep out of Harm's Way; and whatever happens, to take Care to gratify their own Inclinations; and *mori pro patria* has too harsh a Sound in their fine Ears.

O. 3. 2. 13.

Jacobite's Journal.[1]

No. 1. . . . As Jacobitism itself is a Mystery highly above the Reach of human Reason, so are the Causes which, at particular Seasons, produce it. *Machiavel* himself believed the Stars to have a very great political Influence; and tho' *Bacchus* be not among the Planets, yet *Ariadne's* Crown is among the Constellations. Perhaps this might shine more bright than usual, and call us forth to drink at this Season, when our Civil War is just at an End; as was the Case in *Rome,* when *Horace* begins his Ode with

Nunc est bibendum—

O. 1. 37. 1.

Ibid. In short, I am desirous to be laughed at for the Good of my Country; and there is no Man, who seriously wishes well to it, but will assist and promote so laudable a Purpose, by propagating and circulating this Paper to the utmost of his Power; which, if the Opinion of *Horace* in my Motto, have any Justice in it, may be of so much Consequence to the

[1] The following passages are taken from a photographic copy of the *Jacobite's Journal.*

Cause of that Truth which it espouses, and which I hope will, in the End, reduce all Men to be *as great and as sincere* Jacobites as myself.

S. 1. 10. 14-15.

No. 5. [A letter to John Trott-Plaid in praise of *Clarissa.*] Sure this Mr. *Richardson* is Master of all that Art which *Horace* compares to Witchcraft,

> Pectus inaniter angit,
> Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,
> Ut Magus.

E. 2. 1. 211-213.

No. 8. . . . Yet what Praise ever flows from the Pen of a modern Critic, or of a modern Patriot? How contrary is such a Spirit to the amiable Temper of *Horace.*

> Nempe incomposito dixi pede, currere versus
> Lucili. Quis tam Lucili Fautor inepte est
> Ut non hoc fatiatur? at idem quod sale multo
> Urbem defricuit Charta laudatur eadem.

S. 1. 10. 1-4.

What can be fairer than this?

Ibid. Horace will teach us to judge of Writings,

> Ubi plura nitent in Carmine, non ego paucis
> Offendar Maculis.

A. P. 351-352.

By the same Rule we must form our Judgment of Men.

Ibid. Mr. *Trott,*

I send you a Motto from *Horace,* which you may prefix to your inimitable Bill of Mortality.

> Hic miseræ Plebi stabat commune sepulchrum,
> Pantolabo Scurræ, Nomentanoque nepoti.
> *Yours.*

S. 1. 8. 10-11.

No. 10. Thus says *Horace,* speaking of the Peace-making Worthies of old:

> Romulus et Liber Pater et cum Castore Pollux,
> Post ingentia facta Deorum in Templa recepti
> Dum Terras Hominumq; colunt Genus, *aspera Bella*
> *Componunt, &c.*
> Ploravere suis non respondere Favorem
> Speratum Meritis.

E. 2. 1. 5-8, 9-10.

And such Rewards, however dearly they may be purchased, I will venture to assure that Person who shall give a tolerable Peace to this bleeding Country.

No. 13. [Expressing indignation at the many gross misconceptions of the 'Emblematical Frontispiece' of the *Jacobite's Journal,* and setting forth its meaning.] First, what can so well answer to that noble and invincible Obstinacy, which I have more than once celebrated in our Party, as the intractable and unalterable Nature of this Animal, which gave Rise to an antient Proverb alluded to by *Horace* in his Satires,

> Ut si quis Asellum
> In Campo doceat parentem currere frænis.
>
> *S.* 1. 1. 90-91.

> Your Art
> As well may teach an Ass to scour the Plain,
> And bend obedient to the forming Rein.

And again in his Epistles:

> Scriptores autem narrare putaret Asello
> Fabellam surdo.
>
> *E.* 2. 1. 199-200.

> *Democritus* would think the Writers told
> To a deaf Ass their Story.—

which may most strictly be applied to all those Writers, who have endeavoured to convince the Jacobites by Argument.

. . . The famous Story of the Countryman and the Ass, briefly touched upon by *Horace* in the Epistle address'd to his own Book, is so perfect a Picture of Jacobitism, that I have been inclined to think, as the Antients are known to have inveloped all their Mysteries in Fable and Allegory, that no less than Jacobitism itself was intended to be couched under this Story.

E. 1. 20. 14-16.

No. 15.

Sir,

You have here a Translation of a *Latin* Poem, entitled *De Arte Jacobitica,* in three Books. I have sent you the *English* Version, of the first Book, because I have been told that Jacobites are no Scholars, and understand no *Latin.* . . .

Horace wrote the Art of Poetry, *Ovid* the Art of Love, and I write the Art of Jacobitism.

No. 15. A letter addressed by 'True Blue' to the 'Author of the Jacobite Journal,' from Manchester, contains a poem ending:

Cupidum pater optime vires
deficiunt. *S.* 2. 1. 12-13.

Ibid. Proceedings at the Court of Criticism. [On the abuse of the Liberty of the Press.] For when this barbarous and wicked Practice becomes general, the Apprehension of it will reach those who have not yet been attacked, since, according to the vulgar Phrase, Men in a public Calamity know not whose Turn it will next be to suffer.—Thus *Horace,* speaking of the same abominable Custom, says:

Jam sævus apertam
In rabiem verti cœpit jocus et per honestas
Ire minax impune domos: doluere cruento
Dente lacessiti; fuit intactis quoque cura
Conditione super communi: Quin etiam lex,
Pœnaque lata, malo quæ nollet carmine quenquam
Describi, etc.

E. 2. 1. 148-154.

Thus translated by the Rev. Mr. *Francis:* etc.

No. 16. *Proceedings at the Court of Criticism.* [The opinion of the Court concerning the comedy of the *Foundling.*] It hath been said that this is improperly called a Comedy; for that there is much to make you cry, and little to make you laugh. I would remind these Gentlemen of that famous Line in *Horace,* a Book of the highest Authority in this Court.

Interdum tamen et vocem Comœdia tollit.

A. P. 93.

No. 17. [In a paper laying down the ironic character of the Jacobite:] One of these Incendiaries . . . would encourage the People to take up Arms against the Government, with this Motto on their Banner,

Nil Desperandum.

O. 1. 7. 27.

No. 20. To John Trott-Plaid [from Walter Wishwell]. Sir, *'Ridiculum acri fortius et melius'*—may, at proper Seasons, be an useful Lesson; and yet surely there is a Time when *Banter* ought to cease, when it should give Way to *Truth* and Reason. . . . If you have fallen any thing short of the great *Cervantes,* in your several Portraits of Human Na-

ture . . . you have undoubtedly excelled all other Authors of the Utile-dulci* Class;—but . . . a constant Writer will, to keep up the Spirit, and to preserve the Dignity of his Paper, find a Time to drop his Humour, and to become *serious*.°

S. 1. 10. 14-15;* *A. P.* 343;° *S.* 1. 1. 27.

No. 21. *Proceedings at the Court of Criticism.* [A letter to Mr. Trott-Plaid from Philanthropos, proposing a scheme 'for raising a Fund for maintaining the Widows and Children of inferior and distress'd Clergymen.'] So—without farther Apology here goes—

Parturiunt Montes, nascetur ridiculus Mus. *A. P.* 139.

Ibid. . . . I must tell you, that if you should bring this to bear, it would give me great Satisfaction, whose Circumstances will not admit of my doing any other Good to the Miserable than that of wishing them well. So—*Si quid novisti rectius istis—candidus imperti; si non, his utere Mecum.*

E. 1. 6. 67-68.

No. 32. [Abraham Adams to John Trott-Plaid, upon Jacobites, their character, and the origin of their name.] The most inveterate and poisonous Sort of them are found, I believe, on the Banks of the River *Isis*—and are commonly seen in black—*Hic niger est.*

S. 1. 4. 85.

No. 33. *Proceedings at the Court of Criticism.* M. Cooper, late at the *Globe* in *Pater-Noster-Row,* was indicted upon the Statute of TAKING IN, for having lately published a Poem called *The Trial of* Selim *the* Persian. . . .

I am clearly of Opinion that this Case is neither within the Meaning, nor within the Words of the Statute.

Within the Meaning it cannot be: For this Statute was made to prevent a Custom which hath prevailed much of late, of TAKING IN the Reader by prefixing a pompous and promising Title Page to Books and Pamphlets which contain nothing at all; according to the Case of the Cyclic Author reported by *Horace* in his Laws of Poetry.

But the Author of the poem now under Consideration hath been so far from doing this, that he promised nothing, and hath performed very much.

A. P. 136-139.

No. 35. Fielding introduces certain 'honest and plain' statements of a Quaker upon the present political outlook in England, with a consideration of the meaning and the adequate translation of his motto from Horace, *O.* 1. 5. 5: *Simplex munditiis.*

No. 46. [That one of the causes of popular ingratitude is man's delight in his own slavery.] This will absolutely acquit us of all Charge of Ingratitude; since, if this Position can be proved, we shall, at once, remove all the Obligation, which the Deliverers of Countries have been hitherto thought to have laid on their Fellow Citizens: For from what have they delivered us, but from our Idol, our Darling, and our Delight? And may we not justly cry out with him in *Horace;*

Pol me occidistis, etc.
E. 2. 2. 138-140.

Fielding adds Francis' translation of the passage.

Ibid. . . . Many will be yet inclined to doubt, notwithstanding all that I have here advanced, whether there be really any Principle in Human Nature, so much below what is to be found among the Brutes, as *Horace* says in my Motto.
S. 2. 7. 69-71.

No. 48. [Supposing 'the same Liberty of the Press existed in France,' which flourishes in England, an imaginary address of a French newswriter.] '*Horace* tells us, that *Augustus Cæsar* was weary of Conquest. Surely our Br--thers* were so, or they would not have made any P--cé.'

*The two Brother Generals. *O.* 3. 4. 37-39.

Covent-Garden Journal.[1]

(1. 154) No. 4. —Custom (the absolute Lord and Master, according to Horace, of all the Modes of Speech).
A. P. 71-72.

(1. 178) No. 7. *Proceedings at the Court* of Censorial Enquiry, *Etc.* But it may be necessary to observe, *that that*

[1] The following passages from the *Covent-Garden Journal* are taken from the ed. by G. E. Jensen, and volume and page references are to that edition.

that is Dulness in one Age, is not so in another, and what says that antient Sage, and Lawgiver, Horace;

> Ætatis cujusque notandi sunt tibi mores.
>
> *A. P.* 156.

Every Writer is to observe the Manners of the Age.

I know the Word *ætatis* is, in this Place, by some Lawyers, understood in another Sense; but what I contend for, is, that it may very well be understood in that Sense that I have here given to it: and, accordingly, the same Horace lays it down as a Rule,

> Et prodesse volunt, et delectare, poetæ.[1]
>
> *A. P.* 333.

Poets desire to get Money, and to please their Readers.

For so I read the Law, and so I render it. A very good Law it is, and very wholesome to the Writers themselves.

(1. 193) No. 10. —*For why* (as Horace says) *should not any one promulgate Truth with a Smile on his Countenance? Ridicule, indeed,* as he again intimates, *is commonly a stronger and better Method of attacking Vice, than the severer kind of Satire.*

S. 1. 1. 24-25; 10. 14-15.

(1. 195) *Ibid.* How differently did Horace think of Study from our modern Readers.

> Quid verum atque decens curo et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum:
> Condo et compono, quæ mox depromere possim.
>
> *E.* 1. 1. 11-12.

Truth and Decency are my whole Care and Enquiry. In this Study I am entirely occupied; these I am always laying up, and so disposing, that I can at any Time draw forth my Stores for my immediate Use. The whole Epistle indeed, from which I have paraphrased this Passage, is a Comment upon it, and affords many useful Lessons of Philosophy.

(1. 221) No. 14. In the same Manner, when we barbarously take away the Reputation of another, it is not a sufficient Excuse that we have no particular Malice to the Person whom we thus cruelly Injure. Nay, the Offence becomes perhaps the more atrocious from this very Excuse: For if we have no Malice, we are the less likely to have received any Provocation; and our Cruelty is to be imputed

[1] [Aut prodesse volunt aut delectare poetæ.]

only to that Malignity which is the rankest and most poisonous Weed that disgraces human Nature. This is that *malignant Temper* which Horace attributes to the Vulgar, when he says *he despises them.*

O. 3. 1. 1.

(1. 229) No. 15. *Proceedings at the Court of* Censorial Enquiry, *Etc.* That Grubstreet was in a flourishing State in Rome, hath been proved by many Citations from Juvenal and Horace.

See, for instance, *E.* 1. 19. 10-20.

(1. 248-249) No. 19. Now may we not hence conclude, that, . . . in Matters of Invention and Learning, either there are no Rules to guide our Opinion, or that such Rules are but weakly established, and that we are in general very ignorant of them.

Hence must arise those different Notions which we so often find among Men, of the same Author and the same Work; and which Horace allegorically points at, when he says,

Tres mihi Convivæ prope dissentire videntur, etc.

E. 2. 2. 61.

(1. 260) No. 21. Horace, who was a sensible Writer, and knew the World, advises every Man to roll himself up in himself, as a polished Bowl which admits of no Rubs from without.

S. 2. 7. 86-87.

(1. 270) No. 23. —Nay I have been told, that to slander the Reputation of private Persons, was once thought unlawful here as well as among the Romans, who, as Horace tells us, had a severe Law for this Purpose.

S. 2. 1. 80-83; *E.* 2. 1. 152-154.

(1. 290) No. 26. The Conclusion is, . . . that not only in *Writing,* and in *Acting,* but that in HEARING too,

SAPERE est principium et fons.

A. P. 309.

(1. 292-293) *Ibid.* Let us mark the Audience, described by Horace, in the Motto to this Paper. *I saw* (says he) *Bacchus in the remote Rocks teaching Verses; I saw the Nymphs learning, and the Ears of the goat-footed Satyrs erect.* How different as to its Behaviour is this antique Audience from a modern one? For tho' the *British* Fair may be well said to equal the fairest Nymphs of Antiquity, and

tho' our Beaus with their grotesque Visages most exactly resemble the Satyrs; yet 'tis to be feared our Ladies seldom attend (like the Nymphs) *so as to learn;* and that our Beaus seldom prick up their Ears, to listen (like the Satyrs) to any Thing, worth Attention.

O. 2. 19. 1-4.

(1. 334) No. 34. [Satirically urging the stage as an easy and remunerative profession:] Again, if we consider the great Pains and Time, the Head-achs, and the Heart-achs, which lead up to the Top of either the Army or the Law,

> Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam,
> Multa tulit, fecitq; puer.
>
> *A. P.* 412-413.

This Consideration will sufficiently discourage our Attempts, especially when on the other Hand we may on the Stage leap all at once into Eminence.

(2. 4) No. 42. [A letter to the Censor, satirizing the present method of bringing up youth to become an 'accomplished fine Gentleman' at one-and-twenty.] It was my Misfortune however to have a Father of the antique Way of thinking; by which Means, I lost the best Part of my Youth in turning over those Books, in which I have said, there is little useful to be learnt. I remember a Passage out of Horace, who is the best of them, and who seems to be very particularly a Favourite of yours. His Words are these,

> Vitæ summa brevis,
> Spem nos vetat inchoare longam.
>
> *O.* 1. 4. 15.

Which may be thus rendered after your paraphrastical Manner. *The Shortness of Life affords no Time for a tedious Education.*

(2. 20-21) No. 46. [Of those Geniuses that are 'fittest to receive, imbibe, and digest, the Doctrine of the Pert.'] My Friend next passes to the Consideration of such Helps, as our young Adventurer may use with Success for his improvement in this fundamental Article; to wit, the spying out and magnifying the Faults of Writers. 'For altho, says he, nothing will do here without a suitable Genius, yet the Horatian Precept *Doctrina vim promovet insitam,* is of eternal and unlimited Truth.

O. 4. 4. 33.[1]

[1] [Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam.]

(2. 21) *Ibid.* And do we hesitate to proclaim him [Zoilus] the Father of Criticism, the Parent of the Pert? But, adds he a little farther on, this Loss, great as it is, is not a little alleviated by the celebrated Abbé Terraçon's Dissertations on the Iliad, which I can never sufficiently praise and recommend to my hopeful Pupil; this invaluable Work I would have him

Nocturna versare manu, versare diurna.
A. P. 269.[1]

(2. 43) No. 51. To this notable Encrease [in Books, Pamphlets, Papers, etc.], nothing perhaps hath more contributed, than the new Invention of writing without the Qualifications of any Genius or Learning. The first Printers, possibly misled by an old Precept in one Horace, seem to have imagined, that both those Ingredients were necessary in the Writer, and accordingly we find they employed themselves on such Samples only, as were produced by Men, in whom Genius and Learning concurred; but modern Times have discovered, that the Trade is very well to be carried on without either.
A. P. 409-411.

(2. 62) No. 55. Excess, says Horace, even in the Pursuit of Virtue, will lead a wise and good Man into Folly and Vice—So will it subject him to Ridicule.
E. 1. 6. 15-16.

(2. 81-82) No. 59. Among the Latins how many great Names may we suppose to have been hid by the affected Taciturnity of Virgil, who appears to have mentioned only those Writers of Quality to whom he paid his Court! Of his Friend Horace he had not the Gratitude to take any Notice; much less to repay those Praises which this latter Poet had so liberally bestowed on him.

Horace again tho' so full of Compliments to Virgil, of poor Ovid is altogether as cruelly and invidiously silent.

Ovid, who was, I am confident, one of the best natured of Human kind, was of all Men most profuse in the Praises of his Cotemporaries; and yet even he hath been guilty of Sinking. Numberless were the Poets in his Time, whose Names are no where to be found in his Works; nay he hath played the Buccaneer with two, one of whom is celebrated by Horace, and both of them by Virgil. The learned Reader well knows I mean the Illustrious Names of Bavius and Mævius; whose Merits were so prevalent with Virgil, that tho' they were both his bitter Revilers, he could not refrain

[1] [Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna.]

from transmitting them to Posterity. I wish he had dealt as generously by all his Censurers, and I make no Doubt but we should have been furnished with some hundreds of Names, quæ nunc premit Nox.

Horace wrote the Tenth Epode to Mævius, wishing him a bad voyage. In Ode 1. 3 he wishes Virgil a good voyage. In Satire 1. 5. 40, in his Journey to Brundisium, he praises him with Plotius and Varius; he praises him again in Satire 1. 10. 45, desires his praise in line 81; and elsewhere refers to him, always in the same tone of esteem. The quotation at the end of this passage, *quæ nunc premit nox,* is slightly altered from Horace, *O.* 1. 4. 16.

(2. 88) No. 60. In a paper on abusive writers. In a Word, with my Friend Horace, *melius non tangere clamo.* A Hint, which those of my cotemporary Writers, who understand Latin, will for the future, I hope, observe.

S. 2. 1. 45.

(2. 114-115) No. 67. Setting out with the Motto, Ode 3. 6. 17-20, and the comment of M. Dacier: 'It is very remarkable, that Horace should attribute all the Miseries of Rome, and all the civil Wars of the Romans to no other Cause than to their Adulteries.' Fielding presents Horace's opinion of this cause of national misery and deterioration; and he cites also Odes 3. 24 and 4. 5. 21-24 as strengthening the opinion expressed more fully in the Sixth Ode of the Third Book.

(2. 126) No. 69. [Of the Wisdom of this World.] Neither do I mean that Wisdom here . . . which, according to Horace, makes a Man a King of Kings, and places him in Rank next to Jupiter himself.

E. 1. 1. 106-107.

Ibid. In the same Manner, the best Writers among the Heathens have obscurely and ironically characterized this Wisdom [worldly Wisdom]. *What is a covetous Man?* says Horace, *he is both a Fool and a Madman.* Now Avarice is the very highest Perfection and as it were Quintessence of this Kind of Wisdom. Again says the same Horace, *Chuse any Man you please out of the Crowd; he is either oppressed with Avarice, or miserable Ambition.* Here you have the two great Characteristics of this Wisdom, Avarice and Ambition,

in one Verse, which, the Poet tells us, were the Pursuit of all the wise Men in Rome, as indeed they have been in all other Countries.

S. 2. 3. 158-159; *S.* 1. 4. 25-26.

(2. 131) No. 70. [On ants.] Many great Authors have spoken largely of the Understanding of these little Insects. Horace expressly recommends their Example to the Imitation of Mankind.

S. 1. 1. 33-35.

(2. 142) No. 72. —I will . . . conclude like Horace.

Verbum non amplius addam.

S. 1. 1. 121.

Essay on Conversation.

(14. 250) This excellent quality [good-nature] itself sometimes shoots us beyond the mark, and shows the truth of those lines in Horace:

Insani sapiens nomen ferat, æquus iniqui,
Ultra quam satis est Virtutem si petat ipsam.

E. 1. 6. 15-16.

(14. 275-276) Lastly, A consideration is to be had of the persons before whom we rally. . . . In short, the whole doctrine of raillery is comprised in this famous line:

Quid de quoque viro, et cui dicas, sæpe caveto.[1]

Be cautious what you say, of whom and to whom.

E. 1. 18. 68.

Essay on the Knowledge of the Characters of Men.

(14. 288) The smile or sneer [whose principal ingredient is malice] which composes the countenance I have above endeavoured to describe, is extremely different from all these; but as I have already dwelt pretty long on it, and as my reader will not, I apprehend, be liable to mistake it, I shall wind up my caution to him against this symptom, in part of a line of Horace:

Hic niger est; hunc tu caveto.

S. 1. 4. 85.

[1] [sæpe videto.]

Essay on Nothing.

(14. 313) Section 2. Secondly, Nothing may be heard. . . . The Argive mentioned by Horace is a strong instance of this.

> Fuit haud ignobilis Argis,
> Qui se credebat miros audire tragœdos,
> In vacuo lætus sessor plausorque theatro.
>
> *E.* 2. 2. 128-130.

Vernoniad.

This is a political pamphlet in the form of a mock epic, copied especially after Virgil and Homer. It is richly annotated, and the following references to Horace occur only in the notes.

(15. 40) Note 17. Dispersed the gloom. So Horace,

> Albus ut obscuro deterget nubila cœlo,
> Sæpe notus.
>
> *O.* 1. 7. 15-16.

(15. 41) Note 19. Ill-got pictures hid. . . . There is a passage in Virgil, which I have long suspected, and which, if rightly cured, will carry a strong savour of our author. The line I point at is the 486th of the first Æneid. All the copies I have ever seen, read it thus:

> Animum pictura pascit inani.

Insulse! Why inani? Do we believe this was an imaginary, not a real picture? Correct it thus:

> Animum pictura pascit inanem,

He pleased his empty scull with staring at the pictures. Thus Horace,

> Tollens vacuum plus nimio gloria verticem,
>
> *O.* 1. 18. 15.

(15. 44) Note 27. Fever pale-faced. Horace in imitation perhaps of our author hath personified the same malady.

> Nova Febrium
> Terris incubuit Cohors.
>
> *O.* 1. 3. 30-31.

(15. 56) Note 59. Lucid order. *Lucidus ordo,* Horace.
A. P. 41.

(15. 57-58) Note 64. The world's thy puppet-show. . . . Horace compares a man who is a slave to his passions, to a

puppet which moves not of itself, but receives its motion from something else.

Duceris ut nervis alienis mobile Lignum.
S. 2. 7. 82.

Where I should agree with Dr. Bentley in substituting *Signum,* was not my assent withheld by that proverbial expression of a sorry stick of wood, which was originally derived from hence, and is applied to a good-for-nothing fellow, who is a slave to his own passions, or perhaps by them a slave to the passions and purposes of another.

Champion.[1]

Nov. 15, 1739. Nol Vinegar, my Brother, is as great an Adept in Classic Learning: He hath read over all the Commentators with great Care and Labour. He is reported to have spent one whole Year in examining whether *splendebat* or *fulgebat,* was the Word made use of by *Horace* in one of his Epodes. He is a great Admirer of Dr. Bentley, etc.
Epd. 15. 1.

Nov. 20, 1739. The excellent Lord *Shaftsbury,* in his Advice to an Author, councils him to frequent Communications with himself in order to this Discovery, That before he embark in any Work, he may thoroughly understand.

Quid valeant Humeri, quid ferre recusent.
A. P. 39-40.

. . . For Want of this strict Examination, which those great Authors, abovecited, recommend, Men often mistake their Genius, and become ridiculous Triflers in one Art, who might have been glorious Professors of another.

Nov. 27, 1739. Now what did these [the soldier and the author] obtain, or what can their Followers promise themselves besides Fame, which is but the Breath of Man? A Dainty, however unsubstantial, on which *Horace* assures us, a Poet will grow extremely fat.

Palma negata macrum donata reducit opimum.
E. 2. 1. 181.

Here I am aware, it will be objected, that I confer this Reward too soon, and the same Epistle of *Horace,* with Dr.

[1] The following passages from the *Champion* are taken from the first collected edition, 1741. I have consulted the article by J. E. Wells, in vol. 46 of *Englische Studien,* on the *Unclaimed Essays by Henry Fielding.*

Bentley's Ingentia Fata, will be produced against me, . . . to prove that they taste not this Delicacy till after their Death.

E. 2. 1. 6.

Dec. 4, 1739. *Horace* is so far from fearing the Censure of the illiterate Rabble, that he esteem'd it laudable not to endeavour to please them, but rather to be content with few Readers; and declares himself of the same Opinion with the *Roman* Actress, who was satisfied with the Applause of one polite Judge in Opposition to the Hisses of the whole House beside.

S. 1. 10. 73-77.

Dec. 8, 1739. [In a letter to Capt. Hercules Vinegar, Adam Double is referring to the subject discussed in the *Champion,* Nov. 22, 1739.] But alas! *Decipimus Specie,* as you say in your Motto to that Paper, I have tasted none of those delightful Repasts, with which I have feasted my Imagination; I found I worshipped Appearance and not Reality.

A. P. 25.

Dec. 13, 1739. Index to the Times. The Play-House . . . falls naturally within my Province. . . . It would be therefore unjust, to take no Notice of a most excellent Device made use of the other Night, where some one observing that *Brutus* says of *Cæsar,* 'The angry spot doth glow on *Cæsar's* brow,' equipped the said *Cæsar* with a large painted Spot over his Eye. Such Decorations as these are of great Use to an Author, as they greatly heighten a poetical Image, and at the same Time help the Audience to understand it; for, as *Horace* says, 'Nothing makes so quick an Impression on the Mind as, *Quæ sunt Oculis subjecta fidelibus.*'

A. P. 180-181.

Dec. 25, 1739. [Fielding has proved in this article that learning is necessary to no calling of life.] . . . I can produce such a Number of very pretty Poets, and judicious Critics, who owe their Excellence to vast Abilities alone, without the least Assistance from Human Literature; and are living Instances of the Falshood of that Assertion of one *Horace,* which I found in my Father's Common-Place-Book,—*Non rude quid possit video Ingenium.*

A. P. 410.

Jan. 12, 1739-40. [In an essay on Turncoats.]

Vitæ summa brevis, Spem nos vitat inchoare longam.

O. 1. 4. 15.

Put not off 'till To-morrow what you can do to Day; you may die before you attain that by a Change in the Government, which you may perhaps get now by a Change in your own Principles.

Jan. 22, 1739-40. Was human Nature really as depraved, and totally bad as they [a set of philosophers who have found out that virtue is the greatest evil] represent it, surely the Discovery is of the same Kind with his, who with great Pains persuaded his Friend that a Wife, who had agreeably deceived him, and with whom he lived extremely happy, was false to him. A Man, upon whom such unwelcome Discoveries are intruded, may say with him in *Horace,*

> Pol me occidistis, amici,
> Non servastis, ait, qui sic extorta voluptas
> Et demptus per vim mentis gratissimus error.
>
> *E.* 2. 2. 138-140.

Jan. 26, 1739-40. [A correspondent is attacking the Champion's 'apology for virtue' of Jan. 24:] I shall not be afraid of your Club, whose ridiculous and miraculous Power, *Credat Judæus Apella non ego.*

S. 1. 5. 100-101.

Ibid. But whether this Plant [virtue], like some others, may not change a little of its Nature with its Soil; whether the Virtue that is necessary to Court-Preferments, be not another Sort of Virtue from that which *Plato* was in Love with; . . . or whether, as *Horace* tells us, that as Vice often puts on the Mask of Virtue, so Virtue may not sometimes put on the Appearance of Vice, I shall not determine.

E. 1. 18. 5-8.

Feb. 26, 1739-40. . . . I am convinc'd that Happiness does not always sit on the Pinnacle of Power, or lie in a Bed of State; but is rather to be found in that golden Mean which *Horace* prescribes in the Motto of my Paper, where it is seldom miss'd, unless by such as, through too great Humility, dare not invite Happiness to their humble Dwellings, but foolishly put off the Hopes of entertaining this Guest, till they can makes themselves Masters of stately Rooms and splendid Furniture to receive it.

O. 2. 10. 5-8.

March 1, 1739-40. As Pride and Ignorance reign the most absolute in the learned World, so this Prejudice [of partiality] is felt more severely by us Authors than by any other Set of

Men. I believe of the present Encouragers and Advancers of Wit and Learning not one in twenty hath ever been at School, and of those who have, very few have brought away any other Marks but those of the Rod with them. So that what *Horace* says of Writers, *That the Learned and Unlearned become such indifferently,* may be more properly applied to Readers.

E. 2. 1. 117.

. March 6, 1739-40. A scandalous Story should be heard with Reluctance, believed with Difficulty, and published with Deliberation: For in this particular, that of *Horace* is most true, *Nescit vox missa reverti.*

A. P. 390.

March 15, 1739-40. *Horace,* in his Art of Poetry, particularly recommends an exact and severe Defalcation of all superfluous Members in Poetry. He himself practices this Rule every where with the greatest Exactness; so much dreading the contrary, that in one of his Epistles, when he apprehends himself in Danger of rünning into too great a Length, he stops short, and ends in almost an abrupt Manner.

Ne me verbosi scrinia Lippi[1]
Compilasse putes—Verbum non amplius addam.
A. P. 289-294; *S.* 1. 1. 120-121.

April 22, 1740. [Fielding is attacking Cibber and his *Apology:*] . . . yet some imagined there is great Reason to apprehend with him in *Horace, Ne sit superstes.*

The reference is, though not very clearly, to *O.* 2. 2. 5-8. The lines are used as the motto for the *Champion,* May 3, 1740.

April 29, 1740. Notwithstanding the Opinion of *Cicero* in my Motto; . . . and tho' *Quintilian* hath asserted, that Grammar is the Foundation of all Science; Nay, *Horace* himself denies any thing to be in the Power of Genius without Improvement,* notwithstanding these Authorities, I say, I have very often suspected whether Learning be of such Consequence to a Writer as it is imagined. This, however, I have hitherto kept to myself, and, perhaps, tho' *Horace* hath, in another Place, taken up the contrary side to what he declares above, and hath enumerated many Advantages arising to a State from the Custom of Writing as well without, as with

[1] [Ne me Crispini scrinia lippi].

Learning. I might perhaps have never ventured publicly to have declared my Opinion, had I not found it supported by one of the *Greatest Writers* of our own Age: I mean Mr. *Colley Cibber.*

A. P. 409-411. *E.* 2. 1. 117.

Ibid. [Fielding quotes Cibber's *Apology for his Life,* page 154.] 'The *Utile Dulci* was of old equally the point.'

A. P. 343.

Ibid. [Of Colley Cibber's *Apology:*] But there are other Parts of this Work so very sublime, that Grammar offers you its Aid in vain; the following Stile . . . *absolutely overpowers* the Reader, as the Poets in *Horace,*

Animum quocunq; volunt Auditoris agunto.

A. P. 100.[1]

May 20, 1740. [H. Bottle to the *Champion.*] *Horace* in many Parts of his Works, particularly those which he writ in the Prime of his Life and Vigour of his Fancy, recommends this generous Exercise [of drinking]. In one Place he tells us, as a great Misfortune, *that we shall have no Wine in the next World* [*O.* 1. 4. 16-18.] In another Place he advises Plancus to *sooth all his Cares in this Life with it* [*O.* 1. 7. 17-19]. In one Place he advises us *to drink because it is cold* [*O.* 1. 9], and in another, *because it is hot* [*O.* 4. 12]. In another, he says, *if we are wise, we shall do nothing but drink* [*O.* 1. 11. 6]; with innumerable other Instances; nay, even in his Epistles, he promises the Poets Immortality on no other Condition than that of Drinking; and tells them their great Father *Ennius* never writ but when he was drunk, and that *Homer* himself shewed us how fond he was of Wine.

E. 1. 19. 6-8.

May 31, 1740. [Motto:]

Olim *Truncus* eram Ficulnus, inutile Lignum,
Cum Faber, incertus *Scab* num faceretne Priapum,
Maluit esse Deum.

S. 1. 8. 1-3.

Scamnum. Ita Editiones et Codices, quos viderim, Omnes. Perperam tamen et perabsurdum. Nemo quisquam mihi persuaderit aut Horatium hæc Scripturum fuisse, etc.

Fielding has a long Latin note here, which he signs 'Cunningmannus,' and in which he convincingly proves that the word *scamnum* should be *scab,* meaning a shabby fellow.

[1] [Quocumque volent animum auditoris agunto.]

Ibid. . . . The learned Reader will perhaps expect from my Motto, a serious Essay on the Freaks of Fortune, who confers not only Riches but Power and even Honours with the same Caprice, and *on as sorry Sticks of Wood* as the Artificer above, where *Horace* introduces the Statue of *Priapus* giving the following Account of himself: *I was formerly the Trunk of an old Fig-Tree, a very sorry Stick of Wood; the Artificer a long Time doubted whether he should make a Joint-Stool of me, or a* Priapus, *'till at last my good Fortune determined him to convert me into a* Deity. . . . I shall confine myself . . . to one single Word in my Motto; namely, *Truncus,* in *English* a *Trunk.*

S. 1. 8. 1-3.

June 10, 1740. The Force of Example is infinitely stronger, as well as quicker, than Precept; for which *Horace* assigns this Reason, *That our Eyes convey the Idea more briskly to the Understanding than our Ears.*

A. P. 180-181.

Proper Answer to a Scurrilous Libel.

(15. 346) [Fielding refers to the author of the *Scurrilous Libel* as a Jesuit. Having cited one of his statements, he adds:] This is a degree of honesty which I did not expect in a Jesuit; but it is one of those political flaws,

Quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit Natura.

A. P. 352.

For none but the devil himself is a Jesuit in consummate perfection.

Familiar Letters.

(16. 32) Letter 41. *From a French gentleman to his friend in Paris; in imitation of Horace, Addison, and all other writers of travelling letters.*

There is no more resemblance to Horace's description of his journey to Brundisium—Satire 1. 5—than to any other 'writer of travelling letters.'

Preface to Plutus.

(16. 59) Horace commends the freedom and justice with which he [Aristophanes] lashed the vices of his times.

S. 1. 4. 1-5.

The translation of Aristophanes' comedy, *Plutus,* by Fielding and William Young, is copiously supplied with notes that cite parallel or illuminating passages from the Greek and Latin poets. There are many such quotations from Horace, fewer from Virgil and Ovid. The quotations from Horace I have not noted, as being not especially indicative of Fielding's use of him, since it would be impossible to decide whether Fielding or Young supplied them.

Of the Remedy of Affliction for the Loss of our Friends.

(16. 98) —A soul once possessed of that degree of virtue which can without emotion look on poverty, pain, disgrace, and death, as things indifferent; a soul, as Horace expresses it,

Totus teres atque rotundus;
S. 2. 7. 86.

. . . which can look down on all the ruffling billows of fortune, as from a rock on shore we survey a tempestuous sea with unconcern; such a soul is surely in a state of health, which no vigour of bodily constitution can resemble.

Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon.

Preface.

(16. 182) [Fielding has been expressing his preference for history rather than romance, and has uttered the wish that Homer had 'written a true history of his own times in humble prose' rather than 'those noble poems,' and adds that he reads 'Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon, with more amusement and more satisfaction.']

The original poets were not, however, without excuse. They found the limits of nature too strait for the immensity of their genius, which they had not room to exert without extending fact by fiction; and that especially at a time when the manners of men were too simple to afford that variety which they have since offered in vain to the choice of the meanest writers. In doing this they are again excusable for the manner in which they have done it.

Ut speciosa dehinc miracula promant.
A. P. 144.

They are not, indeed, so properly said to turn reality into fiction, as fiction into reality.

(16. 185) Again, if any merely common incident should appear in this journal, which will seldom I apprehend be the

case, the candid reader will easily perceive it is not introduced for its own sake, but for some observations and reflections naturally resulting from it; and which, if but little to his amusement, tend directly to the instruction of the reader or to the information of the public; to whom, if I choose to convey such instruction or information with an air of joke and laughter, none but the dullest of fellows will, I believe, censure it; but if they should, I have the authority of more than one passage in Horace to alledge in my defence.

See, for instance, *S.* 1. 1. 24-25, and *S.* 1. 10. 14-15.

Journal.

(16. 211-212) June 30. The truth, I believe, is that sailing in the manner I have just mentioned is a pleasure rather unknown, or unthought of, than rejected by those who have experienced it; unless, perhaps, the apprehension of danger, or sea-sickness, may be supposed, by the timorous and delicate, to make too large deductions; insisting that all their enjoyments should come to them pure and unmixed, and being ever ready to cry out.

Nocet empta dolore voluptas.
E. 1. 2. 55.

(16. 257) July 26. [In a digression on intemperance.] Whereas, in those potations which the mind seems to enjoy, rather than the bodily appetite, there is happily no such satiety; but the more a man drinks, the more he desires; as if, like Mark Anthony in Dryden, his appetite increased with feeding, and this to such an immoderate degree, *ut nullus sit desiderio aut pudor aut modus.*
O. 1. 24. 1.

This is Fielding's own adaptation of these lines.

(16. 283) Wednesday. [Fielding ends the journal of his voyage to Lisbon thus:]

Therefore, in the words of Horace,

—hic Finis chartæque viæque.
S. 1. 5. 104.

C. DIRECT MENTION OF HORACE.

1. *Novels.*

History of Tom Jones.

(4. 245) Bk. 11, Ch. 1. For I can never be understood . . . to endeavour to exclude from the commonwealth of literature

any of those noble critics, to whose labours the learned world are so greatly indebted. Such were Aristotle, Horace, and Longinus, among the ancients.

(4. 303) Bk. 12, Ch. 1. In like manner are the ancients, such as Homer, Virgil, Horace, Cicero, and the rest, to be esteemed among us writers, as so many wealthy squires, from whom we, the poor of Parnassus, claim an immemorial custom of taking whatever we can come at.

2. *Plays and Poems.*

The Covent-Garden Tragedy. Prolegomena.

(10. 105) I shall not trouble the reader with a laborious definition of Tragedy drawn from Aristuttle or Horase; for which I refer him to those authors.

(12. 275) *Poem. To John Hayes.*

But thou who Nature thro' each maze canst trace,
Who in her closet forcest her embrace;
Canst with thy Horace see the human elves
Not differ more from others than themselves.

3. *Miscellaneous Writings.*

Covent-Garden Journal.

(1. 137-138) No. 1. I well know the present dreadful Condition of the great Empire of Letters; . . . that the Constitutions of Aristotle, Horace, Longinus, and Bossu, under which the State of Criticism so long flourished, have been entirely neglected, and the Government usurped by a Set of Fellows, entirely ignorant of all those Laws.

(1. 139) *Ibid.* In the first place I reviewed my VETERANS which were all drawn up in their Ranks before me. . . . The Romans under the Command of Virgil, Horace, Cicero, Tacitus, Terence and Quinctilian.

(1. 148) No. 3. It is, I think, the Sentiment of Quinctilian, that no Man is capable of becoming a good Critic on a great Poet, but he who is himself a great Poet. This would, indeed, confine the Critics on Poetry, at least, to a very small Number; and would, indeed, strike all the Antients, except only Horace and Longinus off the Roll.

(1. 150) *Ibid.* No Author is to be admitted into the Order of Critics, until he hath read over, and understood, Aristotle, Horace, and Longinus, in their original Language.

Jacobite's Journal.

No. 8. [Candidus to Mr. Trott-Plaid, on Criticism.] And as these pretended Patriots and Critics arise from the same Source, so they act in the same manner. The Business of both is apparently, and almost professedly, to find Fault. Is this the only Office of Criticism? Did *Aristotle, Horace, Quintilian,* or even *Scaliger,* . . . write with such an Intention!

Essay on Conversation.

(14. 274-275) I shall recommend to my well-bred man, who aims at raillery, the excellent character given of Horace by Persius.

> Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
> Tangit, et admissus circum præcordia ludit,
> Callidus excusso populum suspendere naso.
> Persius, *S.* 1. 116.

Thus excellently rendered by the late ingenious translator of that obscure author.

> Yet could shrewd Horace, with disportive wit,
> Rally his friend, and tickle while he bit;
> Winning access, he play'd around the heart,
> And gently touching, prick'd the tainted part.
> The crowd he sneer'd; but sneer'd with such a grace,
> It pass'd for downright innocence of face.

Champion.

Nov. 27, 1739. If Fame be, as I have said, his [the author's] Food, . . . how cruel must they be, who rashly, inconsiderately, and often wantonly take the Bread out of his Mouth, since it seldom happens that they are such as can ever put it into their own?

This is a Cruelty of which all the good Writers, from the Days of *Horace* to the present Time, have complained.

March 4, 1739-40. . . . There are, as *Horace* observes in the Motto of this Paper, so narrow Bounds between some Virtues and Vices, that it is very difficult to distinguish between them.

The motto referred to,

> Fallit enim vitium specie virtutis et umbra,

is from Juvenal (*S.* 14. 109), and Fielding has inadvertently assigned it to Horace.

March 15, 1739-40. [On excess.] . . . A Reader, who should examine the Commentaries on *Virgil* or *Horace,* would be in as perplexed a Condition as that of Judge *Gripus,* who very humorously complains that every new Evidence only tends to darken and embarrass a Case which was plain enough before.

Preface to David Simple.

(16. 12) There are many strokes in Orgueil, Spatter, Varnish, Levif, the Balancer, and some others, which would have shined in the pages of Theophrastus, Horace, or La Bruyere.

D. IMPLICIT ALLUSION TO HORACE.

1. *Novels.*

Joseph Andrews.

(1. 282) Bk. 3, Ch. 7. Adams highly commended the doctor's opinion, and said, He had often wondered at some passages in ancient authors, where Scipio, Lælius, and other great men, were represented to have passed many hours in amusements of the most trifling kind.

Cf. *S.* 2. 1. 71-74.

The Life of Jonathan Wild the Great.

(2. 182) Bk. 4, Ch. 10. . . . hence flow my tears, hence arises my grief.

Cf. Horace, *E.* 1. 19. 41. Fielding, however, in writing this burst of eloquent oratory, was more probably thinking of Cicero (*Pro Cæl.* 25. 61), or possibly of the original quotation by Terence, though this is less likely than either of the other two suggestions.

History of Tom Jones.

(3. 241) Bk. 5, Ch. 7. One of the Roman poets, I remember, likens our leaving life to our departure from a feast;—a thought which hath often occurred to me when I have seen men struggling to protract an entertainment, and to enjoy the company of their friends a few moments longer.

Cf. *S.* 1. 1. 119.

(5. 248) Bk. 17, Ch. 1. This I faithfully promise, that notwithstanding any affection which we may be supposed to have for this rogue, whom we have unfortunately made our

hero, we will lend him none of that supernatural assistance with which we are entrusted, upon condition that we use it only on very important occasions. If he doth not therefore find some natural means of fairly extricating himself from all his distresses, we will do no violence to the truth and dignity of history for his sake; for we had rather relate that he was hanged at Tyburn (which may very probably be the case), than forfeit our integrity, or shock the faith of our reader.

Cf. *A. P.* 191-192.

Amelia.

(7. 112) Bk. 8, Ch. 10. [A gentleman, whose acquaintance Booth made at the 'bailiff's mansion,' speaking:] 'Now there are two considerations, which, from my having long fixed my thoughts upon them, have greatly supported me under all my afflictions. The one is the brevity of life, even at its longest duration, which the wisest of men hath compared to the short dimensions of a span. One of the Roman poets compares it to the duration of a race: and another, to the much shorter transition of a wave.'

Cf. *E.* 2. 2. 175-176.
But cf. also Ovid, *Meta.* 15. 180-185.

2. *Plays and Poems.*

The Life and Death of Tom Thumb the Great.

(9. 20) Act 1, Sc. 1.

So doth this mouse contain a mighty mountain.

This seems to be a skit upon Horace's

Parturient montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.
A. P. 139.

(9. 64) Act 3, Sc. 8.

Thumb. As if the gods meant to unhinge the world,
And heaven and earth in wild confusion hurl;
Yet will I boldly tread the tott'ring ball.

Scriblerus' note likens these lines to the following:

Were heaven and earth in wild confusion hurl'd,
Should the rash Gods unhinge the rolling world,
Undaunted would I tread the tott'ring ball,
Crush'd, but unconquer'd, in the dreadful fall.
Female Warrior.

There may be an echo here of Horace's Ode 3. 3. 6-8.

The Coffee-House Politician.

(9. 75) *Prologue.*

> In ancient Greece, the infant Muse's school,
> Where Vice first felt the pen of Ridicule,
> With honest freedom and impartial blows
> The Muse attack'd each Vice as it arose:
> No grandeur could the mighty villain screen
> From the just satire of the comic scene:
> No titles could the daring poet cool,
> Nor save the great right honourable fool.
> They spar'd not even the aggressor's name,
> And public villany felt public shame.

This is Fielding's interpretation of Horace's description of early Greek satire in the beginning of the Fourth Satire of the First Book. Fielding's continuation, beginning,

> Long hath this gen'rous method been disus'd,
> For Vice hath grown too great to be abus'd,

is something like the explanation which Horace, continuing, gives of his own use of satire. And the last four lines of the *Prologue,*

> And while these scenes the conscious knave displease,
> Who feels within the criminal he sees,
> The uncorrupt and good must smile, to find
> No mark for satire in his generous mind,

are a plainer expression of the vindication of his satiric methods which Horace has attempted in lines 65-68.

(9. 108) Act 2, Sc. 12. WORTHY, solus. . . . The greatest part of mankind labour under one delirium or other: and Don Quixotte differed from the rest, not in madness, but the species of it. The covetous, the prodigal, the superstitious, the libertine, and the coffee-house politician, are all Quixottes in their several ways.

> That man alone from madness free, we find,
> Who, by no wild unruly passion blind,
> To reason gives the conduct of his mind.

Cf. *S.* 2. 3. in general, and lines 43-46 in particular.

(9. 124) Act 3, Sc. 13. SOTMORE. . . . The rose is ever understood over the drinking room, and a glass is the surest turnkey to the lips.

CONSTANT. That's contrary to the opinion of philosophers.

Cf. *E.* 1. 5. 16 f.; *O.* 3. 21. 14-16.[1]

The Covent-Garden Tragedy. Prolegomena.

(10. 110) I shall however allow him [the author] this merit, that, except in the five lines above mentioned, I scarce know any performance more of a piece. Either the author never sleeps, or never wakes throughout.

Cf. *A. P.* 359.

A Mock Doctor. A Comedy from Molière.

(10. 166-167) Scene 14 consists of a conversation between Gregory, the 'mock doctor,' and a 'mad doctor,' or curer of madness, called Hellebore, and is an interpolation of Fielding's own. There is no equivalent character, nor is there a corresponding scene, in Molière's comedy. Hellebore as a cure for madness was common among the ancients; Horace often refers to it, especially in the Third Satire of the Second Book, and there is no doubt but that Fielding thought of this satire in creating his character.

The Miser. Dedication.

(10. 179) My Lord,

As there is scarce any vanity more general than that of desiring to be thought well received by the Great, pardon me if I take the first opportunity of boasting the countenance I have met with from one who is an honour to the high rank in which he is born.

Cf. *S.* 2. 1. 75-77.

3. *Legal Writings.*

Inquiry into the Causes of the Late Increase of Robbers.

(13. 123-124) Section 11. *Of the manner of execution.* Secondly, It should be in some degree private. And here the poets will again assist us. Foreigners have found fault with the cruelty of the English drama, in representing frequent murders upon the stage. In fact, this is not only cruel but highly injudicious: a murder behind the scenes, if the poet knows how to manage it, will affect the audience with greater terror than if it was acted before their eyes.

[1] See also under *Quotation or Reference.*

Fielding has a few moments before had 'recourse to the poets,' plainly alluding to Aristotle and his rules for tragedy. Here he has also undoubtedly in mind Horace, *A. P.* 182-188.

4. *Miscellaneous Writings.*

Covent-Garden Journal.

(1. 135-136) No. 1. And, secondly, if my Pen should, now and then, accidentally be found straying in the said Field, it will not thereby become a Trespasser; as we Wits have, by Prescription, a Right of Common there *per Cause de Vicinage*, as the Law calls it. This Right we have enjoyed from the Days of Homer, who was sometimes found taking a sound Nap therein.

Cf. *A. P.* 359.

(1. 193) No. 10. When Wit and Humour are introduced for such good Purposes, when the agreeable *is blended with the useful, then* is the Writer said *to have succeeded in every Point.*

Cf. *A. P.* 343.

Essay on Conversation.

(14. 257) Hyperdulus seems worthy of wearing his lordship's livery; Anaschyntus deserves to be turned out of his service for his impudence. Between these two is that golden mean, which declares a man ready to acquiesce in allowing the respect due to a title by the laws and customs of his country, but impatient of any insult, and disdaining to purchase the intimacy with, and favour of a superior, at the expense of conscience or honour.

Cf. *O.* 2. 10. 5.

SAMUEL RICHARDSON

Works of Samuel Richardson, With a Prefatory Chapter of Biographical Criticism by Leslie Stephen. 1883.

Richardson's Correspondence, With Life, and Observations. By A. L. Barbauld. 1804.

Some Unpublished Letters in Notes and Queries, 4th Series 1. 285; 3. 375.

A. QUOTATION OF, OR REFERENCE TO LINES OF HORACE.

1. *Novels.*

Pamela.

(2. 262) Letter 20. Mrs. B—— to Lady Davers. —What a useful monitor do we carry about us, that shall make us consider and reflect, when in prosperity; and in adversity teach us to bear up to hopes of a happier lot! Thus it is said by Mr. Norris, in his translation of one of Horace's Odes:

> Be life and spirit when fortune proves unkind,
> And summon up the vigour of thy mind;
> But when thou'rt driven by too officious gales,
> Be wise, and gather in the swelling sails.
>
> *O.* 2. 10. 21-24.

The History of Clarissa Harlowe.

(7. 82) Letter 15. Mr. Lovelace to John Belford, Esq., June 19. Well says Horace, as translated by Cowley:

> The halcyon sleep will never build his nest
> In any stormy breast.
> 'T is not enough that he does find
> Clouds and darkness in the mind:
> Darkness but half his work will do
> 'T is not enough: he must find quiet too.
>
> *O.* 3. 1. 17-24.

(8. 192) Letter 65. Mr. Brand to John Harlowe, Esq., Aug. 9. And this Belford (who is a *bold* man, and hath, as

they say, the *look* of one) may make good that of Horace with whose writings you are so well acquainted; nobody better;

Audax omnia perpeti,
Gens humana ruit per vetitum nefas.
O. 1. 3. 25-26.

(8. 266) Letter 89. Mr. Brand to Mr. John Walton. Sept. 2. Horace says truly,

Et semel emissum volat irrevocabile verbum.
E. 1. 18. 71.

That is, Words once spoken cannot be recalled.

(8. 272) Letter 90. Mr. Brand to John Harlowe, Esq., Sept. 2. —for *your* Horace, and *my* Horace, the most charming writer that ever lived among the *Pagans* (for the *lyric kind of poetry,* I mean; for, to be sure, *Homer* and *Virgil* would *otherwise* be *first* named *in their way*) well observeth (and who understood *human nature* better than he?)

Nec vera virtus, cum semel excidit,
Curat reponi deterioribus.
O. 3. 5. 29-30.

(8. 274) *Ibid.*

Nam vitiis nemo sine nascitur: optimus ille est,
Qui minimis urgetur —saith Horace.
S. 1. 3. 68-69.

(8. 275) *Ibid.*
Sixthly, That in the words of Horace, she may *expect better times,* than (of late) she had *reason* to look for.

Grata superveniet, quæ non sperabitur, hora.
E. 1. 4. 14.

(8. 276) *Ibid.*
Eleventhly, That if she take the advice of *Horace,*

Fortiaque adversis opponite pectora rebus.
S. 2. 2. 136.

(8. 480-481) Letter 151. Mr. Lovelace to John Belford, Esq., Oct. 14.

Timor et minæ
Scandunt eodem quo dominus; neque
Decedit ærata triremi: et
Post equitem sedet atra cura.
O. 3. 1. 37-40.

In a language so expressive as the English, I hate the pedantry of tagging or prefacing what I write with Latin scraps; and ever was a censurer of the motto-mongers among our weekly and daily scribblers. But these verses of Horace are so applicable to my case, that whether on ship-board, whether in my post-chaise, or in my inn at night, I am not able to put them out of my head. . . . But yet, Jack, do they not show me that, two or three thousand years ago, there were as wicked fellows as myself?—They do—and that's some consolation.

(8. 527) Postscript. [Quoted from a Letter to the *Spectator,* No. 548.] As Horace observes, the best man is faulty, though not in so great a degree as those whom we generally call vicious men.

S. 1. 3. 68-69.

(8. 528-529) *Ibid.* The Athenians . . . were not *afraid* of being moved, nor *ashamed* of showing themselves to be so, at the distresses they saw well painted and represented. . . . Thus also Horace, and the politest Romans in the Augustan age, wished to be affected.

Here Richardson adds the lines from Horace's Epistle 2. 1. 208-213, and afterwards repeats them as 'Englished by Mr. Pope.'

2. *Correspondence.*

(2. 241)[1] To Miss Highmore, June 22, 1750. —Oh! and lest I forget, Mr. Cibber (my brother elder) came to tea, by my pre-engagement: and there he read his Pindaric and Horatian Ode, and the translation of another Ode *Ad Melpomene,* and please you.

O. 4. 3.

B. DIRECT MENTION OF HORACE.

1. *Novels.*

The History of Clarissa Harlowe.

(8. 277-278) Letter 90. Mr. Brand to John Harlowe, Esq., Sept. 2. I repeat, that as he [Lovelace] is a *learned man,* I shall *vest myself,* as I may say, in *classical armour; . . .* so that, if I should not be safe behind the *shield of mine own prudence,* I certainly should behind the *shields* of the *ever admirable classics:* of *Horace* particularly; who, being *a rake* (and a *jovial rake* too), himself, must have great weight with all *learned rakes.*

[1] See under *Direct Mention.*

(8. 465) Letter 150. Miss Howe to John Belford, Esq., Oct. 12. Clarissa used to say . . . 'what can be more disgraceful to a woman than either, through negligence of *dress*, to be found to be a *learned slattern;* or, through ignorance of *household management*, to be known to be a stranger to domestic economy?'

Then would she instance to me two particular ladies; one of which, while she was fond of giving *her* opinion, in the company of her husband and of his learned friends, upon difficult passages in Virgil or Horace, knew not how to put on her clothes with that necessary grace and propriety which should preserve to her the love of her husband and the respect of every other person.

2. *Correspondence.*

(2. 241)[1] To Miss Highmore. June 22, 1750.

C. IMPLICIT ALLUSION TO HORACE.

1. *Novels.*

Pamela.

(2. 211) Letter 13. Mrs. B—— to Lady Davers. —and I believe [Mr. B——] would have distinguished them [Pamela's parents] oftener in this manner, but that he saw them too much affected with his goodness to bear the honour (as my dear father says in his first letter) with *equalness of temper.*

Cf. *O.* 2. 3. 1-2; *E.* 1. 11. 30; 18. 112.

(2. 404-405) Letter 32. The Journal of Pamela to Miss Darnford. But after all, does happiness to a gentleman, a scholar, a philosopher, rest in a greater or lesser income? —On the contrary, is it not oftener to be found in a happy competency, or mediocrity? . . . The competency, therefore, the golden mean is the thing.

Cf. *O.* 2. 10. 5.

(3. 277) Letter 87. Mrs. B—— to Lady Davers. There is a golden mean in everything.

Cf. *O.* 2. 10. 5.

The History of Clarissa Harlowe.

(4. 437) Letter 69. Miss Clarissa Harlowe to Miss Howe. Mrs. Norton used to say, from her reverend father, that youth was the time of life for *imagination* and *fancy* to work in: then, were a writer to lay by his works till *riper years*

[1] See under *Quotation or Reference.*

and *experience* should direct the fire rather to *glow* than to *flame out,* something between both might perhaps be produced that would not displease a judicious eye.

Cf. *A. P.* 388.

(5. 173-174) Letter 22. Mr. Lovelace to John Belford, Esq.

Last night I was still more extravagant. I took off my hat, as I walked, to see if the lace were not scorched, supposing it had brushed down a star; and before I put it on again, in mere wantonness and heart's ease, I was for buffeting the moon.

Cf. *O.* 1. 1. 36.

(5. 297) Letter 50. Mr. Lovelace to John Belford, Esq. —as the poet says, *Thrust Nature back with a pitchfork, it will return.*

Cf. *E.* 1. 10. 24.

(5. 316) Letter 54. Mr. Lovelace to John Belford, Esq. Have I not reason to snuff the moon with my proboscis?

Cf. *O.* 1. 1. 36.

(7. 83) Letter 15. Mr. Lovelace to John Belford, Esq., June 19. —While the varlet injurer cannot close his eyes, and has been trying, to no purpose, the whole night to divert his melancholy, and to fly from himself!

Cf. *O.* 2. 16. 19-20; *S.* 2. 7. 113; *E.* 1. 11. 27.

(7. 392) Letter 95. Mr. Belford to Robert Lovelace, Esq. [concerning Belton:] Vagabonding about from inn to inn; entering each for a bait only; and staying two or three days without power to remove; and hardly knowing which to go to next. His malady is *within him;* and he cannot run away from it.

Cf. *O.* 2. 16. 19-20; *S.* 2. 7. 113; *E.* 1. 11. 27. And compare this passage and the one preceding it with Lovelace's outburst to Belford in Letter 151 (8. 480-481).[1]

2. *Correspondence.*

(4. 287) To Mrs. Belfour (Lady Bradshaigh). 1749-50. I admire you for what you say of the fierce, fighting *Iliad.* Scholars, judicious scholars, dared they to speak out, against a prejudice of thousands of years in its favour, I am persuaded would find it possible for Homer to nod, at least.

Cf. *A. P.* 359.

[1] See under *Quotation or Reference.*

LAURENCE STERNE

The Works of Laurence Sterne. Ed. by Wilbur L. Cross. N. Y. 1904.

A. MOTTOS FROM HORACE.

The only instance in which Sterne uses a motto from Horace is in *Tristram Shandy:* one of the mottos for Books 5 and 6 is Satire 1. 4. 104-105.

B. QUOTATION OF, OR REFERENCE TO LINES OF HORACE.

1. *Novels.*

The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy.

(1. 11-12) Bk. 1, Ch. 4. . . . right glad I am, that I have begun the history of myself in the way I have done; and that I am able to go on, tracing every thing in it, as Horace says, *ab Ovo.*

Horace, I know, does not recommend this fashion altogether: But that gentleman is speaking only of an epic poem or a tragedy;—(I forget which,)—besides, if it was not so, I should beg Mr. Horace's pardon;—for in writing what I have set about, I shall confine myself neither to his rules, nor to any man's rules that ever lived.

A. P. 146-149.

(2. 221) Bk. 4, Ch. 13. [Sterne has paused at the beginning of this chapter to contemplate his own lack of progress,—or progress backward.] As for the proposal of twelve volumes a year, or a volume a month, it no way alters my prospect—write as I will, and rush as I may into the middle of things, as Horace advises—I shall never overtake myself whipp'd and driven to the last pinch.

A. P. 148.

(3. 9) Bk. 5, Ch. 1. I scorn to be as abusive as Horace upon the occasion; but if there is no catachresis in the wish, and no sin in it, I wish from my soul, that every imitator in Great Britain, France, and Ireland, had the farcy for his

pains; and that there was a good farcical house, large enough to hold—aye—and sublimate them, *shag-rag and bob-tail,* male and female, all together.

E. 1. 19. 12-20.

2. *Letters.*

(8. 137) Letter 24. To Dr. ******* [perhaps Dr. Noah Thomas]. Jan. 30, 1760. As for the *nummum in loculo,* which you mention to me a second time, I fear you think me very poor, or in debt—I thank God, though I don't abound—that I have enough for a clean shirt every day—and a mutton chop—and my contentment, etc.

E. 2. 1. 175.

(8. 183) Letter 49.[1] To **** [*Circa* Oct., 1760?] I like your caution, *Ambitiosa recides ornamenta.* As I revise my book, I will shrive my conscience upon that sin, and whatever ornaments are of that kind shall be defaced without mercy.

A. P. 447-448.

(8. 204) Letter 51. To John Hall Stevenson. Aug., 1761. [After sending some frivolous advice to the eldest of 'the two colonels,' Sterne adds:] —why will not the advice suit both, *par nobile fratrum?*

S. 2. 3. 243.

(9. 6) Letter 74. To John Hall Stevenson. Aug. 12, 1762. Oh! how I envy you all at Crazy Castle!—I could like to spend a month with you—and should return back again for the vintage.—I honour the man that has given the world an idea of our parental seat—'t is well done—I look at it ten times a day with a *quando te aspiciam?*

S. 2. 6. 60.

C. IMPLICIT ALLUSION TO HORACE.

1. *Letters.*

(9. 197) Letter 161. To the Earl of ——. Nov. 28, 1767. My Lord,—'Tis with the greatest pleasure I take my pen to thank your Lordship for your letter of enquiry about Yorick —he has worn out both his spirits and body with the *Sentimental Journey*—'tis true that an author must feel himself, or his reader will not—but I have torn my whole frame into pieces by my feelings—.

Cf. *A. P.* 102-103.

[1] There has been some doubt as to the authenticity of this letter; but Professor Cross believes it to be genuine.

TOBIAS GEORGE SMOLLETT

The Works of Tobias Smollett, With Memoirs of his Life. By John Moore. A new edition by James P. Browne. 1872.

The Works of Tobias Smollett, With an Introduction by W. E. Henley. 1899-1900.

A. MOTTOS.

Three of Smollett's novels have mottos from Horace: *The Adventures of Roderick Random* (*S.* 2. 5. 8); *The Expedition of Humphrey Clinker* (*S.* 2. 7. 21-22); *The Adventures of Peregrine Pickle* (*A. P.* 317-318).

Besides these, the motto of the *Faithful Narrative of Habbakkuk Hilding* is from Horace (*A. P.* 300).

Of the three periodicals of which Smollett was editor, the *Critical Review* had the same mottos, one from Shakespeare, one from Horace (*E.* 2. 1. 9-10), for each volume; and several of the numbers of the *Briton* had mottos from Horace.

B. QUOTATION OF, OR REFERENCE TO LINES OF HORACE.

1. *Novels.*

The Adventures of Roderick Random.

(1. 63-64) Ch. 10. I was not a little pleased to hear our host speak Latin, because I was in hope of recommending myself to him, by my knowledge in that language; I therefore answered, without hesitation, *'Dissolve frigus, ligna super foco large reponens.'* . . . Finding we were both read in the classics, he did not know how to testify his regard enough; but ordered his daughter . . . to bring us a bottle of his *quadrimum,* repeating from Horace at the same time, *'Deprome quadrimum sabina, O Thaliarche, merum diota.'** This *quadrimum* was excellent ale of his own brewing, of which he told us he had always an *amphora* four years old, for the use of himself and friends. In the course of our conversation, which was interlarded with scraps of Latin, we understood

that this facetious person was a schoolmaster, whose income being small, he was fain to keep a glass of good liquor for the entertainment of passengers, by which he made shift to make the two ends of the year meet. 'I am this day,' said he, 'the happiest old fellow in his majesty's dominions. . . . The two chief pleasures of my life are these, (pointing to the bottle, and a large edition of Horace that lay on the table.) I am old, 'tis true—what then? the more reason I should enjoy the small share of life that remains, as my friend Flaccus advises. *Tu ne quæsieris (scire nefas) quem mihi, quem tibi finem dii dederint. Carpe diem quam minimum credula postero.*'†

*O. 1. 9. 5-6, 7-8. †O. 1. 11. 1-2, 8.

(1. 64) *Ibid.* He ordered his daughter to lay a fowl to the fire for supper, for he was resolved this night to regale his friends—*permittens divis cætera.*

O. 1. 9. 9.

(1. 65) *Ibid.* [I] desired to know what we had to pay. 'Biddy will let you know, gentlemen,' said he, 'for I never mind these matters. Money matters are beneath the concern of one who lives upon the Horatian plan. *Crescentem sequitur cura pecuniam.*'

O. 3. 16. 17.

(1. 66) *Ibid.* As he had not the appearance of a common publican, and had raised a sort of veneration in me by his demeanour the preceding night, it was not in my power to upbraid him as he deserved; therefore I contented myself with saying, I was sure he did not learn to be an extortioner from Horace. He answered, 'I was but a young man, and did not know the world, or I would not tax him with extortion, whose only aim was to live *contentus parvo,** and keep off *importuna pauperies.*'† . . . Just as we departed, Strap, who was half distracted on account of this piece of expence, went up to the schoolmaster, and, grinning in his face, pronounced with great emphasis, '*Semper avarus eget.*' To which the pedant replied, with a malicious smile, '*Animum rege, qui, nisi paret, imperat.*'°

*S. 2. 2. 110. †O. 3. 16. 37. °E. 1. 2. 56, 62-63.

(1. 114) Ch. 16. [Strap is pleading with Roderick Random not to enlist.] 'What signifies all the riches and honours of this life, if one enjoys not content? . . . What signify riches, my dear friend! do not they make unto themselves wings? as the wise man saith; and does not Horace observe,

Non domus aut fundus, non æris acervus aut auri ægroto domino deduxit corpore febrem, non animo curas.'

E. 1. 2. 47-49.

Somewhat altered from the original. It sounds as if Smollett were quoting inaccurately from memory.

(1. 125) Ch. 17. While Roderick Random is being examined in Surgeons Hall, a fierce dispute arises between two of the examiners, one of whom exclaims: 'Sir, excuse me, I despise all authority. *Nullius in verba.* I stand upon my own bottom.'

E. 1. 1. 14.

(2. 73) Ch. 45. I could not help smiling at this learned and important investigation; and, to recommend myself the more to my new acquaintance [Doctor Wagtail], whose disposition I was by this time well informed of, I observed, that what he alleged did not, to the best of my remembrance, appear in the writings of the ancients; for Horace uses the words *poto* and *bibo* indifferently for the same purpose, as in the twentieth ode of his first Book.

> Vile potabis modicis Sabinum cantharis,—
> —et prœlo domitam Caleno tu bibes uvam.
>
> *O.* 1. 20. 1-2, 9-10.

The Expedition of Humphrey Clinker.

(3. 104) Matt. Bramble to Dr. Lewis, May 8. —Such, O Dick! is the fragrant æther we breathe in the polite assemblies of Bath— Such is the atmosphere I have exchanged for the pure, elastic, animating air of the Welsh mountains. *O Rus, quando te aspiciam!*

S. 2. 6. 60.

(3. 121) J. Melford to Sir Watkin Phillips, April 18. He [Dr. I.—n] observed, that stink, or stench, meant no more than a strong impression on the olfactory nerves, and might be applied to substances of the most opposite qualities: that, in the Dutch language, *stinken* signified the most agreeable perfume, as well as the most fetid odour, as appears in Van Vloudel's translation of Horace, in that beautiful ode, *Quis multa gracilis,* &c. The words *liquidis perfusus odoribus,* he translates, *van civet and moschata gestinken.*

O. 1. 5. 1-2.

(3. 173) Matthew Bramble to Dr. Lewis, June 2. —There is another point, which I would much rather see determined;

whether the world was always as contemptible as it appears to me at present? If the morals of mankind have not contracted an extraordinary degree of depravity within these thirty years, then must I be infected with the common vice of old men, *difficilis, querulus, laudator temporis acti.*

A. P. 173.

(3. 200) Matt. Bramble to Dr. Lewis, June 8. From this wild uproar of knavery, folly, and impertinence, I shall fly with double relish to the serenity of retirement, the cordial effusions of unreserved friendship, the hospitality and protection of the rural gods; in a word, the *jucunda oblivia vitæ,* which Horace himself had not taste enough to enjoy.

S. 2. 6. 62.

(3. 286) J. Melford to Sir Watkin Phillips, Bart., July 1. He [Mr. Micklewhimmen] seemed to retire within himself, in order to deliberate, and in half a minute his resolution was taken; addressing himself to our quarter, 'I give the gentleman credit for his wit,' said he, 'it was a gude practical joke; but sometimes *hi joci in seria ducunt mala.*

A. P. 451-452.[1]

(4. 10) J. Melford to Sir Watkin Phillips, Bart., July 10. Dear Wat.—We made a precipitate retreat from Scarborough, owing to the excessive delicacy of our squire, who cannot bear the thoughts of being *prætereuntium digito monstratus.*

O. 4. 3. 22.

(4. 48) Matt. Bramble to Mr. Lewis, July 15. He [Lismahago] said, he was stimulated by an irresistible impulse to revisit the *paternus lar,* or *patria domus,* though he expected little satisfaction, inasmuch as he understood that his nephew, the present possessor, was but ill qualified to support the honour of the family.

The first expression is apparently taken from Horace, *E.* 2. 2. 50-51: *Paterni et laris et fundi.*

The Adventures of Peregrine Pickle.

(5. 2) Ch. 1. The passion of love never interrupted his [Gamaliel Pickle's] tranquillity; and if, as Mr. Creech says after Horace,

> Not to admire is all the art I know,
> To make men happy, and to keep them so,

[1] [Hæ nugæ seria ducent
In mala.]

Mr. Pickle was undoubtedly possessed of that invaluable secret; at least he was never known to betray the faintest symptom of transport, except one evening at the club, where he observed, with some demonstrations of vivacity, that he had dined upon a delicate loin of veal.

E. 1. 6. 1 f.

(5. 270) Ch. 42. [Peregrine is diverted with the odd characters of two of his countrymen, the painter, Pallet, and the doctor.] The physician answered his question by repeating this line from Horace:

Mutato nomine, de te fabula narratur.

S. 1. 1. 69-70.

The painter, who was rather more ignorant of Latin than of French, taking it for granted that this quotation of his friend conveyed an assent to his opinion,—'Very true,' said he, '*Potato domine date,*—this piece is not worth a single potato.'

(5. 281 f.) Ch. 44 describes a 'Roman banquet' given by the doctor, in the description of which there is a suggestion of the banquet given by Nasidienus to Mæcenas, Satire 2. 8.

(5. 289) Ch. 44. He [the doctor] observed, that the manner of dressing them was described by Horace, in the account he gives of the entertainment to which Mæcenas was invited by the epicure Nasiedenus,

Affertur squillas inter murena natantes, etc.

S. 2. 8. 42.

(7. 117) Ch. 93. [Peregrine] was of that laughing disposition, which is always seeking food for mirth, as Horace observes of Philippus,

Risus undique quærit.

E. 1. 7. 79.

The Adventures of Ferdinand Count Fathom.

(8. 295) Ch. 39. [Captain Minikin, whose 'discourse was almost nothing else than a series of quotations from the English poets, interlarded with French phrases, which he retained for their significance, on the recommendation of his friends, being himself unacquainted with that or any other outlandish tongue,' is describing to Fathom his fellow-prisoners.] 'You must know, sir, that, exclusive of the *canaille,* or the *profanum vulgus,* as they are styled by Horace, there are several small

communities in the gaol, consisting of people who are attracted by the manners and dispositions of each other.

O. 3. 1. 1.

The Adventures of Sir Launcelot Greaves.

(10. 266) Ch. 23. [Dick Distich, the poet and satirist, whom Sir Launcelot meets in the madhouse, speaking:] 'Here is a satire, which I wrote in an ale-house when I was drunk —I can prove it by the evidence of the landlord and his wife: I fancy you'll own I have some right to say with my friend Horace,

> Qui me commorit, melius non tangere clamo;
> Flebit et insignis tota cantabitur urbe.'

S. 2. 1. 45-46.

2. *Travels.*

Travels through France and Italy.

(11. 305) Letter 29. Montefiascone, famous for its wine, is a poor decayed town in this neighbourhood, situated on the side of a hill, which according to the author of the Grand Tour, the only directory I had along with me, is supposed to be the Soracte of the ancients. If we may believe Horace, Soracte was visible from Rome; for, in his ninth ode, addressed to Thaliarchus, he says,

> Vides, ut alta stet nive candidum
> Soracte—

O. 1. 9. 1-2.

but, in order to see Montefiascone, his eye-sight must have penetrated through the Mons Cyminus, at the foot of which stands the city of Viterbo. Pliny tells us, that Soracte was not far from Rome, *haud procul ab urbe Roma;* but Montefiascone is fifty miles from this city. And Desprez, in his notes upon Horace, says it is now called Monte S. Oreste. Addison tells us he passed by it in the Campania.

(11. 310) *Ibid.* [Discussing the overflowings of the Tiber, and having cited 'Appian, Dio, and other historians,' as describing such inundations, Smollett also quotes Horace, Livy, and Ovid,—Horace as follows:] This calamity is recorded by Horace in his ode to Augustus.

> Vidimus flavum Tiberim retortis
> Littore Etrusco violenter undis,
> Ire dejectum monumenta regis,
> Templaque Vestæ:

Iliæ dum se nimium querenti
Jactat ultorem; vagus et sinistra
Labitur ripa, Jove non probante,
Uxorius amnis.
O. 1. 2. 13-20.

(11. 318) Letter 30. [As proof that ancient Rome was not cleanly:] Horace, in his description of the banquet of Nasiedenus, says, when the canopy under which they sat fell down, it brought along with it as much dirt as is raised by a hard gale of wind in dry weather:

Trahentia pulveris atri,
Quantum non Aquilo Campanis excitat agris.
S. 2. 8. 55-56.[1]

(11. 326) [To Letter 30 the editor adds a note, of which the following is part: Smollett] pasted into his copy of the *Travels* (at page 317 in this edition, . . .) this note: 'The same author (Horace), who lived like a man of fashion and may be supposed to have been as pure as others of the same rank in his invitation to Torquatus [1. 5.] mentions as an inducement that he shall have a clean table cloth and be served on pewter well scoured.

Ne turpi Toral, ne sordida mappa
Corruget nares ne non et cantharus et lanx
Ostendat tibi te.
E. 1. 5. 22-24.

No dirty towell shall your nose offend,
My pots and dishes all are scour'd so bright
As to reflect your image to the sight.

A little lower in the same epistle he says:

Sed nimis arcta premunt olidæ convivia capræ.

The crowded feast disgusting steams annoy.'
E. 1. 5. 29.

3. *Miscellaneous.*

Advice and Reproof.

These two satires, confessedly following Juvenal, have a certain exterior likeness to Horace's Satires in dialogue.[2] In each there is allusion to Horace.

[1] Such clouds of dust revolving in its train
As Boreas whirls along the level plain.
(MS. addition)

[2] See T. Seccombe's *Biographical Note* (*Wks.* 12. ix).

The History and Adventures of an Atom.

(12. 319) As the war of Yesso, therefore, engrossed all the specie of Niphon, and some currency was absolutely necessary to the subsistence of the Japonese, the orator contrived a method to save the expense of solid food. . . . He put them on a diet of yeast. . . . The individuals thus inflated were seen swaggering about the streets, smooth and round, and sleek and jolly, with leering eyes and florid complexion. Every one seemed to have the *os magna sonaturum.*

S. 1. 4. 43-44.

(12. 368) In return for this compliment [a present from Brut-an-tiffi of his poetical works], the orator sent him a bullock's horn bound with brass, value fifteen pence, which had long served him as a pitchpipe when he made harangues to the Mobile; it was the same kind of instrument which Horace describes; *Tibia vincta orichalco.*

A. P. 202.

(12. 415-416) [The Cuboy, Yak-strot,] recited in a theatrical tone the stanza of a famous Japonese bard, whose soul afterwards transmigrated into the body of the Roman poet Horatius Flaccus, and inspired him with the same sentiment in the Latin tongue.

> Virtus repulsæ nescia sordidæ
> Intaminatis fulget honoribus;
> Nec sumit, aut ponit secures
> Arbitrio popularis auræ.
>
> *O.* 3. 2. 17-20.

His friends, hearing him declare his resolution of dying for his country,* began to fear that his understanding was disturbed.

**O.* 3. 2. 13.

C. DIRECT MENTION OF HORACE.

1. *Novels.*

The Adventures of Roderick Random.

(1. 43) Ch. 7. [I] set out . . . for London, my whole fortune consisting of one suit of clothes, half a dozen of ruffled shirts, as many plain, two pair of worsted, and a like number of thread stockings, a case of pocket-instruments, a small edition of Horace, Wiseman's Surgery, and ten guineas in cash.

(2. 227) Ch. 62. In short, I judged it [Melopoyn's Tragedy] by the laws of Aristotle and Horace, and could find nothing in it exceptionable, etc.

The Adventures of Peregrine Pickle.

(5. 280) Ch. 42. . . . the doctor was strangely possessed with the opinion that he himself was inspired by the soul of Pindar; because, making allowance for the difference of languages in which they wrote, there was a surprising affinity between his own works and those of that celebrated Theban; and, as a confirmation of this truth, he immediately produced a sample of each, which, though in spirit and versification as different as the Odes of Horace and our present poet laureate, Peregrine did not scruple to pronounce altogether congenial, notwithstanding the violence he by this sentence offered to his own conscience.

The Adventures of Ferdinand Count Fathom.

(8. 9) Ch. 2. Notwithstanding this new engagement with a foreigner [her marriage to the German trooper, Ferdinand de Fadom], our hero's mother still exercised the virtues of her calling among the English troops, so much was she biassed by that laudable partiality, which, as Horace observes, the *natale solum* generally inspires.

Smollett inadvertently assigns this expression to Horace instead of to Ovid (see following quotation).

2. *Travels.*

Travels through France and Italy.

(11. 424) Letter 41. [Written from Boulogne, on the return journey.] I am at last in a situation to indulge my view with a sight of Britain, after an absence of two years; and indeed you cannot imagine what pleasure I feel while I survey the white cliffs of Dover at this distance. Not that I am at all affected by the *nescia qua dulcedine natalis soli* of Horace.

This quotation is from Ovid, *Ep. ex Ponto* 1. 3. 35, not from Horace.

3. *Miscellaneous.*

A Faithful Narrative of Habbakkuk Hilding.

(12. 181-182) But in nothing was his frenzy more conspicuous than in his behaviour; while he rode round the ranks to review his forces, with a curtailed mopstick by way of leading staff in his hand, he made obeisance to his blind brother, as to the author of the *Iliad;* shook hands with a

constable, calling him by the name of Aristotle; imagined he saw Pindar in the person of a shoeblack, and Horace represented by a thief-taker.

The History and Adventures of an Atom.

(12. 348) [In a digression upon the preposterous absurdity 'of inheriting cognomina, which ought ever to be purely personal.'] Why should Horace be called *Flaccus,* as if his ears had been stretched in the pillory.

D. IMPLICIT ALLUSION TO HORACE.

1. *Novels.*

The Adventures of Roderick Random.

(1. 114) Ch. 16. [Strap:] 'Therefore, I pray you, consider whether you will sit down contented with small things, and share the fruits of my industry in peace, till Providence shall send better tidings.'

Cf. *S.* 2. 2. 110.

(2. 1) Ch. 39. —discovering linen that was very fine, and to all appearance never washed but in Castalian streams.

Cf. *O.* 3. 4. 61.

The Adventures of Peregrine Pickle.

(6. 86) Ch. 62. [The doctor to Pallet:] . . . 'I am afraid you would have been in the predicament of those disciples of a certain philosopher, who drank decoctions of cummin seeds that their faces might adopt the paleness of their master's complexion, hoping, that, in being as wan, they would be as learned as their teacher.'

Cf. *E.* 1. 19. 17-18.

SAMUEL JOHNSON

The Works of Samuel Johnson, LL.D. Oxford, 1825.

Johnson's Lives of the English Poets. Ed. by George Birkbeck Hill. Oxford, 1905.

Letters of Samuel Johnson. Ed. by George Birkbeck Hill. New York (Oxford), 1892.

Boswell's Life of Johnson, including Boswell's Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides, and Johnson's Diary of a Journey into North Wales. Ed. by George Birkbeck Hill. Oxford, 1887.

Johnsonian Miscellanies. Ed. by George Birkbeck Hill. New York (Oxford), 1897. (This includes, besides many Anecdotes and Extracts from various authors: Johnson's Prayers and Meditations, to the original issue of which Hill has added many new passages; An Account of the Life of Dr. Samuel Johnson, from his Birth to his Eleventh Year, written by himself; Anecdotes of the late Samuel Johnson, LL.D., by Hesther Lynch Piozzi.)

Mme. D'Arblay's Memoirs of Dr. Burney. 1832.

Dr. Johnson and Fanny Burney, being the Johnsonian Passages from the Works of Mme. D'Arblay. By Chauncey Brewster Tinker. New York, 1911.

A. TRANSLATIONS OF HORACE.

Johnson translated the Twenty-second Ode of the First Book and the Ninth Ode of the Second Book when about the age of sixteen. These translations Boswell has published in his *Life of Johnson* 1. 52-53.

He also translated the Seventh Ode of the Fourth Book in 1784. This translation is to be found in *Works* 1. 137.

B. MOTTOS FROM HORACE.

The motto for the *Rambler: E.* 1. 1. 14-15.

Mottos for the following numbers of the *Rambler:* 3 (*O.* 3. 2. 17-20); 4 (*A. P.* 334); 6 (*E.* 1. 11. 28-30); 11 (*O.* 1.

16. 5-9); 13 (*E.* 1. 18. 38); 14 (*S.* 1. 3. 18-19); 18 (*O.* 3. 24. 17-23); 22 (*A. P.* 409-411); 23 (*E.* 2. 2. 61-62); 27 (*E.* 1. 10. 39-40); 29 (*O.* 3. 29. 29-32); 30[1] (*O.* 4. 5. 6-8); 34 (*O.* 1. 23. 3-4); 38 (*O.* 2. 10. 5-8); 40 (*A. P.* 450-452); 42 (*E.* 1. 1. 23); 49 (*O.* 3. 30. 6-8); 54 (*O.* 2. 18. 15-19); 55 (*O.* 3. 15. 4-8); 56 (*E.* 2. 1. 180-181); 58 (*O.* 3. 24. 62-64); 60 (*E.* 1. 2. 3-4); 61 (*E.* 1. 16. 39-40); 63 (*S.* 1. 3. 11-15); 65 (*S.* 2. 6. 77-78); 72 (*E.* 1. 17. 23-24); 74 (*E.* 1. 18. 15); 76 (*S.* 2. 3. 48-51); 80 (*O.* 1. 9. 1-3); 86 (*A. P.* 274); 87 (*E.* 1. 1. 38-40); 88 (*E.* 2. 2. 110-114); 89 (*O.* 4. 12. 28); 91 (*E.* 1. 18. 86-87); 92 (*O.* 2. 1. 17-18); 94 (*O.* 4. 9. 40-41, 43-44); 95 (*O.* 1. 34. 1-5); 97[1] (*O.* 3. 6. 17-20); 108 (*E.* 1. 2. 40-43); 116 (*E.* 1. 14. 43); 118 (*O.* 4. 9. 26-28); 119 (*E.* 1. 2. 16); 120 (*O.* 2. 2. 17-21); 121 (*E.* 1. 19. 19); 123 (*E.* 1. 2. 69-70); 124 (*E.* 1. 4. 4-5); 125 (*A. P.* 86-87); 134 (*O.* 4. 7. 17-18); 135 (*E.* 1. 11. 27); 137 (*S.* 1. 2. 24); 139 (*A. P.* 23); 140 (*S.* 1. 10. 2-3); 143 (*E.* 1. 3. 19-20); 145 (*O.* 4. 9. 5-8); 147 (*A. P.* 385); 148 (*O.* 3. 11. 45-48); 152 (*A. P.* 105-106); 158 (*A. P.* 78); 159 (*E.* 1. 1. 34-35); 173 (*A. P.* 308); 174 (*S.* 1. 4. 34-35); 176 (*S.* 1. 6. 5); 181 (*E.* 1. 18. 110); 186 (*O.* 1. 22. 17-18, 23-24); 190 (*E.* 2. 1. 9-10); 191 (*A. P.* 163); 193 (*E.* 1. 1. 36-37); 195 (*O.* 3. 24. 54-58); 196 (*A. P.* 175-176); 207 (*E.* 1. 1. 8-9).

For the following numbers of the *Adventurer:* 74 (*O.* 1. 34. 2-3); 81 (*O.* 1. 7. 27); 84 (*S.* 2. 7. 73-74); 85 (*A. P.* 412-413); 92 (*E.* 2. 2. 110); 107 (*A. P.* 78); 115 (*E.* 2. 1. 117); 119 (*O.* 2. 2. 9-12); 128 (*S.* 2. 3. 50-51); 138 (*E.* 1. 18. 102-103).

For the following numbers of the *Idler:* 1 (*O.* 1. 32. 1-2); 2 (*S.* 2. 3. 1-2); 52 (*S.* 2. 7. 85); 62 (*S.* 2. 1. 5); 64 (*S.* 2. 1. 5).

Motto for the *Dictionary of the English Language: E.* 2. 2. 110-118.

An Appeal to the Public (*Wks.* 5. 348) has two mottos, one from Horace (*S.* 1. 10. 78-79), and one from Martial.

[1] Nos. 30 and 97 were written by Miss Catherine Talbot and Samuel Richardson respectively. It is probable, however, that Johnson supplied the mottos for these papers.

Hill, in his edition of Boswell's *Life* (1. 60-61, note 7), quotes a Latin prose composition of Johnson's which has as its title or motto three lines of Horace: O. 1. 20. 10-12.

C. QUOTATION OF, OR REFERENCE TO LINES OF HORACE.

1. *Poetry.*

Epilogue to the Carmen Sæculare of Horace; performed at Freemason's Hall.

(1. 194)[1] Quæ fausta Romæ dixit Horatius,
Hæc fausta vobis dicimus, Angliæ
Opes, triumphos, et subacti
Imperium pelagi precantes.

Such strains as, mingled with the lyre,
Could Rome with future greatness fire,
Ye sons of England, deign to hear,
Nor think our wishes less sincere.
May ye the varied blessings share
Of plenteous peace and prosp'rous war;
And o'er the globe extend your reign,
Unbounded masters of the main!

The metre of the quatrain, however, is not the metre of the *Carmen Sæculare.*

2. *Periodicals.*

Rambler.

(2. 2) No. 1. [Speaking of the adoption by epic writers of the first lines of Homer:] The rules which the injudicious use of this prerogative suggested to Horace, may indeed be applied to the direction of candidates for inferiour fame; it may be proper for all to remember, that they ought not to raise expectation which it is not in their power to satisfy, and that it is more pleasing to see smoke brightening into flame, than flame sinking into smoke.

This precept has been long received, both from regard to the authority of Horace, and its conformity to the general opinion of the world.

A. P. 140-152.

[1] The reference is to volume and page of the Oxford (1825) edition of the *Works of Johnson,* except when otherwise noted.

(2. 4) *Ibid.* The ostentatious and haughty display of themselves has been the usual refuge of diurnal writers, in vindication of whose practice it may be said, that what it wants in prudence is supplied by sincerity; and who at least may plead, that if their boasts deceive any into the perusal of their performances, they defraud them of but little time.

> Quid enim? concurritur: horæ
> Momento cita mors venit, aut victoria læta.
>
> *S.* 1. 1. 7-8.

The question concerning the merit of the day is soon decided, and we are not condemned to toil through half a folio, to be convinced that the writer has broke his promise.

(2. 9) No. 2. I shall, therefore, while I am yet but lightly touched with the symptoms of the writer's malady, endeavour to fortify myself against the infection, not without some weak hope, that my preservatives may extend their virtues to others, whose employment exposes them to the same danger:

> Laudis amore tumes? sunt certa piacula, quæ te
> Ter pure lecto poterunt recreare libello.
>
> *E.* 1. 1. 36-37.

Ibid. There is nothing more dreadful to an author than neglect, compared with which reproach, hatred, and opposition, are names of happiness; yet this worst, this meanest fate, every one who dares to write has reason to fear.

> I nunc, et versus tecum meditare canoros.
>
> *E.* 2. 2. 76.

(2. 16) No. 4. The task of our present writers is very different; it requires, together with that learning which is to be gained from books, that experience which can never be attained by solitary diligence, but must arise from general converse and accurate observation of the living world. Their performances have, as Horace expresses it, *plus oneris, quanto veniæ minus,* little indulgence, and therefore more difficulty.

E. 2. 1. 169-170.

(2. 25) No. 6. [Johnson has been speaking of the Stoics.] Such *sapientia insaniens,* as Horace calls the doctrine of another sect, such extravagance of philosophy, can want neither authority nor argument for its confutation.

O. 1. 34. 2-3.[1]

1 [Insanientis dum sapientiæ
Consultus erro.]

(2. 40) No. 9. It is justly remarked by Horace, that howsoever every man may complain occasionally of the hardships of his condition, he is seldom willing to change it for any other on the same level.

S. 1. 1. 1-19.

(2. 51) No. 11. I have . . . prefixed a motto, which characterizes this passion [of anger], not so much by the mischief that it causes, as by the noise that it utters.

The motto of this paper is *O.* 1. 16. 5-9.

(2. 194) No. 40. It has been remarked, that authors are *genus irritabile, a generation very easily put out of temper,* and that they seldom fail of giving proofs of their irascibility upon the slightest attack of criticism, or the most gentle or modest offer of advice and information.

E. 2. 2. 102-105.

(2. 202) No. 41. [On memory.] Whatever we have once reposited, as Dryden expresses it, 'in the sacred treasure of the past,' is out of the reach of accident, or violence, nor can be lost either by our own weakness, or another's malice:

Non tamen irritum
Quodcunque retro est, efficiet: neque
Diffinget, infectumque reddet,
Quod fugiens semel hora vexit.

O. 3. 29. 45-48.

(2. 203) *Ibid.* When we approach the verge of the grave it is more eminently true:

Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam.

O. 1. 4. 15.

(2. 212) No. 43. [Of him who contemplates great undertakings.] Horace advises his poetical friend to consider every day as the last which he shall enjoy, because that will always give pleasure which we receive beyond our hopes.

E. 1. 4. 13-14.

(2. 219) No. 45. [A letter to the Rambler in which is set forth that 'marriage is not commonly unhappy, otherwise than as life is unhappy.'] Converse with almost any man, grown old in a profession, and you will find him regretting that he did not enter into some different course, to which he too late finds his genius better adapted, or in which he discovers that wealth and honour are more easily attained. 'The merchant,' says Horace, 'envies the soldier, and the soldier recounts the

felicity of the merchant; the lawyer, when his clients harass him, calls out for the quiet of the countryman; and the countryman, when business calls him to town, proclaims that there is no happiness but amidst opulence and crowds.'

S. 1. 1. 4-12.

(2. 243) No. 50. If dotards will contend with boys in those performances in which boys must always excel them, . . . they may well expect those who find their diversions obstructed will hoot them away; and that they descend to competition with youth, they must bear the insolence of successful rivals.

> Lusisti satis, edisti satis, atque bibisti:
> Tempus abire tibi est.

E. 2. 2. 214-215.

(2. 261) No. 54. It seems to me remarkable, that death increases our veneration for the good, and extenuates our hatred of the bad. Those virtues which once we envied, as Horace observes, because they eclipsed our own, can now no longer obstruct our reputation, and we have, therefore, no interest to suppress their praise.

Johnson seems to refer here to *E.* 2. 1. 5-14.

(2. 300) No. 63. It has been remarked, perhaps, by every writer who has left behind him observations upon life, that no man is pleased with his present state; which proves equally unsatisfactory, says Horace, whether fallen upon by chance, or chosen with deliberation; we are always disgusted with some circumstance or other of our situation, and imagine the condition of others more abundant in blessings, or less exposed to calamities.

S. 1. 1. 1-3.

(2. 308) No. 64. To maintain the softness and serenity of benevolence, it is necessary that friends partake each other's pleasures as well as cares, and be led to the same diversions, by similitude of taste. This is, however, not to be considered as equally indispensable with conformity of principles, because any man may honestly, according to the precepts of Horace, resign the gratifications of taste to the humour of another, and friendship may well deserve the sacrifice of pleasure, though not of conscience.

Johnson seems here to be referring to *S.* 1. 3. 29-95, in which passage Horace sets forth his ideas upon friendship.

(2. 335) No. 71. It is observable that Horace, in his account of the characters of men, as they are diversified by the various influence of time, remarks, that the old man is *dilator, spe longus,* given to procrastination, and inclined to extend his hopes to a great distance.

A. P. 169-174.

(2. 400) No. 85. Solitude and contemplation are indeed seldom consistent with such skill in common exercises or sports as is necessary to make them practised with delight, and no man is willing to do that of which the necessity is not pressing and immediate, when he knows that his awkwardness must make him ridiculous:

> Ludere qui nescit, campestribus abstinet armis;
> Indoctusque pilæ, discive, trochive, quiescit;
> Ne spissæ risum tollant impune coronæ.
>
> *A. P.* 379-381.

(2. 422) No. 90. The hexameter of the ancients may be considered as consisting of fifteen syllables, so melodiously disposed, that, as every one knows who has examined the poetical authors, very pleasing and sonorous lyrick measures are formed from the fragments of the heroick. It is, indeed, scarce possible to break them in such a manner, but that *invenias etiam disjecta membra poetæ,* some harmony will still remain, and the due proportions of sound will always be discovered.

S. 1. 4. 62.[1]

(2. 446) No. 94. [Upon sound as echoing sense.] The criticks, however, have struck out other similitudes; nor is there any irregularity of numbers which credulous admiration cannot discover to be eminently beautiful. Thus the propriety of each of these lines has been celebrated by writers whose opinion the world has reason to regard:

> Vertitur interea cœlum, et ruit oceano nox.
>
> Virgil, *Æn.* 2. 250.

> Sternitur, exanimisque tremens procumbit humi bos.
>
> Virgil, *Æn.* 5. 481.

> Parturiunt montes, nascatur ridiculus mus.
>
> Horace, *A. P.* 139.[2]

If all these observations are just, there must be some remarkable conformity between the sudden succession of night to day,

[1] [Invenias etiam disiecti membra poetæ.]

[2] [Parturient montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.]

the fall of an ox under a blow, and the birth of a mouse from a mountain; since we are told of all these images, that they are very strongly impressed by the same form and termination of the verse.

(3. 34) No. 113. I know not whether it is always a proof of innocence to treat censure with contempt. We owe so much reverence to the wisdom of mankind, as justly to wish, that our own opinion of our merit may be ratified by the concurrence of other suffrages. . . . The wall of brass which Horace erects upon a clear conscience, may be sometimes raised by impudence or power; and we should always wish to preserve the dignity of virtue, by adorning her with graces which wickedness cannot assume.

E. 1. 1. 60-61.

(3. 94-95) No. 125. 'Comedy,' says Horace, 'sometimes raises her voice;' and tragedy may, likewise, on proper occasions, abate her dignity; but as the comic personages can only depart from their familiarity of style, when the more violent passions are put in motion, the heroes and queens of tragedy should never descend to trifle, but in the hours of ease, and intermissions of danger.

A. P. 93-94.

(3. 179-180) No. 143. When . . . there are found in Virgil and Horace two similar passages—

> Hæ tibi erunt artes—
> Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos.
> Virgil, *Æn.* 6. 853.

> Imperet bellante prior, jacentem
> Lenis in hostem.—
> Horace, *C. S.* 51-52.

it is surely not necessary to suppose with a late critick, that one is copied from the other, since neither Virgil nor Horace can be supposed ignorant of the common duties of humanity, and the virtue of moderation in success.

(3. 180-181) *Ibid.* Tully observes of Achilles, that had not Homer written, his valour had been without praise:

> Nisi Ilias illa extitisset, idem tumulus qui
> corpus ejus contexerat, nomen ejus obruisset.
> *Arch.* 10.

Horace tells us, with more energy, that there were brave men before the wars of Troy, but they were lost in oblivion for want of a poet:

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi; sed omnes illachrymabiles
Urgentur, ignotique longa
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.
O. 4. 9. 25-28.

Tully inquires, in the same oration, why, but for fame, we disturb a short life with so many fatigues?

Quid est quod in hoc tam exiguo vitæ curriculo
et tam brevi, tantis nos in laboribus exerceamus?
Arch. 11.

Horace inquires in the same manner,

Quid brevi fortes jaculamur ævo
Multa?
O. 2. 16. 17-18.

when our life is of so short duration, why we form such numerous designs? But Horace, as well as Tully, might discover that records are needful to preserve the memory of actions, and that no records were so durable as poems; either of them might find out that life is short, and that we consume it in unnecessary labour.

(3. 222) No. 152. If the personages of the comick scene be allowed by Horace to raise their language in the transports of anger to the turgid vehemence of tragedy, the epistolary writer may likewise without censure comply with the varieties of his matter.
A. P. 93-94.

(3. 250-251) No. 158. It is established at present, that the proemial lines of a poem, in which the general subject is proposed, must be void of glitter and embellishment. 'The first lines of *Paradise Lost*,' says Addison, 'are perhaps as plain, simple, and unadorned, as any of the whole poem, in which particular the author has conformed himself to the example of Homer, and the precept of Horace.'

This observation seems to have been made by an implicit adoption of the common opinion, without consideration either of the precept or example. Had Horace been consulted, he would have been found to direct only what should be comprised in the proposition, not how it should be expressed; and to have commended Homer, in opposition to a meaner poet, not for the gradual elevation of his diction, but the judicious expansion of his plan; for displaying unpromised events, not for producing unexpected elegancies:

Speciosa dehinc miracula promat;
Antiphaten, Scyllamque, et cum Cyclope Charybdim.
A. P. 136-145.

(3. 298) No. 169. What they [the writers of antiquity] had written, they did not venture in their first fondness to thrust into the world, but, considering the impropriety of sending forth inconsiderately that which cannot be recalled, deferred the publication, if not nine years, according to the direction of Horace, yet till their fancy was cooled after the raptures of invention, and the glare of novelty had ceased to dazzle the judgment.

A. P. 386-390.

Ibid. There were in those days no weekly or diurnal writers; *multa dies et multa litura,* much time, and many rasures, were considered as indispensable requisites.

A. P. 293.

Adventurer.

(4. 20) No. 45. Johnson's rough draught[1] of this paper is given in a note. In it occur the following jottings:

If confederacies were easy—useless;—many oppresses many.—If possible only to some, dangerous. *Principium amicitias.*

O. 2. 1. 4.

(4. 32-34) No. 58. How much the mutilation of ancient history has taken away from the beauty of poetical performances, may be conjectured from the light which a lucky commentator sometimes effuses, by the recovery of an incident that had been long forgotten: thus, in the third book of Horace, Juno's denunciations against those that should presume to raise again the walls of Troy, could for many ages please only by splendid images and swelling language, of which no man discovered the use or propriety, till Le Fevre, by showing on what occasion the Ode was written, changed wonder to rational delight. Many passages yet undoubtedly remain in the same author, which an exacter knowledge of the incidents of his time would clear from objections. Among these I have always numbered the following lines:

Johnson here quotes lines *O.* 3. 16. 9-16.

The close of this passage, by which every reader is now disappointed and offended, was probably the delight of the Roman court: it cannot be imagined, that Horace, after having given to gold the force of thunder, and told of its power to storm cities and to conquer kings, would have concluded his account of its efficacy with its influence over naval command-

[1] Copied from Boswell's *Life* 1. 207.

ers, had he not alluded to some fact then current in the mouths of men, and therefore more interesting for a time than the conquests of Philip. Of the like kind may be reckoned another stanza in the same book:

> Jussa coram non sine conscio
> Surgit marito, seu vocat *institor,*
> Seu *navis Hispanæ magister,*
> Dedecorum pretiosus emptor.
> *O.* 3. 6. 29-32.

He has little knowledge of Horace who imagines that the *factor,* or the *Spanish merchant,* are mentioned by chance: there was undoubtedly some popular story of an intrigue, which those names recalled to the memory of his reader.

The flame of his genius in other parts, though somewhat dimmed by time, is not totally eclipsed; his address and judgment yet appear, though much of the spirit and vigour of his sentiment is lost: this has happened in the Twentieth Ode of the First Book:

Johnson here quotes lines 1-8.

We here easily remark the intertexture of a happy compliment with an humble invitation; but certainly are less delighted than those, to whom the mention of the applause bestowed upon Mæcenas, gave occasion to recount the actions or words that produced it.

Two lines which have exercised the ingenuity of modern criticks, may, I think, be reconciled to the judgment, by an easy supposition: Horace thus addresses Agrippa:

> Scriberis Vario fortis, et hostium
> Victor, *Mæonii carminis alite.*
> *O.* 1. 6. 1-2.

That Varius should be called 'A bird of Homeric song,' appears so harsh to modern ears, that an emendation of the text has been proposed: but surely the learning of the ancients had been long ago obliterated, had every man thought himself at liberty to corrupt the lines which he did not understand. If we imagine that Varius had been by any of his contemporaries celebrated under the appellation of *Musarum ales,* 'the swan of the Muses,' the language of Horace becomes graceful and familiar; and that such a compliment was at least possible, we know from the transformation feigned by Horace of himself.

In *O.* 2. 20, Horace describes himself as changing into a swan.

(4. 70) No. 85. It is with justice, . . . that in an accomplished character, Horace unites just sentiments with the power of expressing them.

E. 1. 4. 9.

(4. 74) No. 92. —Virgil: of whom Horace justly declares, that the rural muses have appropriated to him their elegance and sweetness.

S. 1. 10. 44-45.

(4. 146) No. 138. It is asserted by Horace, that, 'if matter be once got together, words will be found with very little difficulty'; a position which, though sufficiently plausible to be inserted in poetical precepts, is by no means strictly and philosophically true.

A. P. 311.

Idler.

(4. 326) No. 60. [How Minim prepared himself to be a critic:] But he did not trust so much to natural sagacity as wholly to neglect the help of books. When the theatres were shut, he retired to Richmond with a few select writers, whose opinions he impressed upon his memory by unwearied diligence; and, when he returned with other wits to the town, was able to tell, in very proper phrases, that the chief business of art is to copy nature; that a perfect writer is not to be expected, because genius decays as judgment increases; that the great art is the art of blotting; and that, according to the rule of Horace, every piece should be kept nine years.

E. 2. 1. 167; *A. P.* 388.

(4. 376) No. 77. Easy poetry is universally admired; but I know not whether any rule has yet been fixed, by which it may be decided when poetry can be properly called easy. Horace has told us, that it is such as 'every reader hopes to equal, but after long labour finds unattainable.' This is a very loose description, in which only the effect is noted; the qualities which produce this effect remain to be investigated.

A. P. 240-242.

3. *Miscellaneous Prose Writings.*

Preface to the English Dictionary.

(5. 25) [Speaking of anomalous formations, Johnson enumerates:] Of this kind are the derivatives *length* from *long, strength* from *strong, darling* from *dear,* . . . and from *high, height,* which Milton, in zeal for analogy, writes *highth: Quid te exempta juvat spinis de pluribus una?* to change all would be too much, and to change one is nothing.

E. 2. 2. 212.

An Appeal to the Public.

(5. 351) His [the Craftsman's] resentment has risen so much above the provocation, that we cannot but impute it more to what he fears than what he has felt. He has seen the solecisms of his brother, Common Sense, exposed, and remembers that,

—tua res agitur, paries cum proximus ardet.
E. 1. 18. 84.

He imagines, that he shall soon fall under the same censure, and is willing that our criticisms shall appear rather the effects of our resentment than our judgment.

Review of Memoirs of the Court of Augustus.

(6. 10) Mr. Blackwell knows well the opinion of Horace, concerning those that open their undertakings with magnificent promises; and he knows, likewise, the dictates of common sense and common honesty, names of greater authority than that of Horace, who direct, that no man should promise what he cannot perform.

A. P. 136-139.

Ibid. After a preface of boast, and a letter of flattery, in which he seems to imitate the address of Horace, in his *vile potabis modicis Sabinum*—he opens his book with telling us, etc.

O. 1. 20. 1.

Thoughts on the Late Transactions respecting Falkland's Islands. 1771.

(6. 187) *Nil mortalibus arduum est:* there is nothing which human courage will not undertake, and little that human patience will not endure. The garrison lived upon Falkland's island, shrinking from the blast, and shuddering at the billows.

O. 1. 3. 37.

Latin Prose Composition.[1]

With the lines,

Mea nec Falernæ
Temperant Vites, neque Formiani
Pocula Colles,

O. 1. 20. 10-12.

[1] Published for the first time by Hill in his edition of Boswell's *Life,* 1. 61, note.

as his text, Johnson has written a brief Latin homily upon the proper use of friendship, taking Mæcenas' friendship for Horace, suggested in these lines and elsewhere in the Odes, as his model.

4. *Lives of the Poets.*

Cowley.

(7. 31)[1] His miscellanies contain a collection of short compositions. . . . To choose the best, among many good, is one of the most hazardous attempts of criticism. I know not whether Scaliger[2] himself has persuaded many readers to join with him in his preference of the two favourite odes, which he estimates, in his raptures, at the value of a kingdom.

O. 4. 3; 3. 9.

(7. 54)[3] But, not to defraud him of his due praise, he has given one example of representative versification, which, perhaps, no other English line can equal:

> Begin, be bold, and venture to be wise:
> He, who defers this work from day to day,
> Does on a river's bank expecting stay
> Till the whole stream that stopp'd him shall be gone,
> *Which runs, and, as it runs, for ever shall run on.*

Here Johnson is especially approving Cowley's translation of Horace's line:

> Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.
>
> *E.* 1. 2. 43.

The above translation of lines 40-43 occurs in his essay on the *Danger of Procrastination* (*Essays in Verse and Prose*).

Butler.

(7. 151)[4] Perhaps the dialogue of this poem [*Hudibras*] is not perfect. Some power of engaging the attention might have been added to it by quicker reciprocation, by seasonable interruptions, . . . and by a nearer approach to dramatick sprightliness. . . . The skilful writer *irritat, mulcet,* makes a due distribution of the still and animated parts.

E. 2. 1. 212.

[1] The corresponding page in Hill's edition of the *Lives* is 1. 35.

[2] Scaliger's remark is quoted in the Delphin *Horace,* 1825, 1. 436.

[3] Hill 1. 62-63.

[4] *Ibid.* 1. 211-212.

Dryden.

(7. 293)[1] He was, indeed, reproached with boasting of his familiarity with the great; and Horace will support him in the opinion, that to please superiours is not the lowest kind of merit.

E. 1. 17. 35.

(7. 310)[2] [Johnson is speaking of Dryden's rules for translation.] A translator is to be like his author; it is not his business to excel him. . . . The authority of Horace, which the new translators cited in defence of their practice, he has, by a judicious explanation, taken fairly from them; but reason wants not Horace to support it.

A. P. 133-134.

(7. 325)[3] His poem on the death of Mrs. Killigrew is, undoubtedly, the noblest ode that our language ever has produced. The first part flows with a torrent of enthusiasm: *Fervet immensusque ruit.*

O. 4. 2. 7.

(7. 340-341)[4] [In a general survey of Dryden.] When once he had engaged himself in disputation, thoughts flowed in on either side: he was now no longer at a loss; he had always objections and solutions at command; *verbaque provisam rem*—give him matter for his verse, and he finds, without difficulty, verse for his matter.

A. P. 311.

(7. 348)[5] By him we are taught *sapere et fari,* to think naturally and express forcibly.

E. 1. 4. 9.

Smith.

(7. 376)[6] [Speaking of Smith's tragedy *Phædra and Hippolitus:*] The fable is mythological, a story which we are accustomed to reject as false; and the manners are so distant from our own, that we know them not from sympathy, but by study: the ignorant do not understand the action; the learned reject it as a schoolboy's tale; *incredulus odi;* what I cannot for a moment believe, I cannot for a moment behold with interest or anxiety.

A. P. 188.

[1] Hill 1. 398.
[2] *Ibid.* 1. 423.
[3] *Ibid.* 1. 439.
[4] *Ibid.* 1. 459.
[5] *Ibid.* 1. 469.
[6] *Ibid.* 2. 16.

Addison.

(7. 454)[1] [Johnson is distinguishing between a simile and an exemplification.] When Horace says of Pindar, that he pours his violence and rapidity of verse, as a river swoln with rain rushes from the mountain; or of himself, that his genius wanders in quest of poetical decorations, as the bee wanders to collect honey; he, in either case, produces a simile; the mind is impressed with the resemblance of things generally unlike, as unlike as intellect and body. But if Pindar had been described as writing with the copiousness and grandeur of Homer; or Horace had told that he reviewed and finished his own poetry with the same care as Isocrates polished his orations, instead of similitude he would have exhibited almost identity; he would have given the same portraits with different names.

O. 4. 2. 5-8, 27-32.

Prior.

(8. 17)[2] [Speaking of *Alma.*] What Horace said when he imitated Lucilius, might be said of Butler by Prior; his numbers were not smooth or neat. Prior excelled him in versification; but he was, like Horace, *inventore minor;* he had not Butler's exuberance of matter and variety of illustration. The spangles of wit which he could afford, he knew how to polish; but he wanted the bullion of his master.

S. 1. 10. 48-71; *S.* 1. 4.

(8. 22)[3] A survey of the life and writings of Prior may exemplify a sentence which he doubtless understood well, when he read Horace at his uncle's; 'the vessel long retains the scent which it first receives.'

E. 1. 2. 69-70.

Gay.

(8. 70)[4] He had not in any great degree the *mens divinior*, the dignity of genius.

S. 1. 4. 43.

(8. 71)[5] [Speaking of his 'decorations' in *Trivia,* which 'may be justly wished away,' Johnson adds:] Horace's rule is broken in both cases; there is no *dignus vindice nodus*, no difficulty that required any supernatural interposition.

A. P. 191.

[1] Hill 2. 130.
[2] *Ibid.* 2. 205.
[3] *Ibid.* 2. 210-211.
[4] *Ibid.* 2. 282.
[5] *Ibid.* 2. 284.

Pope.

(8. 295)[1] This mode of imitation, in which the ancients are familiarized by adapting their sentiments to modern topicks, by making Horace say of Shakespeare what he originally said of Ennius,* and accommodating his satires on Pantolabus and Nomentanus† to the flatterers and prodigals of our own time, was first practised in the reign of Charles the second, by Oldham and Rochester, at least I remember no instances more ancient. It is a kind of middle composition between translation and original design, which pleases when the thoughts are unexpectedly applicable and the parallels lucky. It seems to have been Pope's favourite amusement, for he has carried it further than any former poet.

**E.* 2. 1. 50-52. †*S.* 2. 1. 21 f.

(8. 328)[2] Both the odes [Dryden's and Pope's *Odes for St. Cecilia's Day*] want the essential constituent of metrical compositions, the stated recurrence of settled numbers. It may be alleged that Pindar is said by Horace to have written *numeris lege solutis,* but as no such lax performances have been transmitted to us, the meaning of that expression cannot be fixed.

O. 4. 2. 11-12.

(8. 334)[3] The story [of Eloise and Abelard], thus skilfully adopted, has been diligently improved. Pope has left nothing behind him, which seems more the effect of studious perseverance and laborious revisal. Here is particularly observable the *curiosa felicitas,* a fruitful soil and careful cultivation. Here is no crudeness of sense, nor asperity of language.

Petronius, *Sat.* 118. 5.

Gray.

(8. 485)[4] The *Bard* appears, at the first view, to be, as Algarotti and others have remarked, an imitation of the prophecy of Nereus.* Algarotti thinks it superiour to its original; and, if preference depends only on the imagery and animation of the two poems, his judgment is right. There is in the *Bard* more force, more thought, and more variety. But to copy is less than to invent, and the copy has been unhappily produced at a wrong time. The fiction of Horace

[1] Hill 3. 176.
[2] *Ibid.* 3. 227.
[3] *Ibid.* 3. 236.
[4] *Ibid.* 3. 438.

was to the Romans credible; but its revival disgusts us with apparent and unconquerable falsehood. *Incredulus odi.*

*O. 1. 15. *A. P.* 188.

5. *Letters.*[1]

(1. 137) To Mrs. Thrale. March 24, 1768. Our election was yesterday. Every possible influence of hope and fear was, I believe, enforced on this occasion; the slaves of power, and the solicitors of favour, were driven hither from the remotest corners of the kingdom, but *judex honestum prætulit utili.* The virtue of Oxford has once more prevailed.

O. 4. 9. 41.

(1. 162) To Mrs. Thrale. July 11, 1770. Lichfield. Mr. Grene, the apothecary, has found a book, which tells who paid levies in our parish, and how much they paid, above an hundred years ago. Do you not think we study this book hard? Nothing is like going to the bottom of things. Many families that paid the parish rates, are now extinct, like the race of Hercules. *Pulvis et umbra sumus.*

O. 4. 7. 16.

(1. 164) To Mrs. Thrale. July, [1770]. I have passed one day at Birmingham with my old friend Hector—there's a name—and his sister, an old love. My mistress is grown much older than my friend.

O,[2] quid habes illius, illius
Quæ spirabat amores,
Quæ me surpuerat mihi.

O. 4. 13. 18-20.

(1. 173)[3] To James Boswell. June 20, 1771. My dear Sir, mind your studies, mind your business, make your lady happy, and be a good Christian. After this,

Tristitiam et metus
Trades protervis in mare Creticum
Portare ventis.

O. 1. 26. 1-3.[4]

[1] *Letters of Samuel Johnson,* collected and edited by G. B. Hill. Extracts from the letters in Boswell's *Life* are inserted here in the order indicated by Hill.

[2] 'O' added by Johnson.

[3] *Life* 2. 140.

[4] [Tradam].

If we perform our duty, we shall be safe and steady, *Sive per,* &c., whether we climb the Highlands, or are tost among the Hebrides.

O. 1. 22. 5.

(1. 176) To Mrs. Thrale. July 7 [?], 1771. Such, Madam, are the strange things of which we that travel come to the knowledge. We see *mores hominum multorum.*

A. P. 142.

(1. 186) To Mrs. Thrale. Aug. 5, 1771. The days grow visibly shorter.—*Immortalia ne speres monet annus.*

O. 4. 7. 7.

(1. 209)[1] Johnson to the Rev. Mr. White, in America. March 4, 1773. It was long since observed by Horace, that no ship could leave care behind; you have been attended in your voyage by other powers,—by benevolence and constancy; and I hope care did not often shew her face in their company.

O. 3. 1. 39-40.

(1. 246) To Mrs. Thrale, Sept. 21, 1773. Skie. Macleod has offered me an island; if it were not too far off, I should hardly refuse it: my island would be pleasanter than Brighthelmstone, if you and my master could come to it; but I cannot think it pleasant to live quite alone,

Oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus et illis.

E. 1. 11. 9.

(1. 276-277) To Mrs. Thrale. Oct. 3, 1773. After having been detained by storms many days at Skie, we left it, as we thought, with a fair wind; but a violent gust . . . forced us into Col, an obscure island; on which

nulla campis
Arbor æstiva recreatur aura.

O. 1. 22. 17-18.

There is literally no tree upon the island, part of it is a sandy waste, over which it would be really dangerous to travel in dry weather and with a high wind.

(2. 17) To Mrs. Thrale. Aug. 7, 1777. At Birmingham I heard of the death of an old friend, and at Lichfield of the death of another. *Anni prædantur euntes.*

E. 2. 2. 55.

(2. 78) To Mrs. Thrale. Nov. 14, 1778. This is but the fourteenth day; there are twelve more to the twenty-sixth.

[1] *Life* 2. 207.

Did you ever hear of notching a stick? however we have it in Horace—*traditur dies die;* as twelve days have gone, twelve days will come.

O. 2. 18. 15.

(2. 79) To Mrs. Thrale. Nov. 21, 1778. Return my thanks, if you please, to Queeney for her letter. I do not yet design to leave her for Susy; but how near is the time when she will leave me, and leave me to Susy, or any body else that will pick me up.

Currit enim ferox
Ætas, et illi, quos tibi demserit,
Apponet annos.

O. 2. 5. 13-15.

(2. 116) To Mrs. Thrale. Oct. 28, 1779. Horace says, that *Nil admirari* is the only thing that can make or keep a man happy. It is with equal truth the only thing that can make or keep a man honest. The desire of fame not regulated, is as dangerous to virtue as that of money.

E. 1. 6. 1.

(2. 125)[1] To James Boswell. Nov. 13, 1779. Why should you not be as happy at Edinburgh as at Chester? *In culpa est animus, qui se non effugit usquam.*

E. 1. 14. 13.

(2. 255) To Mrs. Thrale. June 4, 1782. [After telling of his illness, Johnson adds:] As to the journey I know not that it will be necessary, *desine mollium tandem querularum.*

O. 2. 9. 17-18.[2]

(2. 409)[3] To James Boswell. July 11, 1784. I remember, and intreat you to remember, that *virtus est vitium fugere.*

E. 1. 1. 41.

(2. 413)[4] To Dr. Brocklesby. Aug. 16, 1784. If I were, however, of a humour to see, or to shew the state of my body, on the dark side, I might say,

Quid te exempta juvat spinis de pluribus una?

E. 2. 2. 212.

(2. 416)[5] To Dr. Brocklesby. Sept. 2, 1784. Mr. Windham has been here to see me. . . . Such conversation I shall

[1] *Life* 3. 417.
[2] [querellarum].
[3] *Life* 4. 351.
[4] *Ibid.* 4. 355.
[5] *Ibid.* 4. 356.

not have again till I come back to the regions of literature; and there Windham is, *inter stellas Luna minores.*

O. 1. 12. 47-48.[1]

6. *Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson and of his Conversation.*

From Boswell's *Life of Johnson.*

(1. 483-484) 1764. [Part of a note inserted by Boswell:] It used to be imagined at Mr. Thrale's, when Johnson retired to a window or corner of the room, by perceiving his lips in motion, and hearing a murmur without audible articulation, that he was praying: but this was not *always* the case, for I was once, perhaps unperceived by him, writing at a table, so near the place of his retreat, that I heard him repeating some lines in an Ode of Horace, over and over again, as if by iteration, to exercise the organs of speech, and fix the ode in his memory:

> Audiet cives acuisse ferrum
> Quo graves Persæ melius perirent,
> Audiet pugnas. . . .
>
> *O.* 1. 2. 21-23.

—Burney.

(2. 126) 1770. The poem of *Fingal,* he said, was a mere unconnected rhapsody, a tiresome repetition of the same images. 'In vain shall we look for the *lucidus ordo,* where there is neither end or object, design or moral, *nec certa recurrit imago.*'

A. P. 41.

The second quotation is not from Horace.

(2. 234) 1773. JOHNSON. . . . 'No modern flattery . . . is so gross as that of the Augustan age, where the Emperour was deified. *Præsens Divus habebitur Augustus.*'

O. 3. 5. 2-3.

(2. 351-352) 1775. Mr. Scott of Amwell's *Elegies* were lying in the room. Dr. Johnson observed, 'They are very well; but such as twenty people might write.' Upon this I took occasion to controvert Horace's maxim,

> Mediocribus esse poetis
> Non Di, non homines, non concessere columnæ.
>
> *A. P.* 372-373.

[1] [inter ignes Luna minores]. Boswell has the following note on this quotation: 'It is remarkable that so good a Latin scholar as Johnson, should have been so inattentive to the metre, as by mistake to have written *stellas* instead of *ignes.*'

For here, (I observed,) was a very middle-rate poet, who pleased many readers, and therefore poetry of a middle sort was entitled to some esteem; nor could I see why poetry should not, like every thing else, have different gradations of excellence, and consequently of value. Johnson repeated the common remark, that, 'as there is no necessity for our having poetry at all, it being merely a luxury, an instrument of pleasure, it can have no value, unless when exquisite in its kind.' I declared myself not satisfied. 'Why then, Sir, (said he,) Horace and you must settle it.'

(2. 360) Apr. 16, 1775. I maintained that Horace was wrong in placing happiness in *Nil admirari*, for that I thought admiration one of the most agreeable of all our feelings: and I regretted that I had lost much of my disposition to admire, which people generally do as they advance in life. JOHNSON. 'Sir, as a man advances in life, he gets what is better than admiration—judgement, to estimate things at their true value.'

E. 1. 6. 1.

(3. 73-75) 1776. Dr. and Mr. Wilkes talked of the contested passage in Horace's Art of Poetry, *Difficile est proprie communia dicere*. Mr. Wilkes, according to my note, gave the interpretation thus; 'It is difficult to speak with propriety of common things; as, if a poet had to speak of Queen Caroline drinking tea, he must endeavour to avoid the vulgarity of cups and saucers.' But upon reading my note, he tells me that he meant to say, that 'the word *communia*, being a Roman law term, signifies here things *communis juris*, that is to say, what have never yet been treated by any body; and this appears clearly from what followed,

> Tuque
> Rectius Iliacum carmen deducis in actus
> Quam si proferres ignota indictaque primus.
> *A. P.* 128-130.

You will easier make a tragedy out of the *Iliad* than on any subject not handled before.' JOHNSON. 'He means that it is difficult to appropriate to particular persons qualities which are common to all mankind, as Homer has done.'

(3. 193) 1777. He repeated a good many lines of Horace's Odes, while we were in the chaise. I remember particularly the ode *Eheu fugaces*.

O. 2. 14.

(3. 229) 1778. He was indeed so much impressed with the prevalence of falsehood, voluntary or unintentional, that I

never knew any person who upon hearing an extraordinary circumstance told, discovered more of the *incredulus odi.*

A. P. 188.

(3. 250-252) Apr. 9, 1778. Mr. Ramsay had lately returned from Italy, and entertained us with his observations upon Horace's villa, which he had examined with great care. . . . The Bishop, Dr. Johnson, and Mr. Cambridge, joined with Mr. Ramsay, in recollecting the various lines in Horace relating to the subject.

Horace's journey to Brundusium being mentioned, Johnson observed, that the brook which he describes is to be seen now, exactly as at that time, and that he had often wondered how it happened, that small brooks, such as this, kept the same situation for ages, notwithstanding earthquakes, by which even mountains have been changed, and agriculture, which produces such a variation upon the surface of the earth. . . .

The Bishop said, it appeared from Horace's writings that he was a cheerful contented man. JOHNSON. 'We have no reason to believe that, my Lord. Are we to think Pope was happy, because he says so in his writings? We see in his writings what he wished the state of his mind to appear.' . . . CAMBRIDGE. 'We may believe Horace more when he says,

> Romæ Tibur amem, ventosus Tibure Romam;
>
> *E.* 1. 8. 12.

than when he boasts of his consistency:

> Me constare mihi scis, et decedere tristem,
> Quandocunque trahunt invisa negotia Romam.'
>
> *E.* 1. 14. 16-17.

(3. 279-280) Apr. 13, 1778. At dinner we talked of another mode in the newspapers of giving modern characters in sentences from the classicks, and of the passage

> Parcus deorum cultor, et infrequens,
> Insanientis dum sapientiæ
> Consultus erro, nunc retrorsum
> Vela dare, atque iterare cursus
> Cogor relictos.
>
> *O.* 1. 34. 1-5.

. . . Mr. Langton asked Johnson as to the propriety of *sapientiæ consultus.* JOHNSON. 'Though *consultus* was primarily an adjective, like *amicus* it came to be used as a substantive. So we have *Juris consultus,* a consult in law.'

(3. 281) *Ibid.* BEAUCLERK. 'You, Sir, have a friend, (naming him) who deserves to be hanged; for he speaks

behind their backs against those with whom he lives on the best terms, and attacks them in the newspapers. *He* certainly ought to be *kicked.*' JOHNSON. 'Sir, we all do this in some degree, *Veniam petimus damusque vicissim.*

A. P. 11.

(3. 328) Apr. 28, 1778. JOHNSON. 'Yes, Sir; but yet we must do justice to wine; we must allow it the power it possesses. To make a man pleased with himself, let me tell you, is doing a very great thing;

Si patriæ volumus, si *Nobis* vivere cari.'

E. 1. 3. 29.

(4. 130) 1781. [Johnson in some remarks which he furnished Boswell on a petition in law which Boswell was to answer:] It was only an *animus irritandi,* which, happening to be exercised upon a *genus irritabile,** produced unexpected violence of resentment.

**E.* 2. 2. 102.

(4. 180-181) 1783. On the frame of his portrait, Mr. Beauclerk had inscribed,—

Ingenium ingens
Inculto latet hoc sub corpore.

S. 1. 3. 33-34.

After Mr. Beauclerk's death, when it became Mr. Langton's property, he made the inscription be defaced. Johnson said complacently, 'It was kind in you to take it off;' and then after a short pause, added, 'and not unkind in him to put it on.'

(4. 215) Apr. 29, 1783. Horace having been mentioned; BOSWELL. 'There is a great deal of thinking in his works. One finds there almost every thing but religion.' SEWARD. 'He speaks of his returning to it, in his Ode *Parcus Deorum cultor et infrequens.*' JOHNSON. 'Sir, he was not in earnest: this was merely poetical.'

O. 1. 34. 1.

(4. 276-277) May 15, 1784. He called to us with a sudden air of exultation, as the thought started into his mind, 'O! Gentlemen, I must tell you a very great thing. The Empress of Russia has ordered the *Rambler* to be translated into the Russian language: so I shall be read on the banks of the Wolga. Horace boasts that his fame would extend as far as the banks of the Rhone; now the Wolga is farther from me than the Rhone was from Horace.'

O. 2. 20. 19-20.

Vol. 5. *Boswell's Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides with Johnson.*

(5. 44) Aug. 16, 1773. [Johnson is speaking of Swift:] 'I doubt if the *Tale of a Tub* was his: it has so much more thinking, more knowledge, more power, more colour, than any of the works which are indisputably his. If it was his, I shall only say, he was *impar sibi.*

S. 1. 3. 19.

(5. 68) Aug. 19. We talked of memory, and its various modes. JOHNSON. 'Memory will play strange tricks. One sometimes loses a whole word. I once lost *fugaces* in the Ode *Posthume, Posthume.*'

O. 2. 14. 1.

(5. 101) Aug. 24. When we returned to the house [Slains Castle] we found coffee and tea in the drawing-room. . . . There is a bow-window fronting the sea. Dr. Johnson repeated the ode, *Jam satis terris,* while Mr. Boyd was with his patients.

O. 1. 2.

(5. 111) Aug. 26. But Dr. Johnson has much of the *nil admirari* in smaller concerns. That survey of life which gave birth to his *Vanity of Human Wishes* early sobered his mind. Besides, so great a mind as his cannot be moved by inferior objects.

E. 1. 6. 1.

(5. 163) Sept. 8. [Crossing from the Isle of Skye to Raasay, Johnson] repeated Horace's ode,—

Otium Divos rogat in patenti
Prensus Ægæo—

O. 2. 16.

From Diary of the Right Hon. William Windham, p. 17.

Hill, in Appendix D of his *Letters of Johnson* (2. 440), has selected some notes from the *Diary* of Dr. Johnson's conversation at Ashbourne at the end of August, 1784. Among them occurs the following:

Qui stupet in statuis, applied to Joseph Warton's admiration of fine passages.

S. 1. 6. 17.[1]

[1] [Qui stupet in titulis et imaginibus.]

From the Works of Alexander Pope, ed. by William Lisle Bowles, 1806, 1. 362.

Bowles' comment on Johnson's criticism of the *Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunte Lady,* added at the end of the poem and his notes upon it, contains the following remark:

Having been, as might naturally be expected from his superior understanding, disgusted with the *reasoning* part of the poem, the gentler touches of fancy and tenderness were *lost,* if I may say so, on him. He would . . . perhaps exclaim, as upon another occasion, *Incredulus odi.*

A. P. 188.

D. DIRECT MENTION OF HORACE.

1. *Periodicals.*

Idler.

(4. 354) No. 69. [An essay on translation.] This absurd labour of construing into rhyme was countenanced by Jonson in his version of Horace; and whether it be that more men have learning than genius, or that the endeavours of that time were more directed towards knowledge than delight, the accuracy of Jonson found more imitators than the elegance of Fairfax.

2. *Miscellaneous Prose Writings.*

Prayers and Meditations.

18th.[1] 1779. I then dined and trifled in the parlour and library, and was freed from a scruple about Horace.

3. *Lives of the Poets.*

Rochester.

(7. 159)[2] Of some of the pieces, however, there is no doubt: the *Imitation of Horace's Satire,* . . . and, perhaps, some others, are, I believe, genuine.

(7. 160)[3] His *Imitation of Horace on Lucilius* is not inelegant or unhappy.

The reference in each case is to Rochester's *Allusion to the Tenth Satire of the First Book of Horace.*

[1] *Johnsonian Misc.* 1. 93; and *Wks.* 9. 284. For other mention of such scruples see *Johnsonian Misc.* 1. 38, 41, 46, 113, etc.

[2] Hill 1. 223.

[3] *Ibid.* 1. 224.

Roscommon.

(7. 171)[1] His next work is the translation of the Art of Poetry; which has received, in my opinion, not less praise than it deserves. Blank verse, left merely to its numbers, has little operation either on the ear or mind: it can hardly support itself without bold figures and striking images. A poem, frigidly didactick, without rhyme, is so near to prose, that the reader only scorns it for pretending to be verse.

Having disentangled himself from the difficulties of rhyme, he may justly be expected to give the sense of Horace with great exactness, and to suppress no subtilty of sentiment, for the difficulty of expressing it. This demand, however, his translation will not satisfy; what he found obscure, I do not know that he has ever cleared.

Ibid.[2] His versions of the two Odes of Horace are made with great liberty, which is not recompensed by much elegance or vigour.

The reference is to the *Twenty-second Ode of the First Book of Horace; The Same Imitated;* and the *Sixth Ode of the Third Book of Horace—Of the Corruption of the Times.*

Walsh.

(7. 244)[3] In his imitation of Horace, the first stanzas are happily turned.

O. 3. 3.

Dryden.

(7. 291-292)[4] He is accused of envy and insidiousness; and is particularly charged with inciting Creech to translate Horace, that he might lose the reputation which Lucretius had given him.

Of this charge we immediately discover that it is merely conjectural; the purpose was such as no man would confess; and a crime that admits no proof, why should we believe?

(7. 309)[5] The affluence and comprehension of our language is very illustriously displayed in our poetical translations of ancient writers; . . . Ben Jonson thought it necessary to copy Horace almost word by word.

[1] Hill 1. 237-238.
[2] *Ibid.* 1. 238.
[3] *Ibid.* 1. 330.
[4] *Ibid.* 1. 396.
[5] *Ibid.* 1. 421.

King.

(7. 386)[1] In 1709 [King] imitated Horace in an *Art of Cookery.*

Hughes.

(7. 474)[2] At nineteen he . . . paraphrased, rather too diffusely, the ode of Horace which begins *Integer vitæ.*

O. 1. 22.

(7. 474-475)[3] In 1702, he . . . wrote another paraphrase on the *Otium Divos* of Horace.

O. 2. 16.

Prior.

(8. 1)[4] The earl of Dorset, celebrated for patronage of genius, found him by chance, as Burnet relates, reading Horace, and was so well pleased with his proficiency, that he undertook the care and cost of his academical education.

Congreve.

(8. 34)[5] His imitations of Horace are feebly paraphrastical, and the additions which he makes are of little value. He sometimes retains what were more properly omitted, as when he talks of *vervain* and *gums* to propitiate Venus.

The special reference here is to Congreve's *Paraphrase upon Horace, Ode* 19, *Lib.* 1.

Pope.

(8. 295)[6] He published, from time to time, between 1730 and 1740, imitations of different poems of Horace, generally with his name, and once, as was suspected, without it.

(8. 300)[7] Cibber; a man whom it cannot be supposed that Pope could regard with much kindness or esteem, though in one of the *Imitations of Horace* he has liberally enough praised the *Careless Husband.*

The reference is to the *Imitation of the First Epistle of the Second Book.*

1 Hill 2. 29.
2 *Ibid.* 2. 159.
3 *Ibid.* 2. 160.
4 *Ibid.* 2. 181.
5 *Ibid.* 2. 233.
6 *Ibid.* 3. 175-176.
7 *Ibid.* 3. 184.

Ibid.[1] . . . he mentioned him [Cibber] afterwards contemptuously in one of his *Satires.*

The reference is to the *Imitation of the First Satire of the Second Book of Horace.*

(8. 342)[2] The *Imitations of Horace* seem to have been written as relaxations of his genius. This employment became his favourite by its facility; the plan was ready to his hand, and nothing was required but to accommodate, as he could, the sentiments of an old author, to recent facts or familiar images; but what is easy is seldom excellent; such imitations cannot give pleasure to common readers; the man of learning may be sometimes suprised and delighted by an unexpected parallel; but the comparison requires knowledge of the original, which will likewise often detect strained applications. Between Roman images and English manners, there will be an irreconcilable dissimilitude, and the work will be generally uncouth and party-coloured; neither original nor translated, neither ancient nor modern.

Young.

(8. 459)[3] His species of satire is between those of Horace and Juvenal; and he has the gaiety of Horace without his laxity of numbers,[4] and the morality of Juvenal, with greater variation of images.

Gray.

(8. 483)[5] Of the *Ode on Adversity,* the hint was, at first, taken from *O Diva, gratum quæ regis Antium;* but Gray has

[1] Hill 3. 184.

[2] *Ibid.* 3. 246.

[3] *Ibid.* 3. 394.

[4] It is hardly possible that Johnson meant to write 'laxity of *numbers*' here. Everything we know of his opinion of Horace is contradictory to such a judgment. Boswell, in his *Life,* May 16, 1778 (3. 356), records an exactly opposite statement by Johnson: 'the lyrical part of Horace never can be perfectly translated; so much of the excellence is in the numbers and the expression.' In none of the editions of Johnson which I have been able to examine, however, is the expression printed otherwise: it has escaped even the careful editing of G. B. Hill. Possibly Johnson wrote 'laxity of *manners,*' an expression that would be characteristic of him, and that might easily be confounded in the printing, with the result 'laxity of *numbers.*'

[5] Hill 3. 435.

excelled his original by the variety of his sentiments, and by their moral application.

O. 1. 35.

4. *Letters.*

(2. 80) To Mrs. Thrale. Nov. 21, 1778. Baretti has told his musical scheme to B[urney], and B[urney] 'will neither grant the question nor deny.' He is of opinion, that if it does not fail it will succeed, but if it does not succeed he conceives it must fail.

The musical scheme was the setting of Horace's *Carmen Sæculare* to music, and performing it as a public entertainment.[1]

5. *Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson and of his Conversation.* From Boswell's *Life of Johnson.*

(1. 70) 1729. He told me that from his earliest years he loved to read poetry, but hardly ever read any poem to an end; . . . that Horace's Odes were the compositions in which he took most delight, and it was long before he liked his Epistles and Satires.[2]

(1. 72) *Ibid.* He appears, from his early notes or memorandums in my possession, to have at various times attempted, or at least planned, a methodical course of study, . . . I find in his hand-writing the number of lines in each of two of Euripides' Tragedies, of the *Georgicks* of Virgil, of the first six books of the *Æneid,* of Horace's *Art of Poetry,* of three of the books of Ovid's *Metamorphosis,* of some parts of Theocritus, and of the tenth *Satire* of Juvenal.

(1. 100) 1736. Boswell quotes Johnson's scheme for the classes of a Grammar School. Part of it is as follows:

Class 3. . . . Afterwards they proceed to Virgil, beginning at the same time to write themes and verses, and to learn Greek; from thence passing on to Horace, etc. as shall seem most proper.

The latter part of the scheme is for an individual student. In it occurs the following sentence:

[1] *Life* 3. 373.

[2] In his *Johnsonian Misc.* 2. 86, note, Hill quotes from the *Morrison Autographs,* 2d series, 1. 372, this statement as copied from Boswell's notebook under date of Sept. 20, 1777. Boswell later incorporated it in the *Life,* as above.

In the study of Latin, it is proper not to read the latter authours, till you are well versed in those of the purest ages; as Terence, Tully, Cæsar, Sallust, Nepos, Velleius Paterculus, Virgil, Horace, Phædrus.

(2. 444) 1776. JOHNSON. 'You know it was said, *Mallem cum Scaligero errare quam cum Clavio recte sapere.* In the same manner take Bentley's and Jason de Nores' *Comments upon Horace,* you will admire Bentley more when wrong, than Jason when right.'

(3. 151) 1777. [Johnson criticizing the poems of Mr. Hamilton of Bangour:] He said the imitation of *Ne sit ancillæ tibi amor, etc.* was too solemn; he read part of it at the beginning. . . . He read . . . a little of the imitations of Horace's Epistles; but said he found nothing to make him desire to read on.

O. 2. 4.

(3. 227) March 30, 1778. He said, 'I was angry with Hurd about Cowley, for having published a selection of his works: but, upon better consideration, I think there is no impropriety in a man's publishing as much as he chooses of any authour, if he does not put the rest out of the way. A man, for instance, may print the Odes of Horace alone.

(3. 356) May 16, 1778. He said, 'the lyrical part of Horace never can be perfectly translated; so much of the excellence is in the numbers and the expression. Francis has done it the best; I'll take his, five out of six, against them all.'

(3. 373) March 15, 1779. —I found that the subject under immediate consideration was a translation, yet in manuscript, of the *Carmen Seculare* of Horace, which had this year been set to musick, and performed as a publick entertainment in London, for the joint benefit of Monsieur Philidor and Signor Baretti. When Johnson had done reading, the author asked him bluntly, 'If upon the whole it was a good translation?' Johnson, whose regard for truth was uncommonly strict, seemed to be puzzled for a moment, what answer to make; as he certainly could not honestly commend the performance: with exquisite address he evaded the question thus, 'Sir, I do not say that it may not be made a very good translation.'

(3. 389-390) Apr. 24, 1779. Talking of celebrated and successful irregular practisers in physick; he said, . . . 'Taylor challenged me once to talk Latin with him; (laughing). I quoted some of Horace, which he took to be a part of my own speech.'

(4. 279) May 17, 1784. He approved of the famous collection of editions of *Horace* by Douglas, mentioned by Pope,

who is said to have had a closet filled with them; and he added, 'every man should try to collect one book in that manner, and present it to a publick library.'

(4. 370) 1784. While in the country, notwithstanding the accumulation of illness which he endured, his mind did not lose its powers. He translated an Ode of Horace, which is printed in his *Works*.

O. 4. 7.

From Johnsonian Miscellanies.
Mrs. Piozzi's Anecdotes.

(1. 347)[1] Whoever once heard him repeat an ode of Horace, would be long before they could endure to hear it repeated by another.

Croker's Boswell, vol. 10, p. 131-142.

(2. 406-407) My venerable friend, Dr. Fisher, of the Charterhouse, now in his eighty-fifth year, informs me (says Mr. Croker) that he was one of the party who dined with Dr. Johnson at University College, Oxford, in March, 1776. There were present, he says, Dr. Wetherell, Johnson, Boswell, Coulson, Scott, Gwynn, Dr. Chandler the traveller, and Fisher, then a young Fellow of the College. He recollects one passage of the conversation at dinner:—Boswell quoted *Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat,* and asked where it was. After a pause Dr. Chandler said in Horace,—another pause; then Fisher remarked, that he know no metre in Horace to which the words could be reduced; upon which Johnson said dictatorially 'The young man is right.'

Addenda.

(2. 468) In the Sale Catalogue of Mrs. Piozzi's Library, Curiosities, etc., a copy of which was lent the editor by his friend, T. Fisher Unwin, occurs the following item:

Lot 430. Auctores Classici—Sallustius, Horatius et Terentius. 3 tom. 8vo. Dub. 1747. On the first leaf is written: 'Given by Dr. Johnson to H. L. Thrale, 1770.'

From Mme. D'Arblay's Memoirs of Dr. Burney.

(1. 353)[2] [Johnson had asked David Garrick to lend him his *Petrarca:*] 'Accordingly,' Mr. Garrick continued, 'the

[1] *Anecdotes of the late Samuel Johnson. LL.D.*, by Hesther Lynch Piozzi, 2d ed., 1786, p. 302.

[2] Quoted in Hill's edition of Boswell's *Life* 2. 193, note; and in C. B. Tinker's *Dr. Johnson and Fanny Burney,* p. 176, note.

book—stupendously bound—I sent to him that very evening. But—scarcely had he taken the noble quarto in his hands, when—as Boswell tells me, he poured forth a Greek ejaculation, and a couplet or two from Horace; and then, in one of those fits of enthusiasm which always seem to require that he should spread his arms aloft in the air, his haste was so great to debarrass them for that purpose, that he suddenly pounces my poor Petrarca over his head upon the floor!'

No. 100 of the *Rambler* (*Works* 2. 472), written by Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, has a motto from Persius, *S.* 1. 116:

> Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
> Tangit, et admissus circum præcordia, ludit.

The motto, evidently selected by Mrs. Carter, not by Johnson, would suggest that she looked upon Johnson as performing the office in the *Rambler* which Persius describes Horace as having performed.

E. IMPLICIT ALLUSION TO HORACE.

1. *Poetry.*

London.

(1. 1) And here a female atheist talks you dead.

Wakefield, in his *Observations on Pope*, p. 229, draws attention to the likeness of this line to line 32 of Pope's *Prologue to the Satires:*

> —if friends, they read me dead,

and to line 475 of the *Ars Poetica:*

> —occiditque legendo.

Irene; a Tragedy.

(1. 70) Act 3, Sc. 8.

Aspasia. Reflect, that life, like ev'ry other blessing,
Derives its value from its use alone.
Cf. *O.* 2. 2. 1-4.

Autumn; an Ode.

(1. 120) Alas! with swift and silent pace,
Impatient time rolls on the year;
The seasons change, and nature's face
Now sweetly smiles, now frowns severe.

'T was spring, 't was summer, all was gay,
Now autumn bends a cloudy brow;
The flow'rs of spring are swept away,
The summer-fruits desert the bough.

Cf. Horace's Ode on the spring, 4. 7. The lesson which Johnson's Ode teaches, to enjoy the present hour, is frequently urged by Horace.

Winter; an Ode.

(1. 121-122) This short poem is full of the echo of Horace's teaching—of the fleetingness of life, and of the wisdom of seizing upon the present hour. Most definitely it echoes the two Odes of the First Book, 9 and 11.

To Lyce, an Elderly Lady.[1]

(1. 129) This poem, though not an imitation, has very evidently been inspired by Horace's Ode 4. 13.

Epitaph on his Father.

(1. 150) Vir impavidus, constans, animosus, periculorum immemor, laborum patientissimus.

Cf. *O.* 3. 3. 1-8.

Animo ita firmo, ut, rebus adversis diu conflictatus, nec sibi nec suis defuerit.

Cf. *S.* 2. 2. 135-136, and *S.* 2. 7. 86.

Epitaph on Dr. Goldsmith.

(1. 152) Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit.

A reversion of Horace's:

Quæ
Desperat tractata nitescere posse relinquit.

A. P. 149-150.

Messia.

(1. 156) 57. Ut, qua dulce strepunt scatebræ, etc.

Cf. *O.* 4. 3. 18.

57-58. qua læta virescunt
Pascua.

Cf. *O.* 4. 4. 13.

[1] Upon the question whether Johnson was the author of this poem, see Boswell's *Life* 1. 178, and the bibliography of the chapter on Johnson in the *Cambridge History of English Literature* 10. 520.

Ad Urbanum.

(1. 163) 11-12. Victrix per obstantes catervas
Sedulitas animosa tendet.
Cf. *O.* 4. 9. 43-44.

13-14. Inanibus
Risurus olim nisibus æmuli;
Cf. *O.* 4. 1. 17-18.

The metre of the two poems is the same, the Alcaic metre.

Know Yourself.

Post Lexicon Anglicanum ductum et emendatum.

(1. 164) 33.

Si qua usquam pateat melioris semita vitæ.
Cf. *E.* 1. 18. 103.

38. Cessat inops rerum, etc.
Cf. *A. P.* 322.

50. . . . ubi vanæ species.
Cf. *A. P.* 7-8.

In Theatro, March 8, 1771.

(1. 166) 11. Rectius vives, etc.
Cf. *O.* 2. 10. 1.

Skia.

(1. 168) 13-16.

Humana virtus non sibi sufficit;
Datur nec æquum cuique animum sibi
Parare posse, utcunque jactet
Grandiloquus nimis alta zeno.
Cf. *E.* 1. 18. 112.

Spes.

(1. 169) Sic diem sequitur dies fugacem!
Cf. *O.* 2. 18. 15.

In Horace's Ode, and in Johnson's little poem, the thought that time and all human things are fleeting is paramount.

Epigram.

(1. 170) Quot vox missa, etc.
Cf. *A. P.* 390.

A version of the song, Busy, curious, thirsty fly.

(1. 173) Carpe diem; fugit, heu, non revocanda dies!
Cf. *O.* 1. 11. 7-8.

2. *Periodicals.*

Rambler.

(2. 123) No. 25. [Johnson has made implicit allusion to Aristotle's axiom that virtue lies in a mean.] To walk with circumspection and steadiness in the right path, at an equal distance between the extremes of errour, ought to be the constant endeavour of every reasonable being.

Cf. *E.* 1. 18. 9.

(2. 143) No. 29. It is a maxim commonly received, that a wise man is never surprised.

Cf. *E.* 1. 6. 1-2.

(2. 185) No. 38. Among many parallels which men of imagination have drawn between the natural and moral state of the world, it has been observed, that happiness, as well as virtue, consists in mediocrity.

Cf. *O.* 2. 10. 5-8, the motto of the paper; and *E.* 1. 18. 9.

(2. 203) No. 41. It has been remarked by former writers, that old men are generally narrative, and fall easily into recitals of past transactions, and accounts of persons known to them in their youth.

Cf. *A. P.* 173-174.

(2. 336) No. 71. We are frequently importuned, by the bacchanalian writers, to lay hold on the present hour, to catch the pleasures within our reach, and remember that futurity is not at our command.

Though Horace can hardly be called a 'bacchanalian writer,' yet he wrote odes in praise of wine and of Bacchus, and Johnson was probably not unmindful of his *Carpe diem,* etc. (*O.* 1. 11. 8), when he wrote the above passage.

(2. 421) No. 90. It is very difficult to write on the minuter parts of literature without failing either to please or instruct. . . . They who undertake these subjects are . . . always in danger, as one or other inconvenience arises to their imagination, of frighting us with rugged science, or amusing us with empty sound.

Cf. *A. P.* 343-344; 322.

Johnson seems to have had the *Ars Poetica* in mind throughout this number, a discussion of the versification of Milton's *Paradise Lost.*

(3. 1) No. 106. To raise 'monuments more durable than brass, and more conspicuous than pyramids,' has been long the common boast of literature; but, among the innumerable architects that erect columns to themselves, far the greater part, either for want of durable materials, or of art to dispose them, see their edifices perish as they are towering to completion, and those few that for awhile attract the eye of mankind, are generally weak in the foundation, and soon sink by the saps of time.

Cf. *O.* 3. 30. 1-2.

3. *Miscellaneous Prose Writings.*

Preface to Shakespeare.

(5. 104-105) The poet, of whose works I have undertaken the revision, may now begin to assume the dignity of an ancient, and claim the privilege of established fame and prescriptive veneration. He has long outlived his century, the term commonly fixed as the test of literary merit.

The editor of the Oxford edition of the *Works* notes the implicit allusion here to *E.* 2. 1. 39.

(5. 106-107) But the dialogue of this author is often so evidently determined by the incident which produces it, and is pursued with so much ease and simplicity, that it seems scarcely to claim the merit of fiction, but to have been gleaned, by diligent selection, out of common conversation and common occurrences.

Cf. *A. P.* 240-242.

(5. 108) Shakespeare approximates the remote, and familiarizes the wonderful; the event which he represents will not happen, but, if it were possible, its effects would, probably, be such as he has assigned.

The editor of the Oxford edition of the *Works* notes the implicit allusion here to *A. P.* 338.

Preface to the Translation of Father Lobo's Voyage to Abyssinia.

(5. 255) Whatever he relates, whether true or not, is at least probable; and he who tells nothing exceeding the bounds of probability, has a right to demand that they should believe him who cannot contradict him.

Cf. *A. P.* 338.

A Project for the Employment of Authors.

(5. 358) The last century imagined, that a man, composing in his chariot, was a new object of curiosity.

Cf. *E.* 2. 2. 70-76.

Prayers and Meditations.

Oct. 1729.[1] Desidiæ valedixi; syrenis istius cantibus surdam posthac aurem obversurus.

Cf. *S.* 2. 3. 14-15.

4. *Lives of the Poets.*

Cowley.

(7. 37)[2] [Johnson is speaking of the *Olympick Ode.*] The spirit of Pindar is, indeed, not every where equally preserved. The following pretty lines are not such as his 'deep mouth' was used to pour:

> Great Rhea's son,
> If in Olympus' top where thou
> Sitt'st to behold thy sacred show, etc.

The expression 'deep mouth' is taken from Horace's description of Pindar in *O.* 4. 2. 7-8.

Milton.

(7. 102)[3] [Johnson has been referring to the fact that Milton at certain seasons felt 'the increase of his poetical force.'] The author that thinks himself weather-bound will find, with a little help from hellebore, that he is only idle or exhausted.

Cf. *E.* 2. 2. 137.

(7. 138)[4] Dryden remarks, that Milton has some flats among his elevations. This is only to say, that all the parts are not equal. In every work, one part must be for the sake of others; a palace must have passages; a poem must have transitions. It is no more to be required that wit should always be blazing, than that the sun should always stand at noon. In a great work there is a vicissitude of luminous and opaque parts, as there is in the world a succession of day and night. Milton, when he has expatiated in the sky, may be

[1] Hill has incorporated this resolution in his edition of *Prayers and Meditations* in *Johnsonian Misc.* 1. 5. It was first printed in Boswell's *Life* 1. 74.

[2] Hill 1. 43.

[3] *Ibid.* 1. 137.

[4] *Ibid.* 1. 187.

allowed sometimes to revisit earth; for what other author ever soared so high, or sustained his flight so long?

Cf. *A. P.* 359-360.

Dryden.

(7. 307)[1] Dryden is always 'another and the same'; he does not exhibit a second time the same elegancies in the same form, nor appears to have any art other than that of expressing with clearness what he thinks with vigour.

Cf. Pope's *Dunciad,* 3. 40, and Horace, *C. S.* 10.

(7. 309)[2] Cowley saw that such copyers were a servile race; he asserted his liberty, and spread his wings so boldly that he left his authors.

Cf. *E.* 1. 19. 19.

Addison.

(7. 445)[3] As the process of these narratives is now bringing me among my contemporaries, I begin to feel myself 'walking upon ashes under which the fire is not extinguished.'

Cf. *O.* 2. 1. 7-8.

(7. 473)[4] Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison.

Cf. *A. P.* 268-269.

Prior.

(8. 18)[5] [Speaking of *Solomon.*] Perhaps no man ever thought a line superfluous when he first wrote it, or contracted his work till his ebullitions of invention had subsided. And even if he should control his desire of immediate renown, and keep his work nine years unpublished, he will be still the author, and still in danger of deceiving himself.

Cf. *A. P.* 388.

Pope.

(8. 291)[6] Pope lived at this time 'among the great.'

Cf. Pope's *Imitation of the First Satire of the Second Book of Horace,* 133:

> Envy must own I live among the Great;

and Horace, *S.* 2. 1. 75-77.

[1] Hill 1. 418.
[2] *Ibid.* 1. 422.
[3] *Ibid.* 2. 116.
[4] *Ibid.* 2. 150.
[5] *Ibid.* 2. 206-207.
[6] *Ibid.* 3. 171.

A. Philips.

(8. 395)[1] In his translations from Pindar, he found the art of reaching all the obscurity of the Theban bard, however he may fall below his sublimity; he will be allowed, if he has less fire, to have more smoke.

Cf. *A. P.* 143-144.

Dyer.

(8. 406-407)[2] Of *The Fleece,* which never became popular, and is now universally neglected, I can say little that is likely to recall it to attention. The woolcomber and the poet appear to me such discordant natures, that an attempt to bring them together is to 'couple the serpent with the fowl.'

Cf. *A. P.* 12-13.

5. *Letters.*

(2. 329) To Mrs. Thrale. Aug. 26, 1783. Some benefit may be perhaps received from change of air, some from change of company, and some from mere change of place. . . . Though it be that no man can run away from himself, he may yet escape from many causes of useless uneasiness.

Cf. *E.* 1. 11. 27.

6. *Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson and of his Conversation.* From Boswell's *Life of Johnson.*

(1. 104-105) 1737. His Ofellus in the *Art of Living in London,* I have heard him relate, was an Irish painter, whom he knew at Birmingham, and who had practised his own precepts of economy for several years in the British capital. . . . 'This man (said he, gravely) was a very sensible man, who perfectly understood common affairs; a man of a great deal of knowledge of the world, fresh from life, not strained through books.'

Cf. *S.* 2. 2. 2-3.

Hill, in his note on this passage, explains that 'in 1769 was published a worthless poem called *The Art of Living in London,*' and refers to the *Gentleman's Magazine,* 39. 45, where it is severely criticized. Nowhere have I found mention of such a poem in the Johnson bibliographies.

(2. 6) 1766. Boswell quotes a few lines from Goldsmith's

[1] Hill 3. 324-325.

[2] *Ibid.* 3. 346.

Traveller, which Johnson told him that he had furnished. Among them occur the two lines:

> Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
> Our own felicity we make or find.

Cf. *E.* 1. 11. 27.

(2. 7) *Ibid.* Dr. Johnson at the same time favoured me by marking the lines which he furnished to Goldsmith's *Deserted Village;* which are only the last four:

> That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
> As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away:
> While self-dependent power can time defy,
> As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

Cf. with the last two lines, the lines of Horace, *O.* 3. 3. 1-8.

(2. 337) 1775. He made the common remark on the unhappiness which men who have led a busy life experience, when they retire in expectation of enjoying themselves at ease, and that they generally languish for want of their habitual occupation, and wish to return to it. He mentioned as strong an instance of this as can well be imagined. 'An eminent tallow-chandler in London, who had acquired a considerable fortune, gave up the trade in favour of his foreman, and went to live at a country-house near town. He soon grew weary, and paid frequent visits to his old shop, where he desired they might let him know their *melting-days,* and he would come and assist them; which he accordingly did. Here, Sir, was a man, to whom the most disgusting circumstance in the business to which he had been used was a relief from idleness.'

Hill finds a resemblance here to *E.* 1. 7. 96-97.

From Johnsonian Miscellanies.

Mrs. Piozzi's Anecdotes.

(1. 233)[1] What I recollect best of the day's talk, was his earnestly recommending Addison's works to Mr. Woodhouse as a model for imitation. 'Give nights and days, Sir (said he), to the study of Addison, if you mean either to be a good writer, or what is more worth, an honest man.'

Cf. *A. P.* 268-269.

Johnson concludes his *Life of Addison* with the same recommendation.

[1] *Anecdotes,* ed. 1786, p. 125.

(1. 241)[1] Mr. Johnson's incredulity amounted almost to disease.

Mrs. Piozzi probably has in mind Johnson's favorite *Incredulus odi, A. P.* 188.

Two Dialogues by Sir Joshua Reynolds in Imitation of Johnson's Style of Conversation.

Johnson against Garrick. Dr. Johnson and Sir Joshua Reynolds.

(2. 234) Rey. It is so, as you say, to be sure; I talked once to our friend Garrick upon this subject, but I remember we could make nothing of it.

Johns. O noble pair!

Cf. *S.* 2. 3. 243.

[1] *Anecdotes,* ed. 1786, p. 137.

LORD CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS

The Letters of Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield. Ed. by John Bradshaw. 1892.

Letters of Philip Dormer, fourth Earl of Chesterfield, to his Godson and Successor. Ed. by the Earl of Carnarvon. Oxford, 1890.

A. QUOTATION OF, OR REFERENCE TO LINES OF HORACE.

1. *Letters to his Son,* 1739-1754.

(1. 9)[1] June 9, 1740. I take it for granted, that, by your late care and attention, you are now perfect in Latin verses, and that you may at present be called, what Horace desired to be called, *Romanæ fidicen Lyræ.*

O. 4. 3. 23.

(1. 12) Thursday, 1740. Lay aside, for a few minutes, the thoughts of play, and think of this seriously.

Amoto quæramus seria ludo.

S. 1. 1. 27.

(1. 15) May, 1741. Addam etiam, quod Horatius Tibullo suo optat, ut

Gratia, fama, valetudo contingat abunde,
Et mundus victus, non deficiente crumena!

E. 1. 4. 10-11.

(1. 29) Feb. 26, 1746. [Chesterfield begins his letter with the following line from Horace:]

Sunt quibus in Satira videar nimis acer.

S. 2. 1. 1.

(1. 85) Feb. 16, O. S., 1748. [After resigning the office of Secretary of State.] I have given the description of the life

[1] Except the references to Lord Chesterfield's Letters to his Godson and to A. C. Stanhope, the references are to Bradshaw's edition of the *Letters of Lord Chesterfield.*

that I propose to lead for the future in this motto, which I have put up in the frize of my library, in my new house:

> Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno, et inertibus horis
> Ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ.

S. 2. 6. 61-62.

(1. 109) May 10, O. S., 1748. —Remember, that what Horace says of good writing is justly applicable to those who would make a good figure in Courts, and distinguish themselves in the shining parts of life; *Sapere est principium et fons.*

A. P. 309.

(1. 153) Sept. 27, O. S., 1748. —Read it [*Comte de Gabalis,* by the Abbé de Montfauçon de Villars], for it will both divert and astonish you; and, at the same time, teach you *nil admirari;* a very necessary lesson.

E. 1. 6. 1.

(1. 165) Oct. 19, O. S., 1748. Venus, among the ancients, was synonymous with the Graces, who were always supposed to accompany her; and Horace tells us, that even youth, and Mercury, the god of arts and eloquence, would not do without her.

> *Parum comis* sine te Juventas
> Mercuriusque.

O. 1. 30. 7-8.

(1. 174) Nov. 18, O. S., 1748. But where you are concerned, I am the insatiable man in Horace, who covets still a little corner more, to complete the figure of his field.

S. 2. 6. 8-9.

(1. 188) Jan. 10, O. S., 1749. The sure characteristic of a sound and strong mind is, to find in everything those certain bounds, *quos ultra citraque nequit consistere rectum.*

S. 1. 1. 107.

(1. 260) Oct. 17, O. S., 1749. Pray tell me what are the amusements of those assemblies? Are they little commercial play, are they music, are they *la belle conversation,* or are they all three? . . . And pray, which is your department? *Tutis depone in auribus.*

O. 1. 27. 18.[1]

(1. 275) Nov. 24, O. S., 1749. —Pliny leaves mankind this only alternative; either of doing what deserves to be

[1] [Depone tutis auribus.]

written, or of writing what deserves to be read, . . . You have, I am convinced, one or both of these objects in view; but you must know, and use the necessary means, or your pursuit will be vain and frivolous. In either case, *sapere est principium et fons;* but it is by no means all.

A. P. 309.

(1. 277) *Ibid.* It is by no means sufficient to be free from faults in speaking and writing; you must do both correctly and elegantly. In faults of this kind, it is not *ille optimus qui minimis urgetur.*

S. 1. 3. 68-69.

(1. 289) Dec. 12, O. S., 1749. Serious reflection will always give courage in a good cause; and the courage arising from reflection is of a much superior nature to the animal and constitutional courage of a foot-soldier. The former is steady and unshaken, where the *nodus* is *dignus vindice;* the latter is oftener improperly than properly exerted, but always brutally.

A. P. 191.

(1. 300) Dec. 26, O. S., 1749. To that main wish I will add those of the good old nurse of Horace, in his *Epistle to Tibullus: sapere* (you have it in a good degree already), *et fari ut possit quæ sentiat.* Have you that? more, much more, is meant by it than common speech or mere articulation; I fear that still remains to be wished for, and I earnestly wish it you. *Gratia* and *fama* will inevitably accompany the abovementioned qualifications. The *valetudo* is the only one that is not in your own power; Heaven alone can grant it you, and may it do so abundantly! As for the *mundus victus, non deficiente crumena,* do you deserve, and I will provide them.

E. 1. 4. 8-11.

(1. 310) Jan. 11, O. S., 1750. Bring it [good-breeding], by use, to be habitual to you; for, if it seems unwilling and forced, it will never please. *Omnis Aristippum decuit color, et res.*

E. 1. 17. 23.

(1. 329) March 19, O. S., 1750. You have acquired knowledge, which is the *Principium et Fons.*

A. P. 309.

(1. 336) Apr. 30, O. S., 1750. It is of much more consequence to know the *Mores multorum hominum* than the *Urbes.*

A. P. 142.

(1. 337) *Ibid.* [Lord Chesterfield ends a sketch of the usual life of *les Milords Anglois* in Paris with the warning:]

Hunc tu Romane *caveto.*

S. 1. 4. 85.

(1. 338) *Ibid.* Paris is the place in the world where, if you please, you may the best unite the *utile* and the *dulce.*

A. P. 343.

(1. 345) May 24, O. S., 1750. If this be true, as I am pretty sure it is, one may say to her in a literal sense, *juvenumque prodis, publica cura.*

O. 2. 8. 7-8.

(1. 347) *Ibid. Magnis tamen excidit ausis* [Ovid] is a degree of praise which will always attend a noble and shining temerity, and a much better sign in a young fellow, than *serpere humi, tutus nimium timidusque procellæ.*

A. P. 28.

(1. 353) July 9, O. S., 1750. [Censuring his son's carelessness in enunciation:] Your trade is to speak well both in public and in private. The manner of your speaking is full as important as the matter, as more people have ears to be tickled, than understandings to judge. . . . But to murder your own productions, and that *coram populo,* is a *Medean cruelty,* which Horace absolutely forbids.

A. P. 185.

(1. 359) Aug. 6, O. S., 1750. Adieu! *Gratia, Fama, Valetudo contingat abunde.*

E. 1. 4. 10.

(1. 369) Nov. 8, O. S., 1750. —Nor will I, upon any account, keep singers, dancers, actresses, and *id genus omne.*

S. 1. 2. 2.[1]

(1. 388) (Jan., 1751). —To retain and increase the learning you have already acquired; to add to it the still more useful knowledge of the World; and to adorn both, with the manners, the address, the air, and the Graces of a Man of Fashion. Without the last, I will say of your youth and your knowledge what Horace says to Venus—

Parum comis sine te Juventas,
Mercuriusque.

O. 1. 30. 7-8.

[1] [Hoc genus omne.]

(1. 394) Jan. 21, O. S., 1751. I take it for granted, that *quæ te cumque domat Venus, non erubescendis adurit ignibus.*
O. 1. 27. 14-16.

(1. 426) Apr. 7, O. S., 1751. I repeat it again and again to you, Let the great book of the world be your principal study. *Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna;* which may be rendered thus in English: Turn over men by day, and women by night. I mean only the best editions.
A. P. 269.

(1. 443) May 16, O. S., 1751. To tell you the truth, my friend, I have some little suspicion that you now and then neglect or omit your exercises for more serious studies. But now *non est his locus.*
A. P. 19.[1]

(1. 451) June 10, O. S., 1751. Provided always, and be it understood, (as they say in acts of parliament) that *quæ te cumque domat Venus, non erubescendis adurit ignibus.*
O. 1. 27. 14-16.

(2. 501) March 2, O. S., 1752. Distress, without death, was not sufficient to affect a true British audience, so long accustomed to daggers, racks, and bowls of poison; contrary to Horace's rule, they desire to see Medea murder her children upon the stage.
A. P. 185.

(2. 507) March 16, O. S., 1752. I would try a man's knowledge of the world as I would a schoolboy's knowledge of Horace; not by making him construe *Mæcenas atavis edite regibus,* which he could do in the first form, but by examining him as to the delicacy and *curiosa felicitas* of that poet.
O. 1. 1. 1; and Petronius, *S.* 118. 5.

(2. 515) Apr. 30, O. S., 1752. This is the way, and the only way, of having the *du monde;* but, if you have it not, and have still any coarse rusticity about you, may one not apply to you the *rusticus expectat* of Horace?
E. 1. 2. 42.

(2. 516) *Ibid.* [Advice to his son upon the manner of taking leave of his French acquaintance on his departure from Paris:] Say all this, and a great deal more, emphatically and pathetically; for you know *si vis me flere*—.
A. P. 102-103.

[1] [Sed nunc non erat his locus.]

(2. 524) May 31, O. S., 1752. *Certum pete finem,* have some one object for those leisure moments, and pursue that object invariably till you have attained it; and then take some other.

E. 1. 2. 56; or perhaps rather Persius, 5. 63.

(2. 538) July 21, O. S., 1752. [To his son travelling in Germany.] Your object should be to see the *mores multorum hominum et urbes;* begin and end it where you please.

A. P. 142.

(2. 544) Aug. 4, O. S., 1752. I do not know how I came to trouble my head so much about politics to-day. . . . If I err, you will set me right; *si quid novisti rectius istis, candidus imperti,* etc.

E. 1. 6. 67-68.

(2. 558) Oct. 4, 1752. I consider you now at the court of Augustus [Frederick the Second], where, if ever the desire of pleasing animated you, it must make you exert all the means of doing it. You will see there, full as well, I dare say, as Horace did at Rome, how States are defended by arms, adorned by manners, and improved by laws. Nay, you have an Horace there, as well as an Augustus; I need not name Voltaire, *qui nil molitur inepte,* as Horace himself said of another poet.

A. P. 140.

(2. 560-561) *Ibid.* A propos of pleasing; your pleasing Mrs. Fitzgerald is expected here in two or three days; I will do all that I can for you with her. I think you carried on the romance to the third or fourth volume; I will continue it to the eleventh; but as to the twelfth and last, you must come and conclude it yourself. *Non sum qualis eram.*

O. 4. 1. 3.

(2. 577) Maxims: enclosed in a letter of Jan. 15, 1753. A grave, dark, reserved, and mysterious air, has *fanum in cornu.*

S. 1. 4. 34.

(2. 593) Dec. 25, 1753. I dare not trust to Meyssonier's report of his Rhenish, his Burgundy not having answered either his account or my expectations. I doubt, as a wine-merchant, he is the *perfidus caupo,* whatever he may be as a banker.

S. 1. 1. 29.

(2. 599) Feb. 1, 1754. [After speaking of a recent illness:] I must be careful to take Horace's advice, and consider well, *Quid valeant humeri quid ferre recusent.*

A. P. 39-40.

(2. 609) Feb. 26, 1754. [Referring to some overture to draw him back into public affairs:] I retired in time, *uti conviva satur;* or, as Pope says, still better, 'Ere tittering youth shall shove you from the stage.'

S. 1. 1. 119.

2. *Political and Miscellaneous,* 1712-1772.

(2. 663) A M. Jouneau. Ce 12 Oct., 1712. Depuis mon arrivée ici, j'ai reçu la lettre que vous envoyâtes à Oxford, quelqu'un l'ayant changé pour Cambridge; et je trouve votre mémoire (dont vous vous plaignez tant) excellente, car elle est, à quelques petits mots près, justement la même que l'autre que vous envoyâtes après, mais que je n'eus pas pour cela moins de plaisir en lisant.

Decies repetita placebit—

A. P. 365.

(2. 792) To the Duke of Newcastle. Feb. 18, 1746. In short, do not be *subjectum lenis in hostem.*

C. S. 51-52.[1]

(2. 852-853) To the Bishop of Waterford. March 1, 1748. I thank you for your kind letter, by which I am glad to find that you approve of my resignation, and of my resolution to enjoy the comforts of a private life; indeed, I had enough both of the pageantry and hurry of public life, to see their futility, and I withdraw from them, *uti conviva satur.*

S. 1. 1. 119.

(2. 873) To Solomon Dayrolles, Esq. June 10, 1748. [Writing concerning a house-dog:] —If you approve of this proposal, write to your gardener (Horace and Boileau both wrote to theirs) to send him to me.

E. 1. 14.

(2. 897) To the Rev. Dr. Madden. Nov. 29, 1748. [Of a poem by Dr. Madden:] I read it with great pleasure, and not without some surprise, to find a work of that length continued to the end with the same spirit and fire with which it begins. Horace's great rule of *qualis ab incepto* was, I believe, never better observed.

A. P. 127.

[1] [jacentem lenis, etc.]

(3. 961) A Mme. du Bocage. Ce 25 Juillet, 1750. Enfin, quoiqu'en dise votre public, tout ce que Voltaire fait me charme. Toujours les plus beaux vers du monde, et des pensées brillantes et justes; je n'en demande pas davantage; *non paucis offendar maculis.*

A. P. 351-352.

Ibid. —J'augure bien de sa comédie [Mme. de Graffigny's *Cénie*], quoique ces comédies tragiques et larmoyantes ne soient pas de mon goût. Qu'on me donne les choses pour ce qu'elles sont; j'aime à rire et à pleurer dans les formes; il y a pourtant quelque chose à dire en leur faveur. Horace permet à la comédie de s'élever de tems en tems; et l'intérêt, les sentimens et les situations touchantes ne sont pas bornés aux rois et aux héros.

A. P. 93.

(3. 968) A Mme. du Bocage. Ce 13 Oct., V. S., 1750. [Speaking again of the 'comédie larmoyante,' *Cénie:*] Mais dit-on, d'après Horace, la comédie élève de tems en tems sa voix.

A. P. 93.

(3. 1001) A M. le Baron de Kreuningen. Ce 3 Nov., V. S., 1751. Je ne connois que deux sortes de maux: le mal physique, et le mal moral: tout le reste n'est que dans l'imagination; que je sois seulement exempt de ces deux et alors,

> Tristitiam et metus
> Tradam protervis in Mare Creticum
> Portare ventis.

O. 1. 26. 1-3.

(3. 1026) To the Bishop of Waterford. May 22, 1752. *Est aliquid prodire tenus;* you have that merit, and I dare say these new little colonies will thrive and extend to a certain degree, even should the Government not think them worth its attention; but I hope it will.

E. 1. 1. 32.[1]

(3. 1088) To Major Irwine. March 7, 1754. I have had several packets from my friend [George Faulkner] since this affair happened; but he has never touched upon it, prudently observing, I presume, the advice of Horace, *Quæ desperes tractata nitescere posse, relinque.*

A. P. 149-150.[2]

1 [Est quadam prodire tenus.]

2 [Quæ
Desperat tractata nitescere posse relinquit.]

(3. 1095) To his Son. March 26, 1754. I admire him [Voltaire] most exceedingly; and whether as an epic, dramatic, or lyric poet, or prose-writer, I think I justly apply to him the *Nil molitur inepte.*

A. P. 140.

(3. 1099) To his Son. Apr. 5, 1754. Every language has its peculiarities; they are established by usage, and, whether right or wrong, they must be complied with. I could instance very many absurd ones in different languages; but so authorized by the *jus et norma loquendi,* that they must be submitted to.

A. P. 72.

(3. 1107) To the Bishop of Waterford. June 15, 1754. Vote unbiassed for the real good of both countries, without the least regard either to the *clamor civium prava jubentium,* or to the *vultus instantis tyranni!*

O. 3. 3. 2 and 3.[1]

(3. 1121) To the Bishop of Waterford. March 12, 1755. It is a common notion, and like many common ones a very false one, that those, who have led a life of pleasure and business, can never be easy in retirement; whereas I am persuaded that they are the only people who can, if they have any sense and reflection. They can look back *oculo irretorto* upon what they from knowledge despise; others have always a hankering after what they are not acquainted with.

O. 2. 2. 23.

(3. 1215) To his Son. Apr. 25, 1758. *Non sum qualis eram;* neither my memory nor my invention are now, what they formerly were.

O. 4. 1. 3.

(3. 1231) To his Son. July 18, 1758. [Having recounted the story of an impending separation:] How this matter will end, is in the womb of time; *nam fuit ante Helenam*—.

S. 1. 3. 107.

(3. 1245-1246) To Alderman Faulkner. Jan. 16, 1759. But allowing a certain degree of eloquence to be desirable upon some occasions, there is a much easier and shorter way of coming at it than that which Dr. Lawson proposes; for Horace says (and Horace you know can never be in the wrong) *Fœcundi calices quem non fecere disertum?*

E. 1. 5. 19.

[1] [Civium ardor prava iubentium.]

(3. 1252) To his Son. March 30, 1759. Adieu! I will conclude like a pedant, *Levius fit patientia quicquid corrigere est nefas.*

O. 1. 24. 19-20.

(3. 1256) To his Son. Apr. 27, 1759. Good-night! *æquam memento rebus in arduis servare mentem;* be neither transported nor depressed by the accidents of life.

O. 2. 3. 1-2.

(3. 1273-1274) To his Son. Nov. 21, 1761. If I find any alterations by drinking these waters, now six days, it is rather for the better; but, in six days more, I think I shall find, with more certainty, what humour they are in with me; if kind, I will profit of, but not abuse their kindness; all things have their bounds, *quos ultra citrave nequit consistere rectum;* and I will endeavour to nick that point.

S. 1. 1. 107.

(3. 1276) To Alderman Faulkner. Dec. 3, 1761. Good-night, my worthy friend; may the serene philosophy of your mind never forsake you, *subintelligitur,* however, the *non deficiente crumena,* which prudent men have always an eye to.

E. 1. 4. 11.

(3. 1294) To Edward Jerningham. Aug. 12, 1763. What am I to suppose that you are now doing in Norfolk?

> Scribere quod Casi Parmensis opuscula vincat,
> An tacitum sylvas inter reptare salubres?

E. 1. 4. 3-4.

(3. 1311-1312) To his Son. Sept. 14, 1764. For it is *lippis ac tonsoribus notum* that he [Lord Bute] names absolutely to every employment, civil, military, and ecclesiastical, and that the ostensible Ministers might as well walk on foot.

S. 1. 7. 3.[1]

(3. 1313) To the Bishop of Waterford. Oct. 1, 1764. I think only of doing my duty to my Creator, and to my fellow-created beings, and *omnis in hoc sum.*

E. 1. 1. 11.

(3. 1315) To his Son. Oct. 4, 1764. —But this is nothing new, nor the first time, by many, when national honour and interest have been sacrificed to private. It has always been so; and one may say, upon this occasion, what Horace says upon another, *Nam fuit ante Helenam*—.

S. 1. 3. 107.

[1] [Omnibus et lippis notum et tonsoribus.]

(3. 1337) To the Bishop of Waterford. May 17, 1766. —I am no longer, as I once was, the pen of a ready writer; both my head and my hand seem to decline writing; in short, *Non sum qualis eram.*

O. 4. 1. 3.

(3. 1339) To Alderman Faulkner. May 22, 1766. I need not bid you grow rich, for you have taken good care of that already; and if you were now to grow richer, you would be overgrown, and after all, *est modus in rebus.*

S. 1. 1. 106.

(3. 1353) To Dr. Monsey. Nov. 26, 1766. But I bear with philosophy these gradual depredations upon myself; and well know, that *levius fit patientia quicquid corrigere est nefas.*

O. 1. 24. 19-20.

(3. 1374) To his Son. March 12, 1768. —I am of a very different opinion from you about being in Parliament, as no man can be of consequence in this country, who is not in it; and, though one may not speak like a Lord Mansfield, or a Lord Chatham, one may make a very good figure in a second rank. *Locus est et pluribus umbris.*

E. 1. 5. 28.

(3. 1375) To the Bishop of Waterford. March 29, 1768. For my own part, I say, *Beatus ille qui procul negotiis!*

Epd. 2. 1.

(3. 1389) To Mrs. Eugenia Stanhope. Nov. 5, 1769. You are, by this time, certainly tired with this long letter, which I could prove to you from Horace's own words (for I am a *scholar*) to be a bad one; he says, that water-drinkers can write nothing good.

E. 1. 19. 2-3.

(3. 1390) To the Bishop of Waterford. Nov. 21, 1769. —My eyes begin to fail me, so that I cannot write nor read as I used to do, which were my only comforts; but *melius fit patientia quicquid corrigere est nefas.*

O. 1. 24. 19-20.[1]

3. *Letters to his Godson.*

(86)[2] [1763]. En tout ce qu'on fait, et en tout ce qu'on dit, il faut avoir un objet. *Certum pete finem.*

E. 1. 2. 56; or Persius 5. 63.

[1] [Sed levius fit patientia, etc.]

[2] References to Lord Chesterfield's Letters to his Godson and to A. C. Stanhope are to Lord Carnarvon's edition.

(110) [Nov. 1763.] Continuez a bien faire, pas tant par crainte du grand reméde que pour vous distinguer et meriter des eloges. Voicy un dicton Latin que vous entendrez sans doute. *Oderint peccare boni, formidine culpæ. Oderint peccare mali, formidine poenæ.*

E. 1. 16. 52-53.[1]

(135) [1764.] Vous êtes a present d'un âge a songer a *l'Utile,* et a n'être plus occupé des jeux de l'enfance. Il faut a cette heure joindre *l'Utile* a l'agréable. Horace que vous connoitrez un jour, dit, *Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.*

A. P. 343.

(140) July 13, 1764. Good night my little Boy, be attentive to your book, well bred in company, and alive at your play. Be *totus in illis.*

S. 1. 9. 2.

(145) [1764.] *Quid nunc te dicam facere in regione Maryboniana?* Cette lettre vous trouvera t'elle a apprendre, a jouer, ou a ne rien faire? . . . Gare les petits deffauts dans votre jeunesse, car quoyque bagatelles d'abord, elles ont des suittes tres facheuses. *Hæ Nugæ seria ducunt in mala.* . . . En voila assez pour aujourdhuy, et a votre avis peut-etre trop, mais *si quid novisti rectius istis, Candidus imperti, si non his utere mecum.*

E. 1. 4. 2;[2] *A. P.* 451-452; *E.* 1. 6. 67-68.

(164) June 21, [1765.] Well then—*Quid nunc te dicam facere regione in Maryboniana?* Are you losing time, or gaining knowledge by your daily study?

E. 1. 4. 2.[2]

(174) Nov. 25, 1765. [Defining good company,—where 'a fool or two may sneak, or a knave or two intrude':] But, *ubi plura nitent,* like Horace, you must not be offended *paucis maculis.*

A. P. 351-352.

(175) Dec. 4, 1765. Bad company have *fœnum in cornu, longe fuge.*

S. 1. 4. 34.

(212-213) [July, 1766.] You have lately in your travels, seen so many persons, places, and things, that you put me in

[1] [Oderunt peccare boni virtutis amore;
Tu nihil admittes in te formidine poenæ.]

[2] [Quid nunc te dicam facere in regione Pedana?]

mind of that great Man mentioned by Homer, and afterwards by Horace, *qui mores multorum hominum vidit et Urbes;* for you have not only seen Cambridge, but also Clare Hall and Hockrel. . . . Your letter which I received three days ago, I will swear, was all your own, for it had all those Elegant inaccuracys *quas incuria fudit;* But I do not wonder at it, and I believe your mind will not be resettled till next week at soonest.

A. P. 142, 352.

(219) Sept. 17, 1766. Horace que vous ne connoissez pas encore, mais que vous connoitrez bien avec le tems, place le bonheur dans le *Nihil conscire sibi, nullave pallescere culpa.* . . . Ayez toujours cette verité fixée dans votre esprit.

E. 1. 1. 61.

(221) Oct. 4, 1766. *Amoto quæramus Seria ludo.* I have often trifled with you in my letters, and there is no harm in trifling sometimes. Dr. Swift used often to say, *vive la bagatelle,* but everything has its proper season and when I consider your age now, it is proper, I think, to be sometimes serious.

S. 1. 1. 27.

(227) Nov. 17, 1766. I am glad you saw my Lord Mayor's show, for I would have you see everything, that you may stare and wonder at nothing.

> Nil admirari prope res est una Numici,
> Solaque quæ possit facere et servare beatum.

E. 1. 6. 1-2.

(255) [1767 or 1768.] Whenever you are a little wanting in attentions, let it be only to me, for I think you and I are so well together, that we shall reciprocally forgive little inadvertencys *Hanc Veniam damus petimusque vicissim.*

A. P. 11.

(257) June 28, 1768. *Nihil conscire sibi nullaq: pallescere culpa,* is a sure receit for good humour, which in the common intercourse of life is not only usefull but necessary.

E. 1. 1. 61.

(266) Sept. 3, 1768. Ill examples are sometimes useful, to deterr from the Vices that characterise them. Horace tells us that his Father trained him up to virtue, by pointing out to him the turpitude of the vices of several individuals.

S. 1. 4. 105-131.

(266-267) *Ibid.* When you hear any young man, of what rank soever, swearing, cursing, talking obscenely, and even boasting of the vices he ought to be ashamed of, put him down for a fool; *Longe fuge,* for he has *fœnum in Cornu.*

S. 1. 4. 34.

(267) Sept. 15, 1768. Letters of business must be answered immediately, and are the easiest either to write or to answer, for the subject is ready and only requires great clearness and perspicuity in the treating. There must be no prettynesses, no quaintnesses, no Antitheses, nor even wit. *Non est his Locus.*

A. P. 19.[1]

(280) [1769.] *Quid nunc te dicam facere in regione* Pedana? that is at Whitton? *Scribere quod Cassi Parmensis opuscula vincat, an tacitum Sylvas inter reptare salubres?* That is, are you going to excell Pope, in your immortal lays, and make Whitton rival Twickenham, lately the seat of Pope and the Muses.

E. 1. 4. 2-4.

(281-282) [1769.] I find that I judged right, when I supposed you to employ your country retirement in the same manner in which Horace supposed his friend Tibullus to do;* do not forget another line of that same Epistle, *Curantem quicquid dignum Sapiente bonoque est.* . . . Know then, that you are appointed a Justice of the Peace for the County of Nottingham in a new Commission issued out a few days ago for that County. . . . I heartily wish you joy of this dignity, but hope at the same time that it will not make you too proud, for, *ut tu fortunam sic nos te Celse feremus?*

E. 1. 4. 3;* 5; 8. 17.

(293) Oct. 15, 1769. I received your letter with the enclosed translation from Abbé Trublet. It is very well translated except a very few, and immaterial inaccuracys, but like Horace *ubi plura nitent non ego paucis offendar maculis.*

A. P. 351-352.

(299) Nov. 24, 1769. I am almost sure that I shall find you with a clear conscience, but I shall know it with certainty when I look at your countenance and the Doctor's; for there is something in Guilt that will manifest itself in spite of the most artful dissimulation. *Nil conscire Sibi, nullaque pallescere culpa,* is upon the whole and at long run the easiest state.

E. 1. 1. 61.

[1] [Sed nunc non erat his locus.]

(304-305) Apr. 30, 1770. Horace says very justly, *Quo semel est imbuta recens servabit odorem Testa diu.* Your clay is yet soft and mouldable, but it will not be so long; and whatever shape you or I could wish to give it must be given it within the next two or three years. *E.* 1. 2. 69-70.

(305) June 7, 1770. Horace advises, *vos exemplaria Græca Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna.* Greek was in those days much more easily, and consequently less meritoriously learned, than it can be now; it was then a living language, and the great intercourse between Rome and Athens made the acquisition of it very easy; it was to the Romans, what French is now to us. *A. P.* 268-269.

(308) June 19, [1770.] When you see young fellows, whatever may be their rank, swearing and cursing as senselessly as wickedly, . . . drunk and engaged in scrapes, and quarrels, shun them, *Fœnum habent in Cornu, longe fuge.* *S.* 1. 4. 34.

(391) Lord Chesterfield's Letter to his godson and heir. (To be delivered after his own death.) Prepare and digest your matter well in your own thoughts, and *Verba non invita sequentur.* *A. P.* 311.

4. *Letters to A. C. Stanhope.*

(333-334) Apr. 23, 1763. Last Thursday I made him very happy by sending him under the care of some ladies to see the procession of the Venetian ambassadors. . . . I shall in the course of this summer treat him with a sight of the Tower, and with Westminster Abbey: for I would willingly teach him early the *Nil admirari.* *E.* 1. 6. 1.

(335) June 9, 1763. —We have great designs in petto; such as, going on board a man of war, seeing Westminster Abbey, the Tower of London, &c.; in which the *Nil admirari* is my aim. *E.* 1. 6. 1.

(360) Feb. 16, 1765. [In considering where to send his Godson, to a great school like Westminster, or to a little one.] Pray turn this maturely in your thoughts: for we have time enough before us, to do nothing rashly. But,

> Si quid novisti rectius istis,
> Candidus imperti: si non, his utere,
> *E.* 1. 6. 67-68.

with yours, etc.

(364) June 5, 1765. Last week I carried him to breakfast at Ranelagh gardens, and sent him in the evening to Marybone gardens—which turned his head with joy the rest of the day. I would have him see everything that he may *nil admirari*.

E. 1. 6. 1.

B. DIRECT MENTION OF HORACE.

1. *Letters to his Son,* 1739-1754.

(1. 27-28) Jan. 25, 1746. People do not improve, singly, by travelling, but by the observations they make, and by keeping good company where they do travel. So, I hope, in your travels through the fifth form, you keep company with Horace and Cicero, among the Romans; and Homer and Xenophon, among the Greeks; and that you are got out of the worst company in the world, the Greek epigrams. Martial has wit, and is worth your looking into sometimes; but I recommend the Greek epigrams to your supreme contempt.

(1. 53) Apr. 14, O. S., 1747. This steady and undissipated attention to one object, is a sure mark of a superior genius; as hurry, bustle, and agitation, are the never-failing symptoms of a weak and frivolous mind. When you read Horace, attend to the justness of his thoughts the happiness of his diction, and the beauty of his poetry; and do not think of Puffendorf *de Homine et Cive;* and, when you are reading Puffendorf, do not think of, etc.

(1. 74) Dec. 11, O. S., 1747. Horace is mentioned in this letter as an author to be read.

(1. 90) Feb. 22, O. S., 1748. There is another species of learned men, who, though less dogmatical and supercilious, are not less impertinent. These are the communicative and shining pedants, who . . . have contracted such a familiarity with the Greek and Roman authors, that they call them by certain names or epithets denoting intimacy. As *old* Homer; that *sly rogue* Horace; *Maro* instead of Virgil; and *Naso,* instead of Ovid.

(1. 126) July 6, O. S., 1748. Can you get through an Oration of Cicero, or a Satire of Horace, without difficulty?

(1. 150) Sept. 27, O. S., 1748. I have received your Latin Lecture upon War, which, though it is not exactly the same Latin that Cæsar, Cicero, Horace, Virgil, and Ovid spoke, is, however, as good Latin as the *erudite Germans* speak or write.

(1. 151) *Ibid.* Whenever you write Latin, remember that every word or phrase which you make use of, but cannot find

in Cæsar, Cicero, Livy, Horace, Virgil, and Ovid, is bad, illiberal Latin, though it may have been written by a Roman.

(1. 317) Feb. 5, O. S., 1750. [Lord Chesterfield advises his son to fill in the odd moments of the day:] —Take up a good book; . . . some book of rational amusement; and detached pieces, as Horace, Boileau, Waller, La Bruyere, etc.

(1. 440) May 10, O. S., 1751. Study Marcel [the dancing master at Paris] and the *beau monde* with great application, but read Homer and Horace only when you have nothing else to do.

(1. 460) June 24, O. S., 1751. At nineteen, I left the University of Cambridge, where I was an absolute pedant; when I talked my best, I quoted Horace; when I aimed at being facetious, I quoted Martial; and when I had a mind to be a fine gentleman, I talked Ovid.

2. *Political and Miscellaneous,* 1712-1772.

(3. 1030) A M. le Baron de Kreuningen. Ce 7 Juillet, 1752. Pour moi, je ne juge des ouvrages que par le plus ou le moins de plaisir qu'ils me donnent en mon petit particulier, et j'ose même dire, à la face de tous les pédans de l'univers, que les épîtres et les satires de Pope ont tout le bon sens et toute la justesse, avec mille fois plus d'esprit que celles d'Horace.

(3. 1045) To Alderman Faulkner. Nov. 11, 1752. You have, moreover, one advantage which the greatest of your typographical predecessors had not. They were never personally acquainted with Horace, Virgil, Cicero, and others, whose productions they brought to light, etc.

3. *Letters to his Godson,* 1761-1770.

(252) [1767 or 1768.] Pindar, Anacreon, Horace, and all the lyrick tribe, are now no more, since you touch the tunefull lyre.

(283) [1769.] I have bespoke of Mr. Russel, a picture of you, . . . with the attributes of a man of learning and taste; Anacreon, Horace, and Cicero lye upon your table, and you have a Shakespear in your hand, to suit with your dress.

(298) Nov. 16, 1769. I have this moment received your letter with the inclosed *Opuscula.* Horace and Trublet are both obliged to you for doing them Justice, and yet without surpassing them; which Authors never forgive.

(300) Nov. 24, 1769. *Apropos* of dissipation, this place [Bath] I take to be the seat of it, . . . crowds of men and women looking busy for want of something to do. . . . But I forget that you are not one of those, and that I probably

interrupt [you?] from the company of Sophocles, Cicero, and Horace, etc.

4. *Letters to A. C. Stanhope.*

(322-323) Oct. 1, 1762. The Outlines of a Plan for the Education of our Boy, but wholly submitted to the Judgment of his Father.

As classical learning, that is, Greek and Latin, is esteemed necessary for a gentleman, and is really useful both for his private amusement and public character, I propose that, at the time above-mentioned, he should be put into the hands, that is, to lodge and board in the house, of some man of sound classical learning, and of a good character.

This person should be desired to teach him his religious and moral obligations, which are never heard of nor thought of at a public school, where even Cicero's Offices are never read, but where all the lewdness of Horace, Juvenal, and Martial is their whole study, and, as soon as they are able, their practice.

C. IMPLICIT ALLUSION TO HORACE.

1. *Letters to his Son,* 1739-1754.

(1. 88) Feb. 22, O. S., 1748. Every excellency, and every virtue, has its kindred vice or weakness; and if carried beyond certain bounds, sinks into the one or the other.

Cf. *E.* 1. 18. 9.

(1. 103) Apr. 15, O. S., 1748. Everything is worth seeing once; and the more one sees, the less one either wonders or admires.

Cf. *E.* 1. 6. 1.

(1. 213) May 22, O. S., 1749. If you find yourself subject to sudden starts of passion or madness (for I see no difference between them, but in their duration), resolve within yourself, at least, never to speak one word while you feel that emotion within you.

Cf. *E.* 1. 2. 62.

(1. 277) Nov. 24, O. S., 1749. You have with you three or four of the best English authors, Dryden, Atterbury, and Swift: read them with the utmost care, and with a particular view to their language; and they may possibly correct that *curious infelicity of diction* which you acquired at Westminster.

Cf. Petronius, *S.* 118. 5.

2. *Letters to his Godson,* 1761-1770.

(72) [June, 1763.] [Philip Stanhope had been taken to see the 'Hermione,' a captured Spanish man-of-war.] Il faut tout voir pour ne rien admirer trop.

Cf. *E.* 1. 6. 1.

(79-80) July, 1763. This letter, as also the first part of following letter, is upon anger as a form of madness.

Cf. *E.* 1. 2. 62.

(89) [1763.] —Un homme en colére est absolument fou pour le tems.

Cf. *E.* 1. 2. 62.

(163) 1765. —Voicy une jolie epigramme sur un homme colere, c'est a dire fou, car fou ou colere, c'est la même chose.

Cf. *E.* 1. 2. 62.

(178) Dec. 12, 1765. Sudden passion is called a short lived madness; it is a madness indeed, but the fitts of it generally return so often in cholerick people that it may well be called a continuall madness.

Cf. *E.* 1. 2. 62.

(268) Sept. 15, 1768. Letters between real intimate friends are of course frequent, but then they require no care nor trouble, for there the heart leaves the understanding little or nothing to do. Matter and expression present themselves.

Lord Carnarvon has the following note on this passage: 'Lord Chesterfield had probably in his mind, though he did not quote it, the Horatian precept: *Verbaque provisam rem non invita sequentur.*'

A. P. 311.

3. *Letters to A. C. Stanhope.*

(343) Nov. 3, 1763. I never talk to him of passion but under the name of madness; (which in truth it is;) and when I see him with Mr. Robert, I always inquire, whether he has been mad of late or not.

Cf. *E.* 1. 2. 62.

HORACE WALPOLE'S LETTERS

The Letters of Horace Walpole. Ed. by Mrs. Paget Toynbee. Oxford, 1903.

A. QUOTATION OF, OR REFERENCE TO LINES OF HORACE.

(1. 6) To Thomas Gray. 1735. [A Tour from London to Cambridge, 'in the style of Addison's *Travels*':] Here I was met by a very distant and troublesome relation. My namesake hints at such an one in those lines of his—

> Accurrit quidam notus mihi nomine tantum
> Arreptaque manu, Quid agis, Cosinissime, rerum?
> Horace. *S.* 1. 9. 2-3.[1]

> There stepp'd up one to me I hardly knew,
> Embraced me, and cried, Cousin, how d'ye do?
> Mr. Creech.

Ibid. We lay that night at Oggerell, which is famous for nothing but being Horace's Oppidulo, *quod versu dicere non est.*

S. 1. 5. 87.

(1. 38) To Richard West. Sept. 30, 1739. [Of the Grande Chartreuse.] They desired us to set down our names in the list of strangers, where, among others, we found two mottos of our countrymen, for whose stupidity and brutality we blushed. The first was of Sir J—— D——, who had wrote down the first stanza of *Justum et tenacem,* altering the last line to *Mente quatit Carthusiana.* The second was of one D——, *Cœlum ipsum petimus stultitia; et hic ventri indico bellum.* The Goth!

O. 3. 3. 1-4; 1. 3. 38.

(1. 46) To Richard West. 1739. [Walpole finds lines in Virgil's second *Georgic,* some like Martial, some like Claudian, some like Juvenal, and some like Horace:] There are some more, which to me resemble Horace; but perhaps I think so

[1] [Quid agis, dulcissime rerum?]

from his having some on a parallel subject. Tell me if I am mistaken; these are they:

> Interea dulces pendent circum oscula nati:
> Casta pudicitiam servat domus—

inclusively to the end of these:

> Hanc olim veteres vitam coluere Sabini;
> Hanc Remus et frater: sic fortis Etruria crevit,
> Scilicet et rerum facta est pulcherrima Roma.

If the imagination is whimsical, why, at least 'tis like me to have imagined it. *Epd.* 2. 39-48.

(1. 150) To Horace Mann. Christmas Eve, 1741. It is fatiguing to bear so much envy and ill-will *undeservedly.*—*Otium Divos rogo;* but adieu, politics, for three weeks! *O.* 2. 16. 1.

(1. 293) To Horace Mann. Oct. 9, 1742. Walpole transcribes an ode, with its motto from Horace, *O.* 1. 25. 1-4.

(1. 301) To Horace Mann. Oct. 23, 1742. Walpole transcribes an ode by an unknown author, the motto of which is *O.* 1. 12. 1-2.

(1. 343) To Horace Mann. Apr. 25, 1743. Patapan sits to Wootton to-morrow for his picture. He is to have a triumphal arch at a distance, to signify his Roman birth, and his having barked at thousands of Frenchmen in the very heart of Paris. If you can think of a good Italian motto applicable to any part of his history send it to me. If not, he shall have this antique one—for I reckon him a senator of Rome, while Rome survived,—*O, et præsidium et dulce decus meum!* *O.* 1. 1. 2.

(1. 348) To Horace Mann. May 19, 1743. [Upon a Highland regiment being sent abroad.] Sir Robert Monroe, their lieutenant-colonel, before their leaving Scotland, asked some of the ministry, 'But suppose there should be any rebellion in Scotland, what should we do for these eight hundred men?' It was answered, 'Why, there would be eight hundred fewer rebels there.'

> Utor permisso, caudæque pilos ut equinæ
> Paulatim vello; demo unum, demum etiam unum,
> Dum— *E.* 2. 1. 45-47.[1]

[1] [Paulatim vello et demo unum, demo etiam unum].

(1. 362) To Horace Mann. July 4, 1743. [Speaking of Sir Robert Walpole 'out of place':] But you know the *Justum et tenacem propositi virum* can amuse himself without the *Civium ardor!*

O. 3. 3. 1 and 2.

(2. 22) To Horace Mann. May 29, 1744. Mr. Fox fell in love with Lady Caroline Lenox; asked her, was refused, and stole her. His father was a footman; her great-grandfather a king; *hinc illæ lachrymæ!* all the blood royal have been up in arms.

E. 1. 19. 41; or Terence, *Andr.* 1. 1. 126.

(2. 39) To Horace Mann. July 22, 1744. Indeed, I pride myself extremely in having been so good a correspondent; for, besides that every day grows to make one hate writing more, it is difficult, you must own, to keep up a correspondence of this sort with any spirit, when long absence makes one entirely out of all the little circumstances of each other's society, and which are the soul of letters. We are forced to deal only in great events, like historians; and, instead of being Horace Mann and Horace Walpole, seem to correspond as Guicciardin and Clarendon would:

> Discedo Alcæus puncto illius; ille meo quis!
> Quis nisi Callimachus?

E. 2. 2. 99-100.

(2. 267) To Horace Mann. Apr. 10, 1747. [Telling of the execution of Lord Lovat:] He said, 'He was glad to suffer for his country, *dulce est pro patria mori.*'

O. 3. 2. 13.

(2. 276) To Horace Mann. May 19, 1747. I have no other event to tell you, but the promotion of a new brother of yours, I condole with you, for they have literally sent one Dayrolle resident to Holland, under Lord Sandwich,

> —Mimum partes tractare secundas.

E. 1. 18. 14.

(2. 390-391) To Horace Mann. June 25, 1749. [Describing the preparations for the coming banquet at Cambridge for the instalment of the Duke of Newcastle as Chancellor:] It would be pleasant to see pedants and professors searching for etymologies of strange dishes, and tracing more wonderful transformations than any in the *Metamorphoses.* How miserably Horace's *unde et quo Catius* will be hacked about in clumsy quotations!

S. 2. 4. 1.

(3. 2-3) To Horace Mann. July 25, 1750. [Writing of Thomas Ashton:] He has at last quite thrown off the mask, and in the most direct manner, against my will, has written against my friend Dr. Middleton, taking for his motto these lines:

> Nullius addictus jurare in verba Magistri,
> Quid verum atque decens curo et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum.

E. 1. 1. 14 and 11.

I have forbid him my house, and wrote this paraphrase upon his picture:

> Nullius addictus munus meminisse Patroni,
> Quid vacat et qui dat, curo et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum.

(3. 68) To Horace Mann. Aug. 31, 1751. As you talk of our beauties, I shall tell you a new story of the Gunnings, who make more noise than any of their predecessors since the days of Helen, though neither of them, nor anything about them, have yet been *teterrima belli causa.*

S. 1. 3. 107-108.

(3. 91) To George Montagu. May 12, 1752. If you want news, you must send to Ireland, where there is almost a civil war, between the Lord Lieutenant and Primate on one side, . . . and the Speaker on the other,—and the *teterrima belli causa* is not the common one.

S. 1. 3. 107-108.

(3. 271) To Richard Bentley. Dec. 13, 1754. 'If we do not make this effort to recover our dignity, we shall only sit here to register the arbitrary edicts of one too powerful a subject!' . . . Don't you at once know the style? Shake those words all altogether, and see if they can be anything but the *disjecta membra* of Pitt!

S. 1. 4. 62.[1]

(3. 329) To Richard Bentley. Aug. 4, 1755. I have contracted a sort of intimacy with Garrick, who is my neighbour. . . . He is building a grateful temple to Shakespeare: I offered him this motto: *Quod spiro et placeo, si placeo tuum est!*

O. 4. 3. 24.

(3. 338) To Richard Bentley. Aug. 28, 1755. [Having told of the defeat and death of General Braddock in America, Walpole continues:] The ministry have a much more serious

[1] [Disjecti membra poetæ].

affair on their hands—Lord L. and Lord A. have had a dreadful quarrel! *Coquus teterrima belli causa!*

S. 1. 3. 107-108.[1]

Walpole then proceeds to relate the quarrel over the engaging of a cook.

(3. 432) To John Chute. June 8, 1756. I told my Lord Bath General Wall's foolish vain motto, *Aut Cæsar aut nihil.* He replied, 'He is an impudent fellow; he should have taken *Murus aheneus.*' Dodington has translated well the motto on the caps of the Hanoverians, *Vestigia nulla retrorsum*—'They never mean to go back again.'

The motto *Murus aheneus* refers to the context of Horace, *O.* 3. 3. 65, in this instance, rather than to *E.* 1. 1. 60. The motto *Vestigia nulla retrorsum* is from *E.* 1. 1. 74-75.

(4. 2) To George Montagu. Oct. 14, 1756. [Garrick] has built a temple to his master Shakespear, and I am going to adorn the outside, since his modesty would not let me decorate it within, as I proposed, with these mottoes:

> Quod spiro et placeo, si placeo, tuum est.
>
> *O.* 4. 3. 24.
>
> That I spirit have and nature,
> That sense breathes in ev'ry feature,
> That I please, if please I do,
> Shakespear, all I owe to you.

(4. 119) To Sir Horace Mann. Jan. 11, 1758. Truth is very well for such simple people as me, with my *Fari quæ sentiat,* which my father left me, and which I value more than all he left me; but I am errantly wicked enough to desire *you* should lie and prosper.

E. 1. 4. 9.

(4. 438) To George Montagu. Oct. 14, 1760. A very unpleasant thing has happened to the Keppels; the youngest brother, who had run in debt at Gibraltar, and was fetched away to be sent to Germany, gave them the slip at the first port they touched at in Spain, surrendered himself to the Spanish governor, has changed his religion, and sent for a whore, that had been taken from him at Gibraltar. *—naturam expellas furca—.*

E. 1. 10. 24.

[1] [Nam fuit ante Helenam cunnus teterrima belli
Causa.]

(4. 450-451) To Sir Horace Mann. Nov. 1, 1760. It is pretended that the present war exhausted all his [George II's] savings; I was going to say, *credat Judæus*—but a Jew is the last man alive who would believe so.

S. 1. 5. 100.

(6. 153) To the Earl of Hertford. Dec. 3, 1764. [Walpole has been telling the Earl of Hertford the reason for Charles Yorke's not taking the Rolls.] What diverts me most, is, that the pious and dutiful house of Yorke, who cried and roared over their father's memory, now throw all the blame on him, and say he forced them into opposition—*amorem nummi expellas furca, licet usque recurret.*

E. 1. 10. 24.[1]

(6. 201) To Elie de Beaumont. March 18, 1765. [Referring to his Castle of Otranto:] To tell you the truth, it was not so much my intention to recall the exploded marvels of ancient romance, as to blend the wonderful of old stories with the natural of modern novels. The world is apt to wear out any plan whatever; and if the *Marquis de Roselle* had not appeared, I should have been inclined to say that that species *had* been exhausted. Madame de Beaumont must forgive me if I add that Richardson had, to me at least, made that kind of writing insupportable. I thought the *nodus* was become *dignus vindice*, and that a god, at least a ghost, was absolutely necessary to frighten us out of too much senses.

A. P. 191.

(6. 323) To Lady Mary Coke. Oct. 15, 1765. As, to be sure, Lady Mary, you have read the works of every Horace that ever writ, you may remember that one of us has said something like this:

Cœlum, non podagram mutant, qui trans mare currunt.

E. 1. 11. 27.[2]

The verse, as I quote it, is a little lame, but you must consider it has got the gout; so, alas! have I!

(7. 71) To David Hume. Nov. 11, 1766. [Of D'Alembert, 'the philosopher' and 'impertinent savant,' as Horace Walpole scathingly calls him, between whom and Walpole there was enmity:] Revenge is so unbecoming the *rex regum*, the man who is *præcipue sanus—nisi cum pituita molesta est.*

E. 1. 1. 107-108.

[1] [Naturam expelles furca tamen usque recurret].

[2] [Cælum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt].

(7. 79) To George Montagu. Dec. 16, 1766. Thank you for your offer of a doe; you know when I dine at home here it is quite alone, and venison frightens my little meal; yet, as half of it is designed for *dimidium animæ meæ* Mrs. Clive (a pretty round half), I must not refuse it.

O. 1. 3. 8.

(7. 314) To the Earl of Strafford. Sept. 8, 1769. I have learned how to make remonstrances, and how to answer them. The latter, it seems, is a science much wanted in my own country—and yet it is as easy and obvious as their treatment of trees, and not very unlike it. It was delivered many years ago in an oracular sentence of my namesake—*Odi profanum vulgus, et arceo.* You must drive away the vulgar, and you must have an hundred and fifty thousand men to drive them away with—that is all.

O. 3. 1. 1.

(8. 28) To Sir Horace Mann. Apr. 26, 1771. Madama du Barri has compensated for Madame Helen, and is *optima pacis causa.*

This is an alteration of a favorite expression of Horace Walpole's *teterrima belli causa, S.* 1. 3. 107-108. See also *Letters* 3. 68, 91, and 338.

(8. 150) To Sir Horace Mann. Feb. 12, 1772. Is there a clown who scratches his initials on the leads of a church, who does not say to himself, *Exegi monumentum ære perennius?*

O. 3. 30. 1.

(8. 388) To the Countess of Upper Ossory. Christmas night, 1773. [Speaking of Madame de Grignan's letter after the death of her mother, Madame de Sévigné:] Such delicacy in sentiment women only can feel. *We* can never attain that sensibility, which is at once refined and yet natural and easy, and which makes your sex write letters so much better than men ever did or can; and which if you will allow me to pun in Latin, though it seems your Ladyship does not understand that language, I could lay down as an infallible truth in the words of my godfather,

Pennis non homini datis,

O. 1. 3. 35.

the English of which is, 'it was not given to *man* to write letters.'

(8. 417) To Sir Horace Mann. Feb. 2, 1774. —I shall die with the best legacy my father left me, his *Fari quæ sentiat*—an impertinent motto, when the *fari* is unnecessary.

E. 1. 4. 9.

(8. 432) To the Rev. William Mason. March 23, 1774. Still I say to you, *O quando ego te aspiciam*—yes, *Te,* both you and your Gray.

S. 2. 6. 60.[1]

(9. 66) To the Rev. William Mason. 1774. I have been likewise told that Macpherson is to publish the papers of James II, and detect Sir John Dalrymple. *Credat Judæus!*

S. 1. 5. 100.

(9. 100) To Sir Horace Mann. Nov. 24, 1774. We have comedies without novelty, gross satires without stings, metaphysical eloquence, and antiquarians that discover nothing.

Bœotum in crasso jurares ære natos!

E. 2. 1. 244.

Don't tell me I am grown old and peevish and supercilious —name the geniuses of 1774, and I submit. The next Augustan age will dawn on the other side of the Atlantic.

(9. 224-225) To the Countess of Upper Ossory. Aug. 3, 1775. There was [at Nuneham] Mr. Whitehead, the Laureate, too, who, I doubt, will be a little puzzled, if he has no better a victory than the last against Cæsar's next birthday. There was a little too much of the *vertere funeribus triumphos* for a complimentary ode in the last action.

O. 1. 35. 4.

(9. 357) To the Rev. William Mason. May 4, 1776. I am here [at Strawberry Hill] these two nights, smelling my lilacs, and listening to my nightingales, and leaving the wicked town to the young and healthy. I did not *utinam* that *sedes senectæ* should be my fate, that I should be able to do nothing but *sit* in my garden.

O. 2. 6. 6.

(10. 96) To Lady Cecilia Johnston. Aug. 19, 1777.

Our abdicated monarch, Lear,
And bonny Dame Cadwallader,

. . .

Next Saturn's day, if fair or foul,
On bacon, ham, and chicken-fowl.

[1] [O rus, quando ego te aspiciam].

Intend with Horace—no great bard,
Nor one of Epicurus' herd—
To dine. Oh, would divine Cecilia deign,
With her brave warrior to augment the train, etc.

E. 1. 4. 16.

(10. 139) To Robert Jephson. Oct. 17, 1777. [Walpole has been criticizing his tragedy, *The Law of Lombardy.*] You are so great a poet, Sir, that you have no occasion to labour anything but your plots. You can express anything you please. If the conduct is natural, you will not want words. Nay, I rather fear your indulging your poetic vein too far, for your language is sometimes sublime enough for odes, which admit the height of enthusiasm, which Horace will not allow to tragic writers.

A. P. 95-98.

(11. 181) To the Rev. William Mason. May 31, 1780. There is a notion that Admiral Parker and his division Pallisered Rodney, but *Iliacos intra muros et extra.*

E. 1. 2. 16.

(11. 286) To the Rev. William Cole. Sept. 27, 1780. I am going at last to publish my fourth volume of *Painters*, which, though printed so long, I have literally treated by Horace's rule, *Nonumque prematur in annum.*

A. P. 388.

(11. 359) To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway. Jan. 3, 1781. [Walpole has been reviewing the situation of England. After suggesting what would have been Lord Chatham's attitude,—what would be Mr. Burke's, he adds:] —but I, who am *nullius addictus jurare in verba,* have no hopes either in our resources or in our geniuses, and look on my country already as undone!

E. 1. 1. 14.

(11. 446) To the Hon. Thomas Walpole. May 14, 1781. [Walpole is speaking of the Prince of Wales.] I confess I am angry at the younger for giving these advantages to the elder. But what good could come out of Nazareth? *Ætas parentum* pejor avis *tulit nequiores.*

O. 3. 6. 46-47.

(12. 13) To the Countess of Upper Ossory. June 13, 1781. I found one jewel in Mr. Beckford's [*Essays on Hunting*], for which I would have perused a folio. His huntsman christened one of his hounds *Lyman.* 'Lyman!' said the

squire; 'why, James, what does *Lyman* mean?' 'Lord, Sir,' said James, 'what does *anything* mean?' I am transported with James's good sense and philosophy. It comforts me for all the books of science which I do not understand, and is an answer to all the pretended knowledge upon earth; and if Mr. Beckford were a classic (as he will be one to those *who know of none*), I would change my motto of *Fari quæ sentiat* for *What does anything mean?* as more expressive of *quæ sentio.*

E. 1. 4. 9.

(12. 382) To the Rev. William Mason, Dec. 7, 1782. But we have no right to laugh at France; Vestris was a greater idol here than at Paris; Garrick's funeral was ten times more attended than Lord Chatham's, and Mrs. Siddons has obliterated General Elliot:

I nunc et nugas tecum meditare canoras!

E. 2. 2. 76.[1]

(12. 386) To the Countess of Upper Ossory. Christmas night, 1782. They have hung a room at Ferney with portraits of Voltaire's friends. Under the Abbé de Lille, the translator of Virgil, they have placed this happy application,—

Nulli flebilior quam tibi, Virgili.

O. 1. 24. 10.

(13. 285) To John Pinkerton. June 26, 1785. For my part, if you will allow me a word of digression (not that I have written with any method), I hate the cold impartiality recommended to historians: *Si vis me flere, dolendum est primum ipsi tibi.*

A. P. 102-103.

(14. 11) To the Earl of Strafford. July 28, 1787. [Speaking of some gardens:]

Bad taste *expellas furca, tamen usque recurret.*

E. 1. 10. 24.

(14. 105) To the Countess of Upper Ossory. Feb. 6, 1789. In truth, and in very sober truth, I constantly lament having been born with a propensity to writing, and still worse to publishing! How many monuments of my folly will survive me! One comfort is, that half the world seems to be as foolish as I have been, and eyes will not be born in plenty enough to read a thousandth part of what each year produces:

[1] [I nunc et versus tecum meditare canoros].

Nos numeri sumus, and *I* shall be no more distinguished than my spare form would be in a living multitude.

E. 1. 2. 27.[1]

(14. 121) To Miss Mary and Miss Agnes Berry. March 20, 1789. —If there is another illumination in honour of the King's recovery, as is threatened, we should neither get thither nor thence; especially not the latter, if the former is impracticable.

Quicquid delirant Reges, plectuntur Achivi.

E. 1. 2. 14.

(14. 326) To Miss Mary and Miss Agnes Berry. Nov. 28, 1790. [Having just spoken of some political matter:] Credat—but not Judæus Apella, as Mr. Burke so wittily says of the assignats.

S. 1. 5. 100.

(15. 291) To John Pinkerton. May 15, 1794. It is *tempus abire* for me; *lusi satis.*

E. 2. 2. 214-215.[2]

(15. 356) To Miss Mary Berry. Aug. 25, 1795. Take care you both return in perfect health, . . . or I shall repent of my self-denying ordinance which sent you to Cheltenham—I do not grow at all reconciled to your absence; . . . I . . . almost wish that *Fons Blandusiæ* were *fragilior Vitro,* and had been smashed to pieces some years ago in one of his moods when it flew into the most religious and gracious head upon earth.

O. 3. 13. 1.[3]

A note explains this passage: The attack of insanity from which the King suffered in 1788-1789 was by some people attributed to the Cheltenham waters.

(15. 422) To the Countess of Upper Ossory. Sept. 2, 1796. I am pinned to my couch, and only move from one side of my room to the other, like a coat-of-arms, by two supporters; and even my motto of *fari quæ sentiat,* you see, Madam, I must deliver by a herald.

E. 1. 4. 9.

[1] [Nos numerus sumus].

[2] [Lusisti satis, . . .
Tempus abire tibi.]

[3] [O fons Bandusiæ, splendidior vitro].

B. DIRECT MENTION OF HORACE.

(1. 9) To Richard West. Nov. 9, 1735. But why mayn't we hold a classical correspondence? I can never forget the many agreeable hours we have passed in reading Horace and Virgil; and I think they are topics will never grow stale.

(4. 88) To Lord Lyttelton. Aug. 25, 1757. There is a question I must still ask; how does King Henry? I ask this as a reader, not as a printer; not as Elzevir Horace, as Mr. Conway calls me, but as

Your Lordship's admirer,
And obedient humble servant,
Horace Walpole.

(4. 356) To the Rev. Henry Zouch. Feb. 4, 1760. In his [Hurd's] other work, the notes on Horace, he is still more absurd.

(5. 52) To George Montagu. Apr. 16, 1761. You will be pleased with the following anacreontic, written by Lord Middlesex upon Sir Harry Ballendine—I have not seen anything so antique for ages; it has all the fire, poetry, and simplicity of Horace.

(7. 61) To the Duchesse de Choiseul. Oct. 27, 1766. La vie, Madame, à laquelle vous daignez vous intéresser me sera bien plus précieuse; un philosophe ne tiendrait contre l'honneur de vous apporter ses hommages, et pour mourir content il aurait fallu avoir écrit quelque chose qui fût digne de transmettre votre nom à la postérité. Mais, Madame, vous avez mal pris votre temps; les Horace d'aujourd'hui ne sont point donneurs d'immortalité, il faut vous fier à vos vertus.

(8. 275-276) To the Rev. William Mason. May 15, 1773. What can I tell you of literary matters? nothing of the poem you inquire after by Mons. de Nivernois. He has written an hundred or two of fables, and read some of them to the Academy, but told me it was thought wrong for a nobleman in France to publish. . . . There is, I am told, a dialogue of Boileau and Horace written by the same nobleman and even published, not very lately. I have seen it formerly and thought I liked it.

(9. 119) To the Countess of Upper Ossory. Jan. 1, 1775. [Upon receiving the gift of a vest, after likening himself to Æneas and to Paris:] To be sure I could have been simple enough to be content with the character of Horatius Flaccus, with which my patronesses had hailed me; but when I ordered Philip to reach me my lyre, that I might pour out a rapturous epode or secular hymn in gratitude, he said, 'Lord! Sir, you know Horace's lyre is at Ampthill.'

(10. 90) To the Rev. William Mason. Aug. 4, 1777. I think you are too difficult, however, about the *Ode,* . . . which will survive when all our trash is forgotten. . . . I beg your pardon too, if I cannot see the sin of omission in some lines of Horace not being paraphrased in so heinous a light. The author does not profess a translation, and surely was at liberty to take only what parts he found to his purpose. If I had time, I dare to say I could prove to you that the *Ode* is a stricter imitation than those of Pope.

An *Ode to Sir Fletcher Norton,* . . . published by Mason in 1777 under the name of Malcolm Magregor.

—Mrs. Toynbee.

(10. 309) To the Rev. William Mason. Aug. 28, 1778. [Speaking of the second part of Mason's *Epistle* to Walpole:] You have an original talent for this style, that without resembling either, is much more like Horace's than Pope's was.

(11. 28) To the Rev. William Mason. Sept. 28, 1779. Horace and Virgil could prank away, because they shared in the spoils of their country, yet you might imitate a worthier Roman, and instead of

Turning your harp into a harpsichord,

you might, like Tully, write *de finibus bonorum et malorum,* if the latter should meet their deserts.

(11. 300) To the Rev. William Mason. Oct. 13, 1780. It is more provoking that you have been flinging away your time on a turnpike meeting, a certain way to be sure to overthrow despotism! I should like to see a letter from Brutus to Cassius, telling him that he hoped to stab Cæsar to the heart by setting aside a tool of the tyrant, whom he intended to make surveyor of the Appian Way. If Horace had been in a plot, I should tell him, were I Cassius, that he would have been better employed in writing a satire on—I have forgotten all my Roman history, and so I will suppose some instance that would answer to Johnson's billinsgate on Milton, or Soame Jenyns's Ode on Horace and Virgil.

(11. 382) To the Rev. William Mason. Feb. 5, 1781. I have got your *Fresnoy;* it is a new proof of what I have long thought, that there is nothing you cannot do if you please. This is the best translation I ever saw, . . . Horace would have excused you if you had been simply familiar in a didactic poem, but you would not be so excused, nor allow yourself negligence in your poetry.

(12. 444) To George Colman. May 10, 1783. The letter consists of an appreciative criticism of Colman's translation of the *Ars Poetica.*

(13. 196-197) To John Pinkerton, Oct. 6, 1784. There are two periods favourable to poets: a rude age, when a genius may hazard anything, and when nothing has been forestalled: the other is, when, after ages of barbarism and incorrection, a master or two produces models formed by purity and taste; Virgil, Horace, Boileau, Corneille, Racine, Pope, exploded the licentiousness that reigned before them. What happened? Nobody dared to write in contradiction to the severity established; and very few had abilities to rival their masters.

(13. 282) To John Pinkerton. June 26, 1785. Horace's odes acquired their fame, no doubt, from the graces of his manner and purity of his style—the chief praise of Tibullus and Propertius, who certainly cannot boast of more meaning than Horace's odes.

(13. 283) *Ibid.* Excepting Horace, how little idea had either Greeks or Romans of wit and humour!

(13. 322) To the Countess of Upper Ossory. Sept. 17, 1785. What a crop of new wits and new poets we have in our caducity? Old people, they say, admire nothing but what was flourishing in their youth; I am sure, in my youth, there was nothing like the present constellation. Once in a year or two, Pope, after many throes, was delivered of an *Imitation of Horace,* etc.

(13. 325) To George Colman. Sept. 19, 1785. In this letter Walpole offers to George Colman, translator of Horace's *Ars Poetica,* a French translation of his own *Essay on Modern Gardening*—'a translation . . . from a very inferior Horace!'

(13. 387) To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway. June 18, 1786. Walpole encloses the following verses, which he has written on Gunnersbury, at the Princess Amelie's command:

In deathless odes for ever green
  Augustus' laurels blow;
Nor e'er was grateful duty seen
  In warmer strains to flow.

Oh, why is Flaccus not alive,
  Your favourite scene to sing?
To Gunnersbury's charms could give
  His lyre immortal spring.

As warm as his my zeal for you,
Great princess! could I show it:
But though you have a Horace too—
Ah, Madam! he's no poet.

(14. 93) To the Countess of Upper Ossory. Oct. 19, 1788. Walpole encloses some verses which he has written to the Miss Berrys, in which is the stanza:

Rome's ancient Horace sweetly chants
Such maids with lyric fire;
Albion's old Horace sings nor paints—
He only can admire.

(14. 335) To the Countess of Upper Ossory. Dec. 10, 1790. I have seen it [the vanity of learning] the case of great lawyers retired from business, who, having taken to reading the classics, have quoted the commonplaces of Horace, which an Etonian of twenty would blush to cite, knowing all his contemporaries were as familiar with them as he.

C. IMPLICIT ALLUSION TO HORACE.

(3. 431) To John Chute. June 8, 1756. My uncle has chosen no motto nor supporters yet. . . . Mr. Fox said to him, 'Why don't you take your family motto?' He replied, 'Because my *nephew* would say, I think I speak as well as my brother.' *I believe he means me.*

Cf. *E.* 1. 4. 9.

(5. 64) To Lady Mary Coke. June 3, 1761. But I had a better reason than all these; I was seriously afraid of your hurting yourself, and my having staggered your resolution proves to me, that if our divines make no more converts, it is because they do not feel what they preach. I was eloquent because I spoke from my heart.

Cf. *A. P.* 102-103.

(5. 89) To Sir Horace Mann. July 23, 1761. You left it [England] a private little island, living upon its means. You would find it the capital of the world; and, to talk with the arrogance of a Roman, St. James's Street crowded with nabobs and American chiefs, and Mr. Pitt attended in his Sabine farm by Eastern monarchs and Borealian electors, waiting, till the gout is gone out of his foot, for an audience.

There is only a remote suggestion of Horace here—of his descriptions of Rome under Augustus, and of his Sabine farm.

(9. 33) To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway. Aug. 18, 1774. For my part, I wish you was returned to your plough. Your Sabine farm [Park Place] is in high beauty.

(9. 148) To the Countess of Upper Ossory. Jan. 21, 1775. In heroic poems it is a rule to begin in the middle, and great poets and great orators are very like in more instances than one.

Cf. *A. P.* 148-149.

(10. 208) To Sir Horace Mann. March 17, 1778. [Walpole has been speaking of the American war, and of the threatened war with France.] However, every one must know that a French war is not exactly a compensation for the loss of America. We, the herd, the *Achivi,* must take the beverage our rulers brew for us.

Cf. *E.* 1. 2. 14 and 27.

(10. 268) To the Rev. William Mason. June 26, 1778. We, the Achivi, are to be the sufferers, and particularly we the Achivi of these islands.

Cf. *E.* 1. 2. 14.

(13. 231) To Dr. Warton. Dec. 9, 1784. I detained my own fourth volume of *Painters* for nine years, though there is certainly no abuse in it, lest it should not satisfy the children of some of those artists.

Cf. *A. P.* 388.

(15. 371) To Miss Mary Berry, Sept. 12, 1795. If you have gulped enough of the fountain, etc.

Cf. *O.* 3. 13. 1; and letter of Aug. 25 (15. 356).[1]

[1] See under *Quotation or Reference.*

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